

GOLF

By

CECIL LEITCH





Bertha Hædremou

GOLF

SHOWS EVERY DETAIL OF EVERY STROKE
PLAYS EVERY CLUB IN THE BAG

PICTURE ANALYSIS
OF GOLF STROKES

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GOLF

By

CECIL LEITCH

Winner Ladies' Open Championship, 1914, 1920, 1921;

English Ladies' Close Championship, 1914, 1919;

Ladies' Championship of France, 1912,

1914, 1920 and 1921; Canadian

Ladies' Championship, 1921

WITH 54 ACTION AND OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS



PHILADELPHIA & LONDON
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1922

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AT THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PRESS
PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

TO
MY MOTHER

WHOSE LOVING SYMPATHY, CONSTANT
ENCOURAGEMENT AND UNFAILING IN-
TEREST HAVE BEEN MY GREATEST
INCENTIVE AND HELP THROUGHOUT MY
GOLFING CAREER, I DEDICATE
MY BOOK

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GOLF

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS ON THE LINKS

JUST beyond Silloth, on the left side of the road that leads to the pretty little village of Skinburness (once a flourishing market town which was washed away by a terrific storm), there used to be a stretch of natural seaside ground remembered by Sillothians as "The Banks"—"used to be," for gradually the encroaching waters of Solway Firth have eaten it away, until little remains of the bonnie "Banks" of my childhood.

Although I love the dear old Solway in all its moods, I can never forgive it for this act of destruction. In devouring "The Banks" it destroyed the actual birthplace of my golf, the spot where I first hit a golf ball, disregarding the sanctity that always attaches to a birthplace. For that, it can never be forgiven.

It was here on this strip of land, about 200 yards wide and stretching away into the distance, intersected by numerous paths made by those who took their daily walks overlooking the Solway Firth, that I, at the age of about nine, in company with my elder sister May, began my golfing career.

Had my family or I known at that time that I should one day be called upon to perpetrate a golfing autobiography, a careful record would, no doubt, have been kept of the year, the day and the hour when

I first struck a golf ball and of all later developments.

Happily we did not know, and memory, though not such an accurate recorder as written memoranda, must be relied upon for the earlier dates and facts.

Going back to my extreme infancy, to the days beyond the reach of my memory, I was, my elders tell me, just the everyday child, with, however, one unusual predilection for a girl: I preferred whips to dolls. Dolls held no attraction for me—my heart's affections ran to whips—and at the mature age of two and a half I insisted on being photographed with a whip in my hands. The imaginative will, of course, see in this the germ of the future golfer!

Between this and the beginnings of my golf, that is between the ages of two and nine, I spent most of my time on the seashore at Silloth, my native place. My father was a Scotsman, a doctor by profession, and my mother English, so that I am an Anglo-Scot. Living in England, we had only to look a few miles across the water to see Scotland, a happy blend which seemed to express our Anglo-Scottish descent.

Silloth lies in a remote north-west corner of England, on the coast of Cumberland, 20 miles from Carlisle, the capital of the county, and 320 miles from London. Its residential population is under three thousand, but in the summer it is crowded with visitors, for as a seaside resort Silloth is very popular in the North of England. Fishing, a harbour and a flour mill represent the industrial activities of the place, with the agriculture, which is the chief interest of the district. From Silloth, the coast of Scotland can always be seen, while on super-bright days the Isle of Man, 60 miles away, is clearly visible. But this latter is an evil omen, greatly feared by golfers; for it

augurs rain, much rain, within three days. Quite apart from the natural affection one has for one's birthplace, Silloth is a lovable place, and casts its pleasant spell especially on those who haunt the links. Golfing visitors feel this and return again and again.

My father was the pioneer of golf at Silloth, laying out a 9-hole course on common land and playing there, with his sister, the first game of golf ever played on the shores of the Solway Firth. The natives of the place regarded them as a pair of lunatics. So there were hereditary reasons why I should not only play golf, but become "mad" on the game. And I may say here that never once since I first took a club in my hand has there been any doubt about my love for golf; my love for it has never faltered; neither victory nor defeat has made any difference; I have just gone on growing fonder and fonder of the game, and nothing in the whole of my golfing career has been harder to bear than my banishment from the links after returning from America, the result of an injured arm.

At the age of nine then, I began my golfing career, on a stretch of ground 200 yards wide and a quarter of a mile long; for this was all we made use of for our primitive 9-hole course. Our fairways were the paths made by pedestrians, our putting greens the good patches on these paths, our holes cut by ourselves and lined with treacle tins, and our "trouble" the bents, sand holes and wiry grass common to seaside links.

My first club was one of the old-fashioned cleeks, and my first ball—and only one for a long time—a guttie. This was my introduction to the game, and in its independence, it bears a close relationship to the rest of my golfing career. My golf has developed along independent lines; I am entirely self-taught,

and I never had a lesson in my life. I watched others of course, and learnt from them, avoiding their faults and, no doubt, assimilating some of the good features of their play. Then I have received many valuable tips from leading players—from Mr. Hilton, who impressed upon me the importance of firmly gripping the ground with my feet; from the late Tom Ball, who taught me a cut shot with an iron; from Arnaud Massy, from whom I learnt an effective approach shot, and from several others, while I know no better corrective for “off one’s game” than having a round with a first-class amateur or professional. Watching his even, rhythmical swing, one soon finds oneself falling into his way of doing it. It is a sort of unconscious mimicry.

But though I certainly owe a good deal to others, I am essentially a self-taught golfer. This should encourage, rather than discourage young players.

I think we must have played for about three years on our little makeshift course before joining the Carlisle and Silloth Golf Club. My brother Monie (the family consisted of five girls and two boys) and my sister Edith were already members of the Club, and the former had begun to show himself a player of much promise.

When I say that the ladies’ annual subscription at that time was only five shillings, it will be seen that my sisters and I were not very important assets so far as the Club’s income was concerned. Nor did we seem to be important in other respects. Ladies and children were a rare sight on the links, and no one appeared to take much notice of us, or to be troubled by our existence.

I well remember that my sister May and I (we

usually played together) were too timid to drive off from the first tee, which is in full view of the Club-house, for some time after we had every right to do so.

By this time I had been promoted to a bag, and from one club to a set of six, as follows: driver, the favorite and veteran cleek, lofting iron, mashie, niblick and putter.

My sister May, a left-handed player, had begun her golf with a cleek, a club with which she has always been an adept. Great difficulty was experienced in persuading the professional, at that time, to make a left-handed club for a child. He argued that she ought to be made to play in the ordinary right-handed way.

May is undoubtedly left-handed and always has been; she plays tennis with the left hand, and invariably uses the left hand when other people would use the right. Many children want to play in a left-handed manner, but few are actually left-handed. The professional, no doubt, had it in his mind that May was one of these. However, he made her her left-handed clubs and, judging from the way she used them, with just as much care as if they had been right-handed.

It must have been during this very raw stage of our apprenticeship that a male member of the Club witnessed the following incident, which he long after related to us. "I was playing golf at Silloth" (to give it in his own words) "one day many years ago, and, arriving at the 14th, or 'Heather' hole, my partner and I came across two little curly-haired girls dressed alike in white sailor coats, blue serge kilted skirts, white socks and little black patent-leather ankle-strap slippers. One was hacking away in the

heather, while the other stood with her legs crossed and looked on. After many fruitless efforts by the smaller to dislodge the ball, she turned round and, in a pathetic voice exclaimed, 'I can't get it out!' To which the other answered, 'No, it needs strength and you lack it.' " This little story certainly has the ring of truth, for Silloth heather is plentiful and thick, terrible stuff to escape from, I paid it frequent visits and also I was not nearly as strong as my sister May.

And here let me say that this constant playing on a course where heather and sand, bents and wind abounded was the best possible education for the young golfer with any grit or gift for the game. The trying conditions might have discouraged some, but never did us. We loved the buffetings of the wind and the high adventure of the difficulties, and these things gave a fibre to our game which easier conditions would never have given. Wind was almost the normal condition at Silloth, and one's game had to be adapted accordingly. Experience teaches the best and most permanent lessons, and even in the earlier and more irresponsible days Silloth was teaching me lessons which have left their mark on my game. Constant battling with the wind gradually evolved in me a means of reducing its resistance, and much familiarity with difficult "lies" on or off the course bred in me, if not exactly a contempt for them, at any rate no great fear of them.

We never allowed either wind or weather to curtail a round once started. We persevered until our balls were at the bottom of the last hole, determined to see the thing through. I am sure this was good



2. AGE SEVENTEEN



3. PRESENT DAY

"THEN AND NOW"

These two swings are practically identical, the only difference being that the left wrist is now more under the club owing to the recent alteration in the grip of the left hand referred to in Chapter VI and shown in Illustration 4



4. PALM GRIP USED FOR ALL FULL SHOTS



5. GRIP FOR SHORT SHOTS IN WHICH
FINGERS PLAY A MORE IMPORTANT PART

for us and developed in us the spirit of fighting to a finish when it came to important match play.

No sooner had I joined the Carlisle and Silloth Club than I began to keep a record of every round or match played. To this day I have kept up that practice.

Had circumstances allowed, we would have played golf every day and all day; but education and its claims forbade this. There is no doubt that education does interfere with a child's golf! I am not sure that it is not a greater nuisance in that way than work in later life!

Everyone knows the story of the ardent golfer who told a friend that golf was interfering with business, and that he would have to give it up. "What!" exclaimed his friend, "give up golf?" "No," replied the other, "business." That was my feeling about golf and education.

As a matter of fact we had little to grumble at. After being started off in our education at home, we went to school in Carlisle for many years. This necessitated an hour's train journey morning and afternoon; but as we got back to Silloth by three o'clock on most days, we had time for a round of golf nearly every day during the summer months. The guard of the train, Mr. Selkirk, an official well known to visitors and golfers, often speaks of the responsibility he felt in looking after four of us. I think it says a great deal for our sense of duty that we never once missed the train. To have done so would, probably, have meant a day's golf! The temptation was great, and it would have been such a simple matter to succumb to it. A little lagging or imaginary trouble with a boot-lace was all that was necessary. But I

must not take all the credit to ourselves for our regular attendance at school. Our friend, the guard, was largely responsible for it. Many were the times he stood at the end of the platform, whistle and flag in hand, beckoning to one, two, three or even four small figures trailing stationwards. That particular train had not a good reputation for punctuality. It was a very different story coming back; there was only eagerness to get to the station as soon as possible.

Arrived at Silloth, we invariably made for the Club-house, and throwing our school-bags into the locker and our school worries with them, set off from the first tee full of hope that we should play the game of our life.

Not long after it's publication, I became the proud possessor of a copy of Braid's book, *Advanced Golf*. How I used to devour this in the train to and from school. Alas! my zeal for the study of Braid outran my discretion. One day, under cover of the lid of my desk, I was secretly feeding on Braid when my mental diet should have been of a more edifying (!) kind. Detection was followed by confiscation, and *Advanced Golf* spent several unhappy and profitless days in the mistress's desk.

Our keenness for golf was not at all understood by the schoolmistresses. On returning to school after the summer holidays, we were, on one occasion, told to write an essay on how we had spent them. We, of course, had spent ours on the links; but the innocent colloquial golfing expression, "Spent my holidays on the links," was taken as a gross exaggeration by the mistress and underlined as such.

One of the questions in a geography examination paper was: "What do you know about the denudation

of the earth's surface?" Having no idea what "denudation" meant, I had, perforce, to give this question a miss. But when later I learnt the meaning of denudation, and its geological significance, I felt I had let slip the chance of a lifetime, for my own practical experience of denudation on the Silloth links fitted me to write feelingly on the subject.

I had my favourite subjects at school and worked hard enough at these, which, perhaps fittingly, were mathematics, science, drawing and physical geography, especially those parts of the last named dealing with the composition of the earth's surface and with climatic conditions. Political geography made no appeal to me. It might have been otherwise had I known that the game I loved would one day take me to many different parts of the world. Though school prizes never fell to my share, I had the satisfaction of always being in a class where I was younger than the average age.

At home we were always encouraged in outdoor games, our mother maintaining that it was far better for our health to forget lessons entirely on leaving school each day. Nor did she believe in too much home-work. For these beliefs we blessed her! Hockey, cricket and tennis were included in the school curriculum, but, though keen on these, I would willingly have given them all up for golf.

The energy of a child, viewed through adult eyes, is an amazing thing. Many times, in those early days, did I play three rounds of the Silloth course in one day. Remembering the number of shots and the amount of energy I used to expend per round, I wonder I was not often exhausted. And yet I do not recollect ever feeling even tired. But the bracing

air of Silloth must share the credit for this. Limpness is a feeling I, personally, have never experienced at Silloth, though I have played on courses where I hardly had the energy to drag one foot after the other.

In another respect, too, I was very fortunate in having Silloth for my native course. A large-minded and generous Committee allowed children the full privileges of the links. What a blessing this was has often been forcibly brought to my mind when hearing of boys and girls unable to play over their local courses, and unable, therefore, to make an early start at the game.

As I knocked a guttie ball round the Silloth links by the means I found most comfortable, I had no prophetic vision that golf would be the cause of my travelling thousands of miles, playing before thousands of spectators, making multitudes of friends, experiencing countless thrills and excitements, and achieving success in the great big golfing world. I understood as a child, I thought as a child, I played as a child.

Soon after joining the Club, I was taking part in Club matches and competitions. A Leitch usually headed the latter, while in the former the Leitch family furnished the majority of the team. An amusing incident of one of these matches is worth retailing. The Silloth team, largely Leitch in flavour, journeyed to Moffat to play the local Club. After mutual greetings, the Moffat captain, seeing two small children with the team, remarked to the Silloth captain, "Oh, you needn't have brought caddies with you, we have plenty here." Her embarrassment on learning that the "caddies" were members of the team was only second to her amazement when later the little

sisters returned to the Club-house, bringing with them the scalps of their adult opponents.

During all this time we were quite unconscious of the fact that we played any better than other ordinary mortals in the outside world. And it was not until Mr. Eustace White, the well-known writer on women's sport, paid a chance visit to Silloth in 1907, that we were led to believe we were anything more than beginners.

The great names in ladies' golf were known to us, and we read with keen interest of the doings of Rhona Adair, Lottie Dod and the Hezlets. But they were just names to us, golfing goddesses, too far above us to make us either envious or ambitious. A story I was told about Rhona Adair impressed me. She was playing on a course laid out over rocky ground. Before using a spoon for which she had great affection, she would pull a hatpin from her hat and test the ground with it, in case a hidden rock should damage her pet club.

When not playing myself, I loved nothing so much as "carrying" for my brother, especially when he was taking part in a Club match or competition. He used very few clubs: brassie, driving iron, jigger, mashie and putter. He would never have these cleaned and became known as the boy with the "bronze set of clubs." Though he was not exceptionally long, his short game was the most marvellous thing imaginable. I have yet to see its equal. He never had a handicap worse than scratch, and on winning with ease the first competition he took part in as a full member, he was made plus 2, a handicap he retained till his early death in 1907, at the age of twenty-two.

We all learnt our golf with the old guttie ball, and I am glad of it. That old solid ball had to be hit in the proper manner before it would go. There was no running bunkers with it, and a "top" meant an ugly gash that made one realize the fault must not be repeated. One great advantage it had over the rubber-cored ball was that it could be re-made. Often on hitting one hard on the head, I found consolation in the fact that it was a $27\frac{1}{2}$ and that Renouf, who was the professional at the time, would give me a re-made for it, together with sixpence. I never remember experiencing the drudgery stage, through which most players have to pass. All being self-taught, our styles were quite different. Of the sisters, Edith, the eldest, was always looked up to by the others, as she was, undoubtedly, the most capable performer. My allotted place was No. 3. The wind and the guttie ball together had an influence on our style, and produced in us our powerful and rather man-like swings.

Since success has come my way, two or three professionals claim to have taught me my golf. But surely no professional would allow a pupil to adopt, to the extent to which I do, the palm grip, flat swing, and bent knee at the top of the swing. Such an unorthodox combination should be condemned and disowned by the professional teacher!

There is a famous hole at Silloth called the "Duffer's Bunker." A very wide and deep sand pit has to be carried from the tee. This used to be the dread of lady (and many men) players, especially in a medal round, as it came near the end (formerly the 16th, now the 17th). To this day I can remember the

exquisite thrill of pleasure at my first successful "crack" over this trouble.

The improvement in my play came gradually, and I was encouraged by friends interested in my efforts to keep on improving my "best round." The day I broke 100 by one stroke was a red-letter day. Slowly and surely I improved this, until at the age of seventeen (the year of my first championship), my average match-play round was between 80 and 84 from the men's tees, bogey at that time being about 78.

In the summer of 1907 Mrs. Archbold Smith, a moving spirit in Yorkshire golf, paid a golfing visit to Silloth. She tried hard to make us believe that we played better than most of the competitors in the ladies' open championship. But we did not share this flattering opinion of our own play, and would certainly have gasped had anyone predicted that one of us would come within measurable distance of winning the open championship in less than a year.

CHAPTER II

MY FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP

THE year 1908 was a momentous one for me and my golf. From an obscure beginner I suddenly found myself a public golfer with a new-born reputation and a championship bronze medal in my pocket. It was like a dream, one of those delightful and romantic dreams from which one awakes to dull and unromantic fact. The transformation came so swiftly, in one short week. On May 15 I regarded myself as more or less a beginner, a week later I was playing in the semi-final of the Ladies' Open Championship before thousands of spectators on the most famous course in the world. Surely this was the stuff of which dreams are made. And not only was this the first time I had ever played at St. Andrews, but St. Andrews was, with the exception of Silloth, the only 18-hole golf course I had ever played on.

But to begin at the beginning and explain how it was that my sister Edith and I came to enter for the championship of 1908. Friends and well-wishers had continually impressed upon us that we played better than we knew, and that we ought to try our luck at St. Andrews. Added to this constant pressure, our father was a Fifeshire man, St. Andrews appealed to our imagination, and our cousin, William Leitch Stuart, was a student at the famous St. Andrews University at the time. Together these circumstances were too strong to resist and we entered our names for the championship, and eagerly awaited the result of the draw, wondering whether we should come

Front and reverse of
a 1908 Post Card
addressed 'SILLOTH'.
The card suffered no
delay in transit—the
postal authorities
handing it to the
author in the course of
a few hours from its
being posted.



Waiting for her turn

(It won't be long!)

POST CARD

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE



SILLOTH.

up against a Hezlet or a Campbell or some other star who would extinguish our lesser light at the first attempt.

When the draw did come out, a fortnight before the event, it showed a record entry of 148, including all the big names in ladies' golf, except Miss Teacher, the Scottish champion, whose entry arrived too late, while it had treated my sister and myself with commendable consideration. We were not at least to meet any of the "champions" in our first match. We had both drawn byes in the first round and curiously enough, were to meet in the second two American sisters, Misses Marjorie and Marie Phelps, of Brookline.

I was in the first quarter of the draw, my sister in the second.

Studying the draw, we were thrilled as we read the names of those for whom we already had an enormous admiration—the Misses Hezlet, Mrs. Cuthell (Miss Rhona Adair), Miss Dorothy Campbell, Miss Titterton, Miss Bertha Thompson. The draw had not been kind to Miss May Hezlet and her sister Florence, winner and runner-up the previous year at Newcastle, County Down; it had brought them so close together that, bar accidents, they would meet in the third round. This they eventually did, with the invariable result, Miss May Hezlet, the elder, winning by several holes, 4 and 3 to be exact.

In due course we arrived at St. Andrews and were instantly infected by the wonderful golfing atmosphere of the place. We made a point, you may be sure, of sauntering past the abode of old Tom Morris, the "Nestor of Golf" as he has been called, and were fortunate enough to see him sunning himself in the

doorway and to pass the time of day with him. I am always grateful for that glimpse of the grand old man of golf, for the week after the championship he met his death as the result of a fall. He always said he hoped to live to see the Ladies' Championship played at St. Andrews.

Our first practice round of the famous course was played with our cousin and friends who were then staying at St. Andrews.

We at once fell in love with the course and have never fallen out of love with it. The spell that St. Andrews casts is lifelong.

I shall never forget my first match against a formidable lady opponent. This was Miss Heming Johnson, a Sussex County player, who, as she afterwards told me, was anxious to see how the "unknown flapper" played, and without any introduction came up to me and asked for a game. Needless to say I was delighted and gratified to be so honoured. It was as pleasant as it was surprising to find myself able to hold my own in all departments of the game with such an experienced player. That was the beginning of a lasting friendship between Miss Heming Johnson and myself, and I never think of my first championship without a sense of gratitude to Miss Heming Johnson for her act of kindness in making a debutante feel at home. When we met in this first friendly practice round we had no premonition that we should meet in deadly earnest in a late stage of the championship. But that must be referred to in its proper order.

The International matches, which always precede the championship and sometimes take the bloom off a player's game, were the first excitement. I was, of course, merely a spectator, but my sister Edith, who

had been "spotted" by Miss Issette Pearson, always on the look-out for, and friendly to, youthful talent, was given a place in the English team, and "made good" by winning all her three matches. She played No. 8 in the team, her opponents being Miss Pim (Ireland), Mrs. Aubertin (Wales), and Miss Maitland (Scotland).

The next excitement, following the quiet of a Scottish Sunday, was the stroke competition on the Monday. With a strong westerly wind blowing, it was not likely that scoring would rule low. Miss Elsie Grant Suttie, with 45 out and 44 home, was the only player to beat 90; she played the steadiest of golf. Two Irish players were second and third, Miss V. Tynte and Miss Florence Hezlet with 91 and 93. Though not specially bad under the difficult conditions, and at any rate better than the majority, my own effort of 100 could not be regarded as exactly auspicious. But that aspect of the championship was not troubling me, I was there to enjoy myself, to see and to learn, the extent of my hope being to survive one round.

Having drawn a bye I was not called upon to play until 12:10 on Tuesday morning, May 19. With nothing to lose and everything to gain I was in the happy state that knows nothing of nervousness, and I arrived on the first tee without a tremor. My opponent was Miss Marjorie Phelps and quite possibly she would have realized the seriousness of the occasion more if I had had my hair up and had looked less of a child. From the start things went well with me, so well indeed that I won 9 of the first 10 holes, the match ending 9 and 8 in my favour. Naturally the magnitude of my win excited comment and people

began to take a little interest in the "Silloth flapper." Meanwhile my sister was being beaten by my opponent's sister rather heavily, to the tune of 5 and 4.

Two other sisters were debutantes at this championship, Misses E. and R. Grant Suttie, the latter being my opponent in the next round. Both she and her sister were pupils of little Ben Sayers, the famous North Berwick professional, whose wit and cunning have always been proverbial. I am sure I never expected to escape defeat at the hands of this player, but after a close match, which went all the way to the last green, I finished 2 up.

This brought me into the fourth round and up against Mrs. Harry Jackson, an Irish player from the Foxrock Club, and mother of Miss Janet Jackson, who has since won the Irish championship several times and made a big golfing name for herself. This round I won by 6 and 4.

I was not the only flapper in the meeting. Miss Elsie Kyle, a local player, the daughter of a doctor, about my own age, was greatly pleasing her friends, and at this stage had beaten Miss K. Stuart, Mrs. C. F. Richardson and Miss J. Spence. Her play previous to the championship had earned her the reputation of a "dark horse."

By this time I was in the company of the "last sixteen" and very astonished I was to find myself there, and to learn that my iron play and long run-up approaches were pleasing the critics. Curiously enough I had never been on a course where the long run-up shot could be played, and I had just had to invent the shot that seemed best suited to St. Andrews. So quite literally this was an impromptu shot, the fruit of necessity, though quite naturally spectators

supposed it to be a regular part of my game. I used for it a little light iron, the same club with which I played the half iron shot which was being admired.

My opponent in the fifth round was Miss Madge Sharp, a Scottish player from the Murrayfield Club and a hockey international. I remember we had a large following. One unusual incident made the match memorable. At an early hole Miss Sharp had the misfortune to play my ball and thereby forfeit the hole. There was a good deal of discussion about this incident, for some of the spectators, it appeared, knew that she was going to play the wrong ball, but refrained from telling her so in obedience to the strict letter of the law, though the spirit of the law would much better have been served had they managed to convey to her an adequate warning. Miss Sharp accepted the misfortune quite cheerfully and would not allow that it affected her play or in any way contributed to her defeat by 6 and 5.

I was now in the sixth round and one of the coveted "last eight." Miss E. Kyle was there too.

I shall never forget my next match, played on the Thursday afternoon. My opponent was Miss Heming Johnson, who had befriended me the previous week. An enormous crowd, followed us, which visibly grew as the round proceeded. It was ding-dong all the way; with never more than a hole between us; but I was certainly lucky to avoid one or two bunkers at the commencement of the round. An account of the match in the *Scotsman* said: "At the 16th hole Miss Johnson drove into the crowd on the left and her ball was interfered with, but she managed a half, the 17th however was lost. She drove into a bunker and had to play back, and she never made up the lost

ground, while, to clinch matters, Miss Leitch holed out sensationally amid ringing cheers, with a run-up approach from 50 yards' distance, and a 12 yards' putt, where the cheering was renewed, enabled her to halve the last hole after a duffed second and to win the tie."

And so with fortune on my side I became the winner of a bronze medal at least. Miss Mather, another North of England competitor, whose championship debut had been made the year before, was also one of the semi-finalists. The most sensational match of this round was the tie between the local player, Miss E. Kyle and Miss Titterton. For 24 holes these players, followed by an ever-growing crowd, battled before Miss Titterton could win. This constitutes a record tie for the Ladies' Championship to this day.

Two Scottish players fought out the remaining match, Miss D. Campbell and Mrs. F. W. Brown, the former winning at the last hole.

So Miss Titterton and I were to meet on the morrow morning, and Miss Campbell and Miss Mather.

That nerves were unknown to me is proved by the fact that I had two hours' sleep before dinner that Thursday evening, and twelve hours' after!

It was a perfect morning when we set out, and my start was an auspicious one, for I was 4 up at the 7th. But at the 5th hole I found my brassie was broken and not being possessed of a duplicate, I began to fall back almost from that point.

Miss Titterton played a perfect tee-shot at the 11th or Eden hole, a one-shot hole of 148 yards, that finished 2 feet from the pin. The wind was dead against at this hole, and she showed sound judgment in taking a wooden club.

For the first time she took the lead at the 12th; I secured a hard half at the 13th (13 has always been my lucky number, for April 13 is the date of my birthday) by holing an 18-yard putt after Miss Titterton had put her 3rd dead for a 4, I won the 14th, so we were all square with 4 to go. The next two holes Miss Titterton won in perfect 4's and she stood dormy 2. My backers looked very glum. They looked still glummer when I took 4 to reach the green of the famous road hole (456 yards) and was still some 12 yards from the hole.

Miss Titterton, however, was weak with her third, and 2 yards short with the like. To keep the match alive, I had to hole that long putt, and Miss Titterton had to miss her short one. Nothing seemed less probable. The first part, however, was achieved, for I holed my putt, to the delight of a large section of the huge crowd, whose cheering caused a young horse in a jaunting car to bolt across the course. Whether Miss Titterton heard the crash as the car was smashed to matchwood I know not, but she missed her putt, and on we went to the 18th, the home hole (360 yards). My drive was satisfactory, but Miss Titterton topped hers. The ball ricocheted along, hit the far bank of Swilcan Burn, rebounded thence on to the bridge, and finally came to rest on the fairway. Friends told me afterwards of their mingled feelings of hope and despair as that ball danced about in several minds what to do with itself.

Miss Titterton made no mistake about the next, and we both reached the green in 3, and were down in 5 without any further thrills. Miss Titterton thus winning 1 up and passing into the final.

The other semi-final, between two dour fighters,

required four extra holes before Miss Campbell could win, phenomenal putting marking the closing stages of this match.

The crowd that congregated for the final was worthy of St. Andrews and so was the play that ensued. It was a great final in every way, grand fighting and grand golf, with a grand finish. Miss Titterton led by a hole at the turn. At about this stage of the match a terrific hailstorm burst over the course, but failed to dampen the ardour of the spectators. However, the force of the storm brought down the R. and A. flag flying over the Club-house, but left the L.G.U. flag bravely outfacing the elements, a circumstance which greatly delighted Mr. T. H. Miller, Vice-President of the L.G.U. and one of its keenest supporters.

At the 13th hole Miss Campbell was 3 down. To be 3 down with 5 to go is a terrible position, enough to daunt anyone. But Miss Campbell was one of those whom nothing daunts, besides experience had taught her that a lead of that kind often has an enervating influence on the holder of it. So grimly and hopefully she stuck to her task, and actually won 3 of the next 4 holes, the two players standing on the 18th tee all square. A kind providence again watched over Miss Titterton's ball, for she topped her tee shot and, this time, jumped the burn. Had she not missed a short putt the match would have been over at the home green.

Away players and spectators went again to the first tee. This hole, known as the Burn, is 365 yards, and short of the green is Swilcan Burn, a death trap for unwary second shots. Miss Campbell played short with her second, and Miss Titterton had to de-

cide whether she would do the same or "go for it." It was a terribly anxious problem. On her decision might hang the issue of the championship. Her caddie, a typical St. Andrews one, put her brassie into her hand. Miss Titterton demurred, but the caddie insisted. "Well," said Miss Titterton, "I don't think I can do it, but if I do, I'll give you £5." The caddie was justified, Miss Titterton carried the burn and won the championship, and with it the admiration of all for a lion-hearted shot at the crisis of the match.

So ended my first championship, and I returned home with a bronze medal, so small in size, but so big in what it meant to me and my career. I was now really launched on my golfing career. I now knew that I could make a showing in good company, and I was just tingling with ambition and a determination to better my first attempt in the championship. One result of my play at St. Andrews was that I was burdened with the reputation of being a wonderful putter. When I holed that long putt on the 17th green, against Miss Titterton, a spectator was overheard to exclaim, "The child's inspired!" Well, putting has been called an inspiration, and certainly I did have wonderful luck with my putts at St. Andrews. But it is one thing to have a reputation, quite another, alas! to live up to it, and that early reputation has long since vanished into thin air.

Though some of the critics were kind enough to say I deserved to win at St. Andrews, I am glad I did not. It was the best thing for my golf that I did not go any farther. Had I done so I might have rested content with my achievement. As it was, I set about developing my game, discovering the why

and wherefore of everything, with a view to realizing what had now become my first ambition—the winning of the championship.

This account of my first championship would be incomplete if it contained no mention of Miss Issette Pearson, the presiding genius of the event. Nothing could exceed her kindness to me and to all the young players, for whom she always kept a very warm corner in her heart. Although so busy, she found time to look after us, and give us a word here and there of encouragement and advice. I owe her much, and shall always remember her with affection.

Her wonderful personality was stamped upon the championship.

Let me conclude this chapter by quoting from an article describing the 1908 Championship.

“Speaking of Miss Leitch, a hoary-headed old Scotsman in the crowd said, in that Gaelic which falls so romantically on the ears of Sassenachs, ‘A! but she’s just a gran’ nairve, or else she’s no nairve at all, yon gairrl.’ ”

But with no reputation at stake and no high expectations, why should I have nerves? The championship was an adventure; I entered it in that spirit, and that spirit remained with me to the end.

CHAPTER III

DEVELOPMENT OF MY GAME: THE USES OF ADVERSITY

I WAS now really bitten by the disease called "golf." Its virus was in my veins, a burning fever. Having tasted the joys of success in an open field, I longed to see still more of the best players, and to test my game again in their company.

Accordingly, in the summer of that memorable year, 1908, my sister Edith and I journeyed south and took part in a number of open meetings, the chief of which was a Ladies' Open Meeting at Walton Heath, the first of the kind ever held on this famous course, so long associated with the name of James Braid.

The meeting was something of a triumph for my sister, who won the scratch prize with 3 up on a bogey of 91. In addition to this, she had the second best net return, although handicapped at plus 1. My own efforts on that occasion were reported as follows:

"She started up in a most promising manner and was at one time 2 up. Then her putting went all to pieces and her card at the finish registered 2 down. Her driving and brassie play were even better than at St. Andrews, more than one of her tee shots being over 200 yards. *She displayed, however, a tendency to snatch at the ball.* Once contracted, this insidious and evil habit is as hard to get rid of as an unwelcome guest. A smooth swing is essential to accuracy, as well as to elegance. Miss Pearson and Mr. W. H. Fowler both remarked upon this blemish in Miss Leitch's play. One supposes that it is due to a desire

for more length. She will be well advised to guard against it."

This criticism, which fortunately came under my notice at the time, was a real blessing. It left its mark on my memory and my game, bringing home to me, as nothing else would have done, that up to this time my golf had been played with the careless freedom and ignorance of a boy caddie.

I had putted well at St. Andrews, but I knew not why. I had invented a long run-up approach shot on the spur of the moment. I had played the push shot with an iron with a measure of success, but took no credit for this as the shot came naturally to me. I had recovered from hazards without much difficulty, the result of practice on my home links; *but I had not the slightest idea at this time how I did these things, nor why a ball should behave differently at different times.*

The fact that Miss Issette Pearson, whose opinion I had quickly learnt to value, should notice my faults and be sufficiently interested to remark on them greatly impressed me, and there is no doubt that I am much indebted to her for my subsequent successes.

It would be tedious to detail the many phases through which I passed between my first championship in 1908 and my first win in that event in 1914, but in order to help others I shall bring out the chief points during that time which were responsible for the realization of my ambition, the winning of the Ladies' Open Championship.

When I entered for the open the following year at Birkdale I was not without backers who fancied me for the event, but I had seen quite enough in the

previous twelve months to convince me that the cup was still well beyond my reach.

But I could hardly have made a better start than I did. I won the medal round that always precedes the championship with 83, one stroke ahead of Miss N. Evans, and two ahead of Miss Dorothy Campbell. This I never should have done but for my caddie, who said to me with conviction, when we were about four holes from home: "You have a good chance if you only keep steady, Miss." I received this with scepticism and reminded him that I had taken 45 to go out, adding that "there must be any number of ladies better than I." But the caddie stuck to his opinion and so far impressed me that I played steadily for the remaining holes and came home in 38. Miss Kitty Stuart, one of the semi-finalists that year, was my partner.

Again, as at St. Andrews, I drew a bye in the first round. My first match was against Miss Firth, a player unknown to me, whom I beat 9 and 7. My next round opponent was an International and Lancashire player, Miss H. Remer, who had played for England the previous week. I started gaily, and was 4 up at the turn, but then began to play golf that is best described by the term "skittles," though kind friends euphemistically called it "ragged." This lapse was largely made up of topped brassie shots, but fortune was on my side, and somehow I managed to win by 3 and 1.

In the next and fourth round I was to meet Miss H. Mather. She had been a semi-finalist with me at St. Andrews, and, though I had never seen her play, I had heard marvellous things about her golf. These facts, together with the possibility of another attack

of "skittles," were enough to set me wondering as to how much she would beat me by. Other matches I may forget, but never this one with Miss Mather—aptly, though paradoxically, described as "a good match badly played." My chief recollection of it is that it contained only one good shot and that the last—a 6-yards' putt by my opponent on the home green for a win. A mutual friend remarked to us during the round "Well! it remains to be seen which of you two girls gets through to the next round, but neither of you deserves to." This was so true that neither of us felt the least resentful towards our candid friend.

So again, for the second time, I received my congé on the home green.

And what had this, my second championship taught me? It had taught me my weakness in adapting my game to varying types of ground. Birkdale, though vastly improved now and a beautiful test of golf, had in those days a peculiar kind of turf in which weed predominated over grass. The ball lay very close and, accordingly, brassie shots were difficult to pick up. It was soon realized that a really good cleek player would have an enormous advantage, and such a player was Miss Dorothy Campbell, the ultimate winner. "Why, there's not enough turf on it to feed a pig," was the expressive way in which an Irish player, accustomed to the luscious green grass of her native land, described the Birkdale links.

As a result, then, of my Birkdale experiences I learnt to pick up a close-lying ball cleanly with a brassie by hitting the ball at the very bottom of the swing, and by exercising great care and concentration throughout the playing of the shot. In learning this, I learnt too that if there was any doubt about picking

up the ball cleanly, the spoon was the safer and easier club to use. For a player who is specially good with her iron, this may often be the right club.

Then Birkdale taught me that I was a careless and irresponsible player. Knocking a ball round in an ordinary medal round with no opponent's shots to trouble about, I was all right, but when it came to playing with judgment I showed weakness.

Another lesson I learnt was the importance of knowing how to play every shot. A stymie incident was my teacher in this.

Before her match with Mrs. Willock-Pollen in the fourth round, Miss Campbell chanced to go out and practice lofting stymies. Was it chance, or was it premonition? Whichever it was, Miss Campbell's stymie practice proved her salvation. On the 18th green, after being 3 down with 4 to play, Miss Campbell was faced with a stymie to loft to win the hole. This she successfully negotiated, though, in the interests of truth, it is necessary to add that her ball had the good fortune to cannon off her opponent's into the hole. But this in no way robbed my lesson of its impressiveness.

This irresistibly reminds one of the other Birkdale stymie story. A large crowd surrounded an exciting match on the last green. Word went round that one player had laid the other a "dead stymie." "Yes," exclaimed a voice in the tense silence, "I thought I noticed a horrible smell here."

A debutante at this championship whose play made a great impression was Miss Gladys Ravenscroft. She was quickly recognized as a most powerful player, who would be a dangerous opponent for anyone in the near future.

The final between Miss Campbell and Miss Florence Hezlet was remarkable chiefly for Miss Campbell's beautiful and deadly cleeck play.

About this time the question of my being included in the English International team was raised. In those days the residential rule read that "twenty years' residence in a country was necessary." I was qualified to play for Scotland through the nationality of my father, but on account of my mother's nationality, my birth and long residence in England, and the fact that my father had practised in England, my sympathies were strongly English. The rule was, therefore, altered to "twenty-years or lifelong residence."

In addition to the reasons just given there was the fact that my sister had already played for England, and I could hardly be of a different nationality. And so the following year, 1910, I gained my English International colours.

A player does not attend many open meetings before realizing the necessity of having a proper handicap, and early in 1909 the Carlisle and Silloth L.G.C. became affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union and, incidentally, I became the possessor of that valuable asset—an authentic L.G.U. handicap, with which I could enter for any open meeting.

The first competition, held under L.G.U. handicaps by the Carlisle and Silloth Club, was won by my youngest sister Peggy, who, then only fourteen years old, made the remarkably good return of 102 from the men's tees, her allowance of 26 bringing her under the "par" score.

Golf had by this time taken such a grip of me that I let no chance slip of gaining experience by meeting other players and playing over different courses.

But it was still the "solo" game, if I may so describe medal play, in which I gained my chief successes, and in matches against male opponents. During the year 1909 I holed out (with card and pencil) the Silloth course in 72, and was credited with the amateur record for the course, previously held by Mr. J. F. Mitchell, of Edinburgh, with 74. But as my score was not made under real medal conditions, the merit of it was largely discounted.

About this time Miss Issette Pearson asked me to visit certain courses to fix L.G.U. "pars." This gave me a unique opportunity of seeing and playing over many different courses. During one of these tours (in Lancashire) I enjoyed the privilege of a match with the late Tom Ball, whose skill on the greens was a by-word. He gave me 9 strokes over the men's course at Blundellsands, where he was professional. Thanks to good putting and an accurate long game I got round in 82 to his 75, and won on the home green by a single hole.

It was now for me a veritable life on the links, a round of golfing pleasures, discoveries, experiences, playing here, there and everywhere, now taking "pars," now playing in club matches, now attending open meetings and now taking part in territorial matches, learning and developing my game all the time. All this and much more in the intervals between the championships.

Westward Ho! is a far cry from Silloth, and Westward Ho! was the green chosen for the championship of 1910. Westward Ho! the oldest seaside course in England, the course that produced Mr. Horace Hutchinson and J. H. Taylor. Who could resist going there for a championship? Not my

sisters and I, for we all five went, though only three played, nor my mother, who was present at a championship for the first time. Neither my sister May, just passed out of Dartford Physical Training College, nor my sister Edith, then studying singing in London, was in proper practice for a championship; but the call of Westward Ho! was too urgent. They had to enter and play, practice or no. Whether the mythical "powers that be" resented this feminine monopoly of this famous links and determined to punish us who can say, but the weather behaved abominably. It was of the worst and stormiest description. Though Lundy Isle did its best to shield us from the wind and rain that swept across the Bristol Channel, wettings were thorough and frequent.

My sister Edith and I were chosen to play for England. My place was No. 4, and I managed to win my three matches, my opponents being Mrs. Durlacher (Ireland), Miss Kitty Stuart (Scotland), Miss May Powell (Wales), while my sister won two of her matches.

At one time my match with Mrs. Durlacher looked like ending the other way, very much the other way, for she was 5 up at the 6th hole. Against a match player of Mrs. Durlacher's calibre the prospect was a black one, but I hung on, and things going better for me, the deficit was turned into a lead and then a win by 2 and 1. Was I at last becoming a match player? Not yet, alas! as subsequent happenings at Westward Ho! will show.

Though doing nothing myself in the stroke competition, the left-handed member of the family, May, secured third prize with 89, played in the worst of

the weather, a howling gale. Her play at the last hole (400 yards) was memorable. As secrecy of scores is impossible on these occasions, she knew she required a 4 for third place. With the wind behind she hit a colossal drive, and with a high cut mashie shot carried the ditch guarding the green and was down in two putts. Miss Ravenscroft, playing early in the day in comparative calm, had returned a fine 84, and Mrs. F. W. Brown 88.

The next day I learnt the special lesson that Westward Ho! had in store for me, valuable, but bitter at the time.

It was in the first round of the championship, and my opponent was Miss Heming Johnson, whom I had beaten in a memorable match at St. Andrews. After more or less uneventful play, I stood in the apparently secure position of 2 up and 3 to play. The 16th hole is a one-shot hole of about 140 yards, considered the best of the four short holes on the links. The green is situated on a small plateau surrounded by bunkers and rough ground, while part of the Cape bunker has to be carried from the tee.

Care and concentration were all that was necessary. But playing with youthful impetuosity I topped my tee shot right into the jaws of Cape Bunker. My more experienced opponent did *not* follow suit, and I lost the hole and with it, no doubt, some of my confidence, for I lost the next two holes and the match by 1 hole.

Another championship gone for me, knocked out too in the first round, so that it seemed regression rather than progression and the realization of my ambition farther off than ever.

My sister May survived a couple of rounds and then fell by 1 hole to a local player, Miss Collett.

Miss Elsie Grant Suttie, a most finished and resourceful golfer, accustomed to seaside conditions, eventually won the championship, the runner-up being Miss Lily Moore, a player from the Midlands.

There was one sad event that will always be associated with this championship. On arriving at the station, the morning after the final, it came as a terrible shock to read on the posters the announcement of the death of King Edward.

The championship venue goes by a regular routine—Scotland, North of England, South of England, Ireland. So in the 1911 championship competitors found themselves at Portrush, Co. Antrim, home of the famous Hezlet family. What glorious scenery and what divine weather! Blazing sunshine, blue sky, wonderful views, and the late Mr. Stuart Anderson, the Secretary, “out” to give competitors a wonderful time. This was my first visit to the Emerald Isle, and its fresh beauty surpassed expectations.

I was now No. 2 in the English team, and in this position had to meet Miss Dorothy Campbell, just returned from America, and Mrs. Ross (*née* Miss May Hezlet). The former I beat 4 and 2 and the latter 7 and 6. The wide margin of my defeat over Mrs. Ross was due to her fatigue after a strenuous fight with Miss Campbell, which she won at the 19th hole.

On this occasion England at last broke Scotland’s long spell of success in International matches.

My play, prior to the actual championship, was more satisfactory than it had been on previous occasions, and after winning the medal round in 74, four

strokes better than the next best return, Miss Mather's, I started something like a hot favourite for the Championship. But little did the prophets and critics know of what terrible mistakes I was still capable. I seemed almost to possess a dual golfing personality. In medal rounds, for a team, or against men I was one player; against female opponents in a championship tie with only myself to think about, I was quite another.

A bye in the first round, I had drawn Miss Ravenscroft in the second. We were the very last couple out, our match not starting till 12:30—and what a match! For 22 holes we struggled along, a huge crowd at our heels. I stood dormy one, but with a wonderful 3 Miss Ravenscroft drew level. At the 19th and 20th I squandered my chances by bad putting, and lost the 22nd by general raggedness. Miss Ravenscroft's score for 18 holes was 79, and mine 80. Later, the same day, Miss Ravenscroft went down to Mrs. Bourn, who eventually played her way into the semi-final.

Though out of practice, Miss Campbell gradually played herself into form, and when she met a Hezlet, Miss Violet Hezlet, in the final, she was almost at her best. Anyway, she won 3 and 2, despite Miss Hezlet's fine putting.

Many overseas players competed at this meeting. An interesting event was the presentation from 1100 members of the Ladies' Golf Union of an aquamarine and diamond pendant to Mrs. Miller (Miss Pearson) in recognition of her devoted services to ladies' golf.

Turnberry 1912! That was a delightful championship, and for the Leitch family a real family gathering, for five of us entered—a championship

record—while we were accompanied by our mother and an aunt. The small fly in the ointment was that two of us were drawn together in the first round, Edith and Peggy, eldest *v.* youngest.

I had now been promoted to No. 1 in the English team. My first two matches *v.* Ireland (Miss Mabel Harrison) and Wales (Mrs. Phelps) were successfully negotiated. But that night I slept too soundly, in fact so overslept, that I had to go absolutely breakfastless in order to be on the tee in time for my match with Miss Teacher (Scotland). That was a somewhat agitating and unsettling start, and then at the 4th hole there was more cause for agitation, for I played a ball belonging to a player going to the 3rd hole, parallel to the one I was playing, and lost the hole. The mistake, however, was not discovered till we had holed out. The mistake was, perhaps, pardonable on my part, for my own ball and the one I played were of the same make. To cut a sad story short, I was beaten by 4 and 2. This was the first time I had ever been beaten in a team match.

The usual stroke competition occupied the Monday, and took place in ideal weather conditions. Miss J. Boyd headed the list with 85, I was one stroke worse, and Miss Ravenscroft and Miss Chambers tied for third place with 87. Taking everything into consideration, these returns were not as good as was anticipated.

I loved Turnberry from the start, and after my defeat by Miss Teacher played with increasing confidence. For four rounds of the championship nothing specially exciting came my way. Then in the fifth round I met my sister May, who had disposed of four

doughty opponents—Miss E. Robertson (Troon), Mrs. Sumpter and Mrs. Bourn (English Internationalists), and Miss Neill Fraser (Scottish Internationalist). After that match I could always sympathize with the Miss Hezlets or other sisters when they met. It was horrid playing and trying to beat a sister. I won on the 18th green and so reached the semi-final. It might have been better for the family if I had not, for May was in such fine form that I verily believe that she would have achieved what I just failed to do.

In the semi-final I had another of my tussles with Miss Ravenscroft, she winning on the home green, and then in the final beating Miss Temple 3 and 2.

So for the second time I had to be content with a bronze medal.

But a month later the tables were turned. Hearing I was going to Le Touquet for the French Championship, Miss Ravenscroft, like the good sportswoman she is, promised to go, too, and let me have another shot at her. We met in a 36-holes final, which I was fortunate enough to win by 6 and 5.

This was the third time I had met Miss Ravenscroft, and she led 2-1. Was this French success the beginning of the end of her dominance over me, I wondered. I was learning more and more about match play and its special temperamental as well as technical needs, and I felt my ability to play my best in matches was growing. I was becoming less dual in my golfing personality.

In 1913 the Ladies' Open Championship came of age, and was held at St. Annes, where the first Championship had been played twenty-one years earlier, though the latter was on the Old Links.

Thirteen is my lucky number, and I expected great things at St. Annes. The start was auspicious, for I won my Internationals, but then in the very first round of the Championship, to my own mortification, and to the disappointment of my friends and partisans, I succumbed to Miss Teacher by 2 and 1.

So many scratch prizes had come my way that I had been for some time regarded as a likely winner of the Championship, and these repeated failures were a puzzle and a disappointment.

But adversity was teaching me much. All this time I had had very little play against opponents of my own sex. Not being qualified to play for a county, and still living at Silloth, I had few chances of gaining match-play experience, except against men members of my own club. I realized that this was a cause of failure when it came to the Championship, and I determined to seek every opportunity for remedying this. The winner at St. Annes was Miss M. Dodd, a Cheshire player, whose beautiful style made her a worthy champion, and the runner-up was Miss Evelyn Chubb, a member of the Mid-Surrey Ladies' Golf Club and a very steady golfer.

The coming-of-age of the Championship was celebrated by the introduction of a 36-holes final, which necessitated the abolition of the Stroke Competition.

CHAPTER IV

AMBITION REALIZED—WINNING THE LADIES' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

IN the spring of 1914, thanks to the very elastic rules governing county golf, I became a member of Herts County under Rule 12 (b), which reads, "Subject to the approval of the Central Committee players with no fixed residence may qualify for full membership of any county club by two years' membership of any club in that county." I had a fixed residence, but Cumberland had no county team, and my qualification for Herts was a two years' membership of the Bushey Hall Club.

This inclusion in a county team gave me the chance I had been longing for of further practice and experience in playing against lady opponents.

During the spring I played in an unusual number of open meetings, including the International meeting at Ranelagh, where I won the Kit-cat medal for the best scratch score of the two days' meeting with 67, a new record for the course. The previous year I had done a 69.

This latter score my sister May beat on the first day of the 1914 meeting with a 68, a record that did not, however, survive long, for it was on the second day I did my 67.

A week later I made the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Cup my own property by winning it, after a tie with Miss Teacher, for the third year in succession. As my sister May won it the first year of its institu-

tion, the only names engraved upon it are those of "Leitch!"

This was an auspicious start to the golfing season and an encouraging preparation for the Open Championship, to be held at Hunstanton. In the autumn of 1913 I had visited and decidedly taken a fancy to this Norfolk links, which is laid out over seaside turf, with natural sand-hills, bent and regular seaside difficulties. There is generally a breeze blowing and often a gale.

A few days before the Championship, which was to begin on May 11, friends motored me down from London and on our way we visited Ely Cathedral. As we went over this wonderful edifice and were shown the damage done by Cromwell we remarked on the terrible destruction wrought in those far-off days, never dreaming that within a few months we should be hearing of deeds of destruction a thousand times worse than anything for which Cromwell was responsible.

Those with superstitious leanings would, no doubt, look upon a small incident of our journey to Hunstanton as a bad omen. For no apparent reason the chauffeur's mirror broke away from the car and was smashed to atoms! Was the bad luck to endure for "seven years?" When packing to go to St. Andrews for my 1st Championship I had broken a looking-glass and this was my seventh championship. Overtaking a sweep shortly after the mirror disaster, I, with feminine superstition, waved him a greeting, to which he responded with a cheery smile and a touch of his cap.

Having seen it before, I did not go down to the

links until two days before the International Matches, and only put in one day's practice. This had been preceded by a week's entire rest from the game.

The entries were more numerous than ever—166, a record for the event, but, though thoroughly representative of British golf, did not include the name of a single overseas competitor, while for the first time for many years the name "Hezlet" did not appear on the draw sheet.

Five Leitches again entered, and my sister May and I were chosen for the English team. My place was now third, behind Miss Dodd and Miss Ravenscroft, the two last open champions, and my sister was given the fourth place, in recognition, no doubt, of her fine play at Turnberry, the last Championship in which she had taken part. An unfortunate and unusual accident, however, which happened just before the match with Scotland, prevented her doing herself justice, and may have contributed to her defeat at the hands of Miss K. Stuart.

While the team was being photographed she had her hand trodden on and one of her fingers badly crushed.

England won the shield by the substantial margin of 22 individual wins out of a possible 27. I won my three matches, my opponents being Mrs. Lionel Jackson (Ireland), Miss Benton (Scotland), Miss Llewellyn (Wales).

The enormous entry called for two rounds on the opening day, the Monday, in order to complete the Championship in the five days. The draw had been kind to Miss Grant Suttie, Miss Ravenscroft and Miss Muriel Dodd, in that they could, if they sur-

vived, all get into the semi-final, while the fourth quarter contained my name.

In addition to my sister May, who had to leave Hunstanton before the Championship, several entrants scratched, including Miss Frances Teacher, the Scottish player, and my vanquisher at St. Annes, and Miss Walker Leigh, the well-known Irish Internationalist and a familiar figure at Championship meetings.

No upsets of form occurred in the first round, though Miss Janet Jackson beat Miss Barry more easily than expected.

Two of the sisters Leitch succumbed in the second round, Peg and Chris, respectively—to Mrs. Judge and Miss Joan Stocker, the latter at that time quite an unknown quantity. On asking them with sisterly interest, how they had fared and learning that Chris had been beaten 2 and 1, we must have shown surprise, for she remarked, “You need not look so surprised, she’s jolly good.” Later Miss Stocker was to prove the soundness of this judgment on her play.

Drawing a bye in the first round, I was not called upon till the afternoon, when I opposed Miss Tarver, a member of Woking. I have a vivid recollection of finding the game very easy. I began by overdriving the first green, a distance of 270 yards, completed the outer half in 35 and with a half in 5 at the 10th won on that green by 9 and 8.

Mrs. Catlow, the Lancashire player, created a sensation by beating Miss Chubb, the runner-up in the previous Championship on the 19th green. Miss Chubb was the only one of the favourites who fell in this, the second round.

In the next round the interest of the Leitch family naturally centred on Edith's match with Miss Ravenscroft. After a poor start the former gradually reduced the lead against her, and was only 1 down with 2 to go. But Miss Ravenscroft with a glorious 4 at the long 17th settled the match in her favour.

I was now the sole surviving representative of the family. All the favourites came safely and easily through this round, from which it may be rightly inferred that the links was a good and fair test of golf. Another proof of this was furnished by the close finishes when evenly matched players met, for example, Mrs. Lionel Jackson's 1-hole win over Miss Joy Winn, Mrs. Sumpter's defeat of Mrs. Cautley at the 20th hole, after the latter had been dormy 4, Miss Muriel Dodd's 2 and 1 win from Miss Doris Chambers, and Miss Martin Smith's 1 up on that very steady Yorkshire player, Miss Leetham.

Further close matches occurred in the fourth round, where I was given a walk over, always an unsatisfactory way of passing into the next round. A sensational match was provided by the tie between Miss M. Dodd and Mrs. R. P. Gwynne, of Rotherham. The former, after losing the first 4 holes, found herself 2 down with 3 to play. It does her infinite credit that at this crisis she pulled herself and her game together and won on the home green. Miss Ravenscroft, too, was engaged in a desperate struggle with Miss Martin Smith, which she seemed destined to lose when Miss Martin Smith was dormy 1 and had 2 putts for the match at the last hole. Normally a beautiful and accurate putter, she failed to get down in 2. After a half at the 19th she again required 3 putts at the 20th and lost the match, Cheshire thus

retaining its two chief representatives in the Championship. Miss E. Grant Suttie in the top half of the draw had given her supporters no such frights.

Except for a 20-holes match between Miss Stocker and Miss Benton, won by the former, and Mrs. Bourn's defeat of Miss Janet Jackson at the 19th, the matches in the fifth round were all decisive victories.

So the lucky eight in order of the draw were Miss Grant Suttie, Miss Joan Stocker, myself, Mrs. T. W. Bourn, Mrs. Lionel Jackson, Miss Dodd, Miss Ravenscroft, Mrs. McNair.

On the Thursday the weather conditions were a decided improvement on those of the previous days. Miss Grant Suttie and Miss Stocker, the first match out, was close all the way, the former winning on the last green by 1 up. With a score of 3 over 4's at the 12th I beat Mrs. Bourn by 7 and 5, none of my matches so far having gone beyond the 13th hole.

In the third match Miss Dodd, with a wonderful streak of putting on the homeward journey, defeated by 5 and 4 Mrs. Lionel Jackson, the Irish Internationalist and Kent County player, whose length and strength, in view of her size, gained for her the sobriquet of the "pocket Hercules." A 5 and 4 win for Miss Ravenscroft at the expense of Mrs. McNair was largely due to the latter's inability to hit her tee shots or get down in less than 3 putts.

So once again, for the third time, I found myself one of the "last four" and the winner of a medal. Was it going to be for me the gold medal at last, or a silver, or just the bronze, two of which I already possessed?

What a draw it had been! Prearranged it would not have worked out more satisfactorily. The results

had been as predicted, no reversals of form had disturbed the calculations of the prophets, and three recent champions had won their way through to the penultimate stage. Cheshire was bound to be represented in the final, but would Scotland or England provide the other finalist? That was the burning question that interested me.

At 2:30 on May 14, 1914, Miss Grant Suttie and I started out on what was to prove one of the most exciting and memorable matches of my golfing career. Beginning well and making hay while the sun shone, I was 3 up at the 7th. But I lost the 8th and halved the 9th, and we turned with the match 2 up in my favour. It will be better to let some other pen describe the homeward half of the match, so I will quote from the account which appeared in *The Ladies' Field*:

“By holing a good putt Miss Grant Suttie had a 4 and a win at the 10th. Miss Leitch played her favourite 11th perfectly, a drive and an iron on to the green, Miss Grant Suttie finding trouble with her second and being two more on to the green.

“The 12th, her *bête-noire*, Miss Leitch lost, being bunkered with her second. Miss Grant Suttie played the hole perfectly. Miss Leitch hit her best tee shot of the round at the 13th, and followed this up with her best brassie shot, which safely carried those fearsome sand-hills and ran across the green. She won the hole in 5 to 6. Another long tee shot on to the green, a distance of 220 yards, gave Miss Leitch the 14th hole in 3, Miss Grant Suttie being bunkered with her second and requiring 5 for the hole. So Miss Leitch was 3 up with 4 to go. Playing the 15th wretchedly she lost it. In the sand with her tee shot to the 16th she recovered well and had a great chance

of a half, but committed the cardinal sin of being short with her third, and lost the hole in 5 to 4. The whole of her precious lead was gone at the next hole, where Miss Grant Suttie laid a picture of an approach stone dead, getting a brilliant 4 at a 440-yards hole. Away the crowd went to the 18th, hearts thumping, pulses racing with excitement. Miss Leitch had the longer drive. Miss Grant Suttie took an iron of some sort for her second, and slightly pulled her shot into the gravel to the left of the green. Miss Leitch, from none too good a lie, played a forcing shot with her iron, the ball pitching on the green, but running up the bank. Miss Grant Suttie played next, but was very short, her ball being killed on a shoulder of the green. Miss Leitch's approach was a good one, perhaps 8 feet from the hole. Miss Grant Suttie was short with her putt, and then amid great excitement Miss Leitch holed hers for the match—a great match and a great finish.”

As the ball hung on the lip of the 18th hole it seemed to me an eternity. Would it never go in? Was I really in the final? or would I have to play the 19th, and could I win it? These were the questioning thoughts that passed through my mind, and were only answered by the ball finally disappearing from view. As long as I live I can never forget that moment of terrible suspense and doubt.

Close behind us came Miss Dodd and Miss Ravenscroft, also to the home green, where the latter won 1 up, 10 of the 18 holes having been halved.

So I was to fight out the 36-holes final with Miss Ravenscroft on the morrow.

My chief recollection of the final is of very bad putting and approaching.

Time after time I was on the green in one less than my opponent, who became quite upset by my continuous failure to put the ball into the hole. My long game was perfectly in order, but with my putting so badly out of order this availed me little.

At lunch we were all square.

Things went better for me in the afternoon and I was 3 up at the 5th, then 2 up at the turn, and 3 up with 7 to play. But at the 12th and 13th I chose a sandy route to the hole, visited a series of bunkers and lost them both, my lead thus dwindling to one hole and my friends suffering agonies of apprehension. But by holing one of those trying 6-foot putts I won the 14th and restored a hole to my lead. But Miss Ravenscroft got a perfect 4 at the 15th, while we halved the 16th in good 3's.

Then at the 17th, after good drives and safe seconds we were both faced by "horribly frightening" pitches to be played off broken and sandy ground. We both came successfully through this ordeal and then, after playing the odd, Miss Ravenscroft with my ball a couple of feet from the hole, sportingly knocked it away, shook me by the hand and congratulated me on becoming champion.

So at last, after seven years of striving, I had realized my ambition, and my feelings can better be imagined than described.

My caddy, James Darby, was largely responsible for my success. Himself a fine player, he never allowed me to lose heart and never worried me by referring to the bad shots I played. I never think of my first win without a feeling of gratitude to my faithful and capable assistant. That his interest in my game was not merely of a temporary nature was

to be proved in later years as I have never taken part in a Championship since that time without receiving a message of good wishes from him.

The first of hundreds of telegrams of congratulation I received was from James Braid, and this was shortly followed by one from Miss Ravenscroft's father and another from Miss Muriel Dodd's parents.

Before my sister May left Hunstanton I asked her what she wanted for her birthday present on May 15. Her reply was "A telegram to say you have won the Championship." With my usual lack of confidence I told her I had little hope of granting her request. It was perhaps fitting that I should eventually win my first Ladies' Open Championship on the anniversary of the birthday of the sister with whom I played my first shot at golf.

My mother was at Hunstanton with us and I need hardly say how proud and pleased she was at my success. She always takes the greatest interest in our doings, but in that quiet way which is consoling in defeat and cheering in victory. There is none of the "Why didn't you win?" manner with her.

It was difficult to realize that the honour for which I had worked so long had at last come my way.

It is interesting, but sad, to record that Hunstanton was the last Open Championship at which Mrs. Miller was present as Hon. Sec. of the L.G.U.

Almost immediately after this event I was equally fortunate in winning the first English Ladies' Close Championship held under the auspices of the L.G.U. It was played over the Old Course at Walton Heath. After many narrow escapes from defeat, especially against Miss Martin Smith and Miss Hilda Prest, against both of whom I was taken to the 19th green,

and had to do the 18th and 19th in 3 each against Miss Prest, I met Miss Gladys Bastin in the final and won on the 35th green by 2 and 1.

Then a few days later I met the same opponent in the 36-holes final of the Ladies' Championship of France at La Boulie and again won by 2 and 1. So apparently I had at last become a match player and in less than two months had won 3 Championships.

1914 was undoubtedly my lucky year. The only big event which I failed to win being the *Ladies' Pictorial* Finals at Stoke Poges immediately after the French Championship, in the semi-final of which I was defeated by Miss Ravenscroft.

CHAPTER V

A CHAPTER FOR BEGINNERS—THE ELEMENTS OF THE GAME

IN an earlier chapter of this book I have told the story of how I learned to play golf, and how I acquired my unorthodox style. Although I do not advise any reader to try to imitate my actual methods, I shall endeavour in this chapter to assist beginners and in the three following chapters to hand on to others a few hints which can be applied to the methods that they themselves have adopted.

There are many ways of learning to play golf and no hard and fast rule can be laid down as to which is the best. The youthful beginner will probably improve rapidly if left to her own devices. Children are generally endowed with the gifts of imitation and observation, and any child golfer who has a natural aptitude for games will instinctively choose for his or her model a player who has a sound and attractive style. When we realize that the majority of professionals started life as caddies, we need not seek for further proof that the self-taught golfer is the most to be envied.

For those who start later in life it will be wiser to seek the advice and help of a professional after having made a beginning by knocking the ball about alone. It is hardly fair to a professional for a player in this category to seek his advice, without having previously acquired some idea as to the grip and stance with which she feels most comfortable. To do so is waste of her own money and waste of the

professional's time. With even a slight knowledge of the game, gained in solitary practice, the pupil will be able to follow the instructions of her teacher more readily.

In order to make these chapters complete it is necessary to start with the "grip." Roughly speaking, there are three ways in which the **Grip** club can be held—by the palm grip, the finger grip, and the overlapping grip. The majority of writers refrain from referring to the first mentioned, as it is almost obsolete and not to be recommended; but as it is the method by which I hold the clubs used in the execution of all full shots, perhaps my readers will realize why I include it.

From my earliest golfing days I have remained faithful to this grip, which came to me naturally, in spite of the many critics who have tried to persuade me to change to the finger grip. Many years ago Sandy Herd took part in a match over my home links at Silloth. Of the spectators in the crowd on that occasion I was probably the most interested, as I was able to say ever after, "Well, Sandy Herd has a palm grip and no one can deny that he is a good golfer."

Although I use this unorthodox grip, I do not recommend it, because it requires a different wrist action, and I shall not even describe it, but shall turn to the more popular finger and overlapping grips. In the finger grip, the thumb and forefinger of each hand form a V down the shaft; the hands are placed as close together as possible, and the club lies in the fingers of both hands. The importance of keeping both hands wedged together cannot be overestimated, as only in this way can they be made to work in unison.

This fact probably led to the invention of the overlapping grip, in which the little finger of the right hand overlaps the forefinger of the left hand.

Nearly every professional and the majority of first-class amateurs have adopted the overlapping grip, but I am brave enough to remark that for lady players I think the finger grip more suitable for full shots. When watching lady players, it will be noticed that many missed shots are caused by the player having loosened her grip. This being so, it would seem that a lady player should seek the help of all her fingers in order to control the club. I have often experimented with the overlapping grip for full shots, but when doing so have always found that the club was my master. It may be that my fingers are less than the average length and unable to control the club; and this again is probably responsible for my having adopted a grip in which the strength in the palms of my hands plays such an important part.

Now we come to the position of the feet, or, to use the technical word, the "stance." There are
Stance two distinct types of stance—the "open" and the "square." Personally I use the former, and a very exaggerated form of it; but in this, as in the grip, I do not advise anyone to copy me. Such a stance is conducive to the worst of golfing maladies, slicing, though curiously enough, one from which I seldom suffer.

For the "square" stance the feet are placed one on either side of the ball, which, of course, is a comfortable distance from the player, and equi-distant from it. In other words, the ball lies at the apex of

an equilateral triangle, of which the feet mark the angles at the base.

It must be left to every player to find the stance which is most comfortable; but in doing so, she must avoid a cramped position. No two players in the whole of the golfing world have identical styles, so a beginner must not think her own methods entirely wrong if they are not similar to those of a good player she may have watched.

There is one thing, however, that every player must endeavour to do, and that is—"Keep her head still." The beginner is generally told to "keep her eye on the ball," advice which must be acted upon, but it is possible to do this and yet move the head. It is hardly exaggerating to say that the majority of bad shots are caused by the head moving during the swing. So before going on to the swing, I shall try to impress upon my readers the importance of this advice, by pointing out that the player who can keep her head still during the playing of every shot from a drive to a putt, will find that she has few additional points to worry about or remember.

Now let us assume that the player has taken up a natural position for the drive, and has gripped her club in a comfortable manner.

It is impossible to state exactly how far away from the ball a player should stand, but a rough idea can be gained by those who use the square stance by putting the club-head in its natural position behind the ball, holding the club in the left hand, and allowing it to drop to the height of the knee. The end of the shaft in this test should just miss the left knee. This simple device has often cured good players of the common fault of standing too far away from the ball.

The word "swing" implies an action that is smooth and regular, and calls to mind the movement
Swing to and fro of a pendulum. This smooth rhythmical movement is what every beginner must try to acquire, and to do so, she must look upon her arms as an extension of the shaft of the club. The club-head is going to do the actual hitting of the ball, and it is to be propelled by a twisting action of the body.

In order to accomplish this action, the player must plant her feet firmly on the ground and feel that her weight is thrown on to her heels. Falling forward on to the toes at the beginning of the swing, throws the whole machine out of gear, and any mistake made at this stage of the shot cannot afterwards be rectified. "Well begun is half done" might well be applied to the act of playing a shot at golf.

Now the player is ready to swing. The first thing to move must be the club-head, and this must be done by a slight tightening up of the wrists, chiefly the left. The left arm must be kept as straight as possible, during the backward and downward swing. If this is done and the head is kept still, there will be small margin for error in the actual twisting of the body. It is an utter impossibility for a player to jump at the ball without moving her head, a very common fault with beginners.

Throughout the whole of the swing the player must try to imagine that the club-head is travelling around the inside rim of a wheel, of which her body forms the axis. It is often said that the club-head should be taken back along an imaginary straight line at the back of the ball. This remark has confused some beginners who, in trying to carry out this in-

struction, have made the stroke doubly difficult by stretching beyond their natural reach.

Every single action of the golfer must be free, and anything that feels uncomfortable cannot be right. This imaginary line which the club-head should follow is really a slightly convex curve on the ground. Some players take the club-head along the ground in this way for about 8 or 10 inches, and are said to have a "flat" swing; those to whom it comes more natural to bring the club-head from the ground after the first 2 or 3 inches of its journey, are said to have an "up-right" swing. I explain the meaning of these terms as they will appear later on.

The beginner who has arrived at this point of the swing will probably say, "What must I do with my wrists?"

As soon as the club-head begins to move, the left wrist must be allowed to start and turn gradually over towards the body. This rolling over of the left wrist is similar to the wrist action used in turning the handle of a door from left to right. I must here warn beginners against one of the commonest of the faults they are likely to contract, that is, the arching of the left wrist. Control of the club is impossible unless the left wrist is kept hollow, and not arched, throughout the swing. Before the wrist action has proceeded very far, the player will begin to feel that she must do something with her left shoulder, her left hip, and her left leg, as they are all making their presence felt.

Taking it for granted that the head has been kept still, it will come naturally to the player to allow her left hip to turn slightly outwards, her left shoulder to come round until the point of it is in line with her left eye and the ball, and her left knee to bend. In

order to allow the left knee to do its work it will be found necessary to allow the left heel to rise slightly from the ground, and the right leg to become almost stiff.

By the time these movements have taken place, the player will find her club at the top of the swing, and if the actions have been correct, the left arm will be nearly straight, the right elbow will be close to the player's side, the toe of the club should be pointing towards the ground, and the shaft of the club should be in a horizontal position. This last point is of vital importance, as, if the club is allowed to drop beyond this position, the swing is too full, and the player is inclined to lose control. As the player took the club up, so she must bring it down, and the body must be allowed to untwist in the same natural manner as it was twisted.

At the top of the swing the player is obliged to take what might almost be termed a rest; but this occupies only a fraction of a second and barely amounts to a pause. During this interval the grip of both hands remains firm for the second half of the shot. Up to this point the left hand has been the dominant partner, but now the right hand begins to take an equal share in the work, until, at the moment of impact, both hands are gripping the club with equal firmness.

Many beginners are inclined to try to cut short the downward swing, by taking a shorter route to the ball. If it were possible to photograph the arc described by the club-head on the upward swing, and that described by the club-head on the downward swing of a player who made this mistake, the results would show the latter to have lost much of the sweep. This fault, which is usually caused by the arms being

drawn in, must be avoided, and the player should make the downward sweep as full as, or even fuller than, the upward one.

It is not until the club-head is about 18 inches from the ball that the actual force is applied. The commencement of the downward swing must be smooth and rhythmical, and the pace at which the club-head is travelling must be gradually increased. The club-head does the actual hitting of the ball, and should have the lead throughout the whole shot.

If this point were borne in mind by more players we should not see so many mis-timed shots when a full swing is used. Even with the best players the hands sometimes precede the club-head.

So far I have not mentioned the "follow through," and have purposely refrained from doing so. Beginners are inclined to think of this part of the swing before they have started on the preliminaries which lead up to it. To my mind the "follow through," which, as the name implies, is the continuation of the downward swing after the club-head has met the ball, is the result of a good shot and cannot be forced. There are many good players who have a very curtailed "follow through" after a full shot.

Follow
Through

Many of the photographs that we see depicting famous players at the finish of a full shot are poses, in which an actual shot has not been played. They are very different from those taken in actual play.

I must not, however, allow my readers to run away with the idea that it is not necessary to "follow through," or they might be led into thinking that the club-head must be stopped as soon as the ball is struck.

Far from this being the case, I always try to impress upon a player the importance of allowing the club-head to follow on, along an imaginary line pointing in the direction of the hole. With this object in view, the player is less likely to fall back upon the right foot after the ball has been struck.

If the swing has been accurate, the club-head will be obliged to travel on after the ball has been hit, because of the speed worked up on the downward swing; so it is almost a case of "swing smoothly, apply the 'hit' at the right time, and the follow through will look after itself."

The remarks already made apply to all the shots in which a wooden club is used; so we can now
 The Use of the Iron pass on to iron club play, which requires a different swing and stance, but, for the beginner, a similar grip.

Beginners must never try to use a full swing when playing an iron. This is most important, as should they do so, they will be almost certain to overswing. Something between the perpendicular and horizontal will be found sufficient.

The stance for an iron shot must be slightly different from that used for a drive or spoon shot, in that the player must be nearer to, and a little in front of, the ball. It is as well for me to warn beginners here, not to exaggerate any point. At golf, as in everything else, a very little makes a great difference.

In iron play, the ball is hit just before the club-head reaches the point at the bottom of the circle it describes.

This means that a full follow through will be impossible, and that, instead, the club-head will take a



7. THE CLUBS I CARRY

Left to right—

Driver, 42 inches, 12½ ounces
 Brassie, 42½ inches, 12½ ounces
 Spoon, 40 inches, 13½ ounces
 Iron No. 1, 38 inches, 14 ounces
 Mashie Iron, 37 inches, 14½ ounces

Iron No. 4, 36 inches, 15 ounces
 Mashie, 35 inches, 15 ounces
 Mashie Niblick, 35 inches, 15½ ounces
 Niblick, 35½ inches, 15½ ounces
 Putting Cleek, 34 inches, 14½ ounces
 Putting Cleek, 33 inches, 14 ounces



8. CORRECT WAY OF TAKING LINE
FOR PUT—*From the Back of the Ball*



9. GRIP FOR PUTTING



10. PUTTING FROM SHALLOW BUNKER GUARDING GREEN
When the ball is lying clean, often the simplest and safest method

divot just in front of where the ball lay. In order to achieve this result the weight must be chiefly on the left leg, the stance must be firm, the club must be gripped very firmly with both hands, the backward swing must be well controlled and not too full, and the body must be slightly in advance of the club-head on the downward swing.

Throughout the stroke, the left arm should be as straight as possible. The whole shot is a hit rather than a sweep, and consequently, there is not nearly so much pivoting from the waist, as in a full shot. This being so, the player must call upon straight arms, tightened wrists, and the action of her body at the moment of impact, to apply the force which, in playing a wooden club shot, she got by the sweep of a full swing.

It stands to reason that, as the player takes up her stance for this shot slightly in advance of the ball, the backward swing will have to be more upright than that of the backward swing with a driver; so I am not going to worry the beginner with elaborate details, but am merely going to tell her not to overdo this upright action, and not to use her iron club as she would a hatchet, when chopping wood. She must find the happy medium between a sweep and a hit.

Practically anyone can hit the ball with an iron when the ordinary swing is used—there is no easier shot in golf—but few will deny that the “push” shot, described above, is a far more effective and useful one. I may be criticized for advising a beginner to try to learn this so-called advanced shot. I have played a great deal with beginners, and those who are slowly passing through the drudgery stage, and have asked many of them to try this type of shot. In

nearly every case the player has proved that the shot is not beyond her powers, even at this early stage of her game. The distance and direction lost by the ordinary floppy iron shot has prompted me to ask the player to experiment. Hence my reason for including it in this chapter.

Whereas the player stood in advance of the ball in playing the iron shot, she must now stand behind it, in order to give this lofted club every chance to raise the ball from the ground.

The Mashie The shorter the club, the nearer the player must stand to the ball; so, when playing a mashie, there should be a feeling of being right up to the ball.

The club must be gripped towards the bottom of the leather, and the wrists must on no account be cocked. The heel must be the first part of the club to touch the ground when the ball is being played, and this cannot be done unless the wrists are slightly dropped, if I may so express it.

Body action becomes less and less as we pass from the long game to the short. In playing the mashie the knees and arms can almost be said to be the only participants.

As the mashie, whose chief work is approaching, is supposed to be the most difficult club to master, a beginner would be well advised to start to learn short shots first, and gradually work up to the longer shots, for which this club can be used.

In this way she will be more likely to gain confidence, and will more readily acquire the knack of picking the ball up sharply. The swing should be similar to that used for the iron, but, after impact,

the club-head should be allowed to follow on, in the direction of the hole.

In every shot at golf the ball must be hit and not merely stroked. It is true a mashie has more loft on the face than an iron, but the mashie cannot hit the ball high in the air without the player's assistance.

I am not one of those brave persons who profess to be able to teach anyone how to putt, but I shall try to help my readers by telling them a Putting few fundamental truths in connexion with this "game within a game."

The most important thing to remember, and the most difficult thing to do, is to keep the head still and the eyes glued to the ball. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that 90 per cent. of the missed short putts are caused by failure to do this. It sounds such a simple performance too!

In putting, the fingers, the wrists and the fore-arms are the only parts of the body that move. The player can choose the stance she fancies, and the manner of hitting the ball with which she has most confidence. Confidence on the green is half the battle, and many a beginner can defeat a low handicap player in a putting match on this account.

A delicate touch is essential in order to ensure this; and the wrists and forearms must not be stiffened up, as in the playing of other strokes.

The club-head should not be taken back quickly, nor too far. The longer the swing, the less likely the club-head will be to meet the ball truly. Some players argue that the club-head should follow on, after the ball has been struck; others maintain that this is not essential. Personally, I know when I am

putting well (I do putt well sometimes, although I have the depressing reputation of being "the world's worst putter!") I hit the ball sharply, but without a semblance of a jerk, and the club-head follows on for a matter of 2 or 3 inches. Need I add that on these memorable occasions I know I kept my head still, and did not look up to see the ball go into the hole before I had hit it!

A beginner should not attempt to put in too much practice, and she would even be well advised to become accustomed to the leg action, the shoulder action and the wrist action by taking each one separately. Much can be learnt in this way on a lawn or even indoors.

Many novices swing with freedom and confidence when they are not actually hitting a ball. The mere fact that that small object may not finish where the player hoped it would, seems to strike fear into her heart. This being so, it is often as well for a beginner to use some other object, at which to direct her efforts, such as a ball of paper or a cork.

During our early golfing days, my sister May and I played a great deal with two small boys. These children were a most interesting study, as they both started with a crooked stick and a tennis ball and rapidly became good golfers with fine, free, natural styles. They would often indulge in one-hand practice, taking first the left hand, and then the right. It has often occurred to me since, how wise many of us would be were we to copy this method.

It is, of course, difficult to control a club with one hand, and an ordinary stick may be found to be a

preferable implement, and better suited for the purpose of practising without a ball.

My final word to beginners must be about clubs. It is essential that a novice should have a suitable set. These should be chosen for her by one who will take into consideration her height and strength. The cast-off clubs of a brother or father may be absolutely unsuitable in length, weight and lie. A brassie, spoon, iron, mashie, and putter form an adequate set.

Nothing depresses a beginner so much as to find herself unable to raise the ball from the ground with a wooden club. For this reason the driver is omitted and the brassie, which has more loft, is recommended in its place.

CHAPTER VI

HOW TO ACQUIRE LENGTH AND DIRECTION

IN this and the following instructional chapters, my remarks are addressed to players who, having passed the drudgery stage, are in a position to attempt more advanced shots.

Roughly speaking, the long game includes play with the driver, brassie, spoon, cleek, and iron, or, to be more precise, the employment of clubs for the purpose of getting length. Length without accuracy, however, may be a liability rather than an asset, and a short player who can keep straight will often hold her own against a more powerful hitter. If this were not so, match play would lose much of its charm and interest.

We constantly hear a player remark at the conclusion of a round, "I did not play very well on the whole, but I was driving well." Or, it may happen that with the exception of her tee shots her play has pleased her. This desire for length is easily understood, as there is nothing more pleasing than to hit the ball far and straight.

It has been said that "the player who can putt is a match for anyone," but, unless the intermediate shots have been successful, the good putter may never have an opportunity to test her skill on the green. Every shot at golf is important, and in order to excel, a player must have every shot at her command. A player's ability at the game can even be likened to the chain whose strength is equal only to the strength

of its weakest link. From the drive to the putt each shot is of equal value in the grand total, and if I can assist my readers to improve that total by even a stroke or two, I shall not have written in vain.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of using a suitable club. As a guide, I might give a description of the type of driver I find most suited to my build and style. In height I am about five feet nine inches, and in weight about ten stone. Although I am supposed to have very strong wrists and arms, this is not the case, and I am almost entirely dependent upon "timing" and the action of my body for length. My swing is full, flat and quick. The driver I use has a flat lie and an unusually stiff shaft. It measures 42 inches, and weighs 12½ ounces. This may sound extraordinarily light, and quite recently I had difficulty in convincing a professional that this actually was the weight of the club he was handling at the time. It was only after putting it on his scales that he would believe my statement. The fact is, my driver is beautifully balanced, and the shaft a particularly light one. Balance in any club, apart from the quality of the shaft and head, is the main thing, and it is almost impossible for a player to have confidence when using a club of which she does not like the "feel." For a player with a quick swing, a stiff shaft is essential. The whippy shaft is for the player who flicks at the ball with a half swing, or for those who find it impossible to accelerate the speed of the club-head as it comes to the ball.

In the previous chapter I pointed out that the club-head should lead throughout the playing of an ordinary full shot with a driver or brassie. This is made

doubly difficult to accomplish with a whippy shaft, as at the commencement of the downward swing the shaft bends to such an extent that the club-head is almost left behind.

Some players imagine that a heavy head on a whippy shaft must give length. There are few greater fallacies than this, and I am inclined to think that there are many players who would find the game easier and less tiring were they to avoid this clumsy combination.

Personally, I use very thin grips on all my clubs, in fact, I have nothing more on any of my clubs than one layer of leather. This is probably surprising when it is remembered that I employ the old-fashioned palm grip, but it is a point which is worth the attention of all. Innumerable underwrappings add weight to a club and, what is more important still, they take away from the perfect balance. There are few things I enjoy more than handling the clubs of others, and I have been astonished at the ill-balanced clubs I have sometimes found in the otherwise fine set of a good player.

The drive has many constituent parts. Let us take them one by one.

Driving

A comfortable stance is an essential of success. It is therefore important that a player should select with care the portion of the teeing ground on which she will place her feet, and the mark on which she will tee the ball. This is the one occasion during the playing of each hole on which a player is allowed such a privilege, so full advantage should be taken of an opportunity which comes but eighteen times in a round. Little sympathy can be



11. Stance and address



12. Top of swing
DRIVING



13. Finish



14. Stance and address—Compare
with Illustration 11



15. Top of Swing—Note shortened grip
and curtailed swing



16. Finish—Compare with Illustration 13

DRIVING AGAINST WIND

extended to her who remarks after a missed drive, "I knew I was going to miss that drive. I had my foot in a hole." Or her excuse may be, "I teed the ball on a bad bit of ground and hit something on the way back."

There are occasions when a high tee is a necessity, but in the ordinary course of events a player should not allow herself to adopt this habit of teeing the ball an inch or more from the level of the ground. A good average height for a tee is about half an inch. Massy is an advocate of the low tee, and I cannot do better than give his reason. This famous professional (who, by the way, is the only Frenchman who has ever won the Open Championship) maintains that the player who becomes dependent upon a high tee makes the playing of every other shot through the green doubly difficult for himself or herself as the case may be. Surely a stronger argument cannot be found in favour of a low tee and against a high tee, and the truth of Massy's remark will be readily granted by all.

Very few lady players make their own tees. This, when we think over the matter, is a great mistake. It is all very well when one has the assistance of a good caddy who knows one's game to allow him to perform this function, but, speaking generally, the player knows her own likes and dislikes as can no one else. The task may be an unpleasant one, especially when the sand provided for the purpose is wet, but it is not wise to try to play from a tee one does not fancy, nor is it fair to the caddy to complain about the ball having been badly teed after the shot has been a failure. If a player makes her own tee she has

only herself to blame in the event of a missed shot caused by the work having been badly done.

Many players make the initial mistake of gripping the club first and addressing the ball after. The effect of this very often is that the face of the club is turned over either inwards or away from the ball and does not meet the ball truly. It is a good plan to place the club with the left hand before putting the right hand in position at all. Not only does this simple action assist the player to acquire a comfortable stance, but it allows the club-head to lie in its natural position.

Having taken it for granted that those for whom I write have passed the beginners' stage, there is no necessity to enter into the details of grip and stance. It is sufficient to state that any cramped feeling must be avoided and if the player feels uncomfortable when addressing the ball she should walk away and begin all over again.

In order to drive well a player must bear in mind seven important points. (1) The club must be under control from the instant it leaves the ball to the end of the follow through. (2) The head must be kept absolutely still throughout the playing of the shot. (3) The left arm must be kept as straight as possible during the backward swing and on the forward swing until after the ball has been struck. At this moment of impact the arms and hands should be in the same position as they were when the ball was addressed. After the ball has been struck the right arm becomes the straight one and the left should be in a position close to the left side, similar to that occupied by the right at the top of the swing. (4) The left hand must be the chief controller during the backward swing.

(5) The body must be allowed to turn naturally, and no attempt must be made to hurry any individual action. (6) The weight at the top of the swing should be evenly distributed between the right leg, which at this instant should be stiff, and the inside of the ball of the left foot, the left knee should be bent slightly inwards and the heel of the foot raised from the ground at this juncture. (7) The speed at which the club-head comes down must be accelerated gradually so that it is travelling at its fastest at the moment of impact.

These points must now be dealt with more fully as they are the essentials of a good and powerful swing. In the backward swing the club-head must be the first thing to move. A common fault among lady players is to take the hands back first and drag the club-head away from the ball. As the club-head is to do the actual hitting of the ball it must be allowed to take the lead throughout the shot. There are some players of quite low handicap who do not start the club-head before the hands, but they are inclined to be erratic and make the game more difficult for themselves than it need be. A habit like this is liable to cause a player to move her head, and anything that causes this is to be avoided.

It is imperative for me to point out that the player's head must turn slightly as the body turns for the backward swing of the club, but it must not be moved downwards or upwards, neither to left nor to right. This slight turn of the head is caused by the necessary pivot of the body. At the top of the swing the left eye, the point of the left shoulder and the ball should be in line.

Much has been written about the straight left arm

as an aid to steadiness and accuracy in direction. The word "straight" does not necessarily mean stiff, and the reader must not imagine that the left arm is to be stretched and stiffened to a poker-like rigidity. "Straightness" means that the elbow of the left arm is not to be bent during the backward swing of the club. To my mind a straight left arm is conducive to length, in addition to the advantages named. I might even go further and say that a player who plays with both arms bent loses a great deal of the power which she could apply were she to straighten her left arm.

It stands to reason that if the left arm is kept straight, the margin for error is reduced to a minimum. As regards the left hand, it is important that this should have a firmer grip of the club than the right during the backward swing. The left hand controls the left arm, the left arm controls the turning of the left shoulder, the left shoulder and the left hip turn together. This co-operation of the joints and muscles of the left side of the body is absolutely necessary if the twisting up is to be correct. Throughout the entire stroke perfect balance must be maintained. Any feeling of swaying at any point of the swing is fatal. The player should feel that the muscles of her legs are being used to grip the ground. This is a most important point and one which was brought to my notice by Mr. H. H. Hilton, who, everyone will admit, has a knowledge of the game surpassed by none. Mr. Hilton even goes further and maintains that the superior strength in the lower limbs of a male golfer gives him his great advantage over a lady player in the playing of long shots. Few ladies make full use of leg action. I always feel that the decided

pivot from my waist downwards is responsible for the length I am able to obtain in full shots. Many teachers say that on the address the knees should be slightly bent. To my mind, lady players who adopt this habit are courting disaster as they are unable to grip the ground in the manner already described. Personally I have my knees quite stiff during the address and always feel that this helps me to stand firmly on my heels. The great wish of every player is to hit a long ball. In order to do this it is necessary to hit as well as swing. A full shot with a wooden club must be a hit and sweep combined. The pretty smooth swing may be attractive to watch and the player who has acquired such a swing may be a straight and steady performer, but there are hundreds of lady players who could lengthen their full shots if they would only hit out more.

There is a world of difference between "pressing" and hitting hard. "Pressing" is trying to do more than is possible, "hitting hard" is applying power at the right time. It has been said that I press, but I beg to differ. I have never yet hit a ball well when I pressed and I refrain from taking this liberty unless I am engaged in an unimportant game or on the very rare occasions that allow such liberties to be taken, of which I shall write more later.

When a player has made up her mind to hit she must bear in mind a very important point—she must hit *through* the ball and not at it. It is not sufficient to beat at the ball and then allow the club-head to take care of itself. The player must endeavour to let the club-head travel on after it has met the ball.

Those who have watched small boys training to run in a hundred-yard race will have noticed that

they are inclined to pull up on nearing the hundred-yard mark. This fault is similar to that of the golfer who seems to imagine that the club-head has done its work as soon as it reaches the ball and that it need not travel any farther. If the former were travelling at full speed on reaching the tape they would not be able to pull up until many yards past it. Similarly, the golfer must avoid the tendency to slacken the speed of the club-head as it nears the ball. Many mistimed drives are caused through players failing to realize the importance of this extension of the downward swing.

In a previous chapter the outline described by the club-head during a swing has been likened to a circle. As a matter of fact an ellipse would be a more accurate description, but I dare not say such a thing to a novice, as an attempt to make her club-head describe an ellipse might prove disastrous. However, as I am now addressing remarks to those who have passed the earliest stage, I use this example in order to bring home the importance of sweeping the ball away.

It is not for me to state whether the "flat" swing or the "upright" swing is the better, but I can say that my observations, when watching others, have convinced me that there are many players with upright swings who would lengthen their respective games if they could only flatten their swings a trifle. Does it not stand to reason that the club-head which is describing a half-circle as it comes to the ball, meets it and follows after it cannot apply as much power as that which describes a flatter sweep? Now by "flat" I do not mean the swing which brings the club-head round near the right leg. The word "flat" is used to distinguish the action of taking the club-head

along the ground, as far as the arms will permit, from the more common action which causes the club-head to rise from the ground almost immediately.

The upright swing tends to give the ball a high trajectory and consequently loss of distance. We were taught in our youth that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, therefore, in driving when length is desirable, a low trajectory is preferable to a high one unless a high obstacle has to be carried.

Mention of the component parts which go to make up style is probably conspicuous by its absence in this chapter. This is intentional as I am a great believer in each player using the methods she finds most comfortable. Style at golf can be likened to handwriting in that no two people can be expected to adopt identical methods. On receiving a letter from a friend we recognize the handwriting and at once know the writer of it; similarly, when watching a golfer from a distance we can recognize the player by his or her style. Let us look for proof of this statement. Miss Gladys Ravenscroft, now Mrs. Temple Dobell, has a very unorthodox palm grip and an exceptionally full powerful swing. Miss Muriel Dodd, now Mrs. Allan MacBeth, employs the overlapping grip, a square stance, and sweeps the ball away with ease. Who can deny that the owners of these two contrasting styles are both great players? The fact that they gained the blue riband of Ladies' Golf in 1912 and 1913 respectively, makes further comment unnecessary.

If we turn to the first-class amateurs, we find an enormous contrast in the styles of Mr. C. J. H. Tolley, Amateur Champion in 1920, and Mr. John Ball, who

has won that event no fewer than eight times, and held the Open Championship title in 1890.

In the professional ranks the contrasts are just as marked. There are probably many who share with me the opinion that Harry Vardon is the most perfect stylist in the whole golfing world. But there would be very little golf played if every one had to acquire Vardon's methods before meeting with success. Edward Ray, who can almost be said to defy the accepted principles of the game, is a direct contrast to Vardon. Ray sways and hurls himself at the ball with most wonderful results. One might almost say that the attainment of these results is more a cause for wonderment in Ray's case than in Vardon's, as the former has to recover a correct position at the moment of impact, whereas Vardon never (or very seldom) makes one incorrect movement.

So those of us who have unusual styles can console ourselves with the knowledge that even the best adopt different methods. The player who begins worrying about small details during the swing will make the game an ordeal. It is the big things that matter, and I always feel sorry for those who spend hours trying to acquire some trivial action which some one has told them is essential.

Ordinary shots with the brassie and spoon are played in exactly the same manner as the drive, so any of the aforementioned remarks apply to these two wooden clubs. It is important that the brassie should resemble the driver as closely as possible in lie, weight and length, otherwise the player will give herself the unnecessary trouble of becoming accustomed to two different clubs.

The
Brassie
and Spoon



17. FINISH OF THE BRASSIE STROKE

There is a tendency on the part of lady players to dig at the ball in order to raise it with a brassie. This is absolutely unnecessary, as the club is so built that the loft on the face will pick the ball up without any additional efforts by the player.

To my mind, few ladies appreciate the length that can be obtained with a brassie, and I am even going so far as to say that some of the longest drivers do not excel to the same extent in the use of wooden clubs through the green. If only they would try to imagine that the shots are identical, they would simplify matters for themselves. Arnaud Massy's statement about the danger of a high tee is to be regarded by those who are afraid of the brassie. Now that courses are being lengthened to meet the requirements of the improved ball, the brassie should be a lady golfer's best friend.

The spoon is a very suitable club for lady players, but it should not be taken on occasions when a brassie is the right club to use. There is no one who loves a spoon more than I, but I never allow myself to use it for a particular shot just because it happens to be an easier club to handle than its more powerful brother. It is advisable that every shot should be played with the club that is meant for the purpose. If a player is temporarily out of sympathy with her brassie and has turned to her spoon in despair, she must not allow the quarrel to continue indefinitely. All too often we come across players who have discarded the brassie and substituted it with a spoon or a cleek. Not only are they taking away from the game's fascinating variety, but they are making it doubly tiring and difficult. The spoon being shorter, more lofted and altogether more sturdily built, cannot be expected to

give the ball that long low flight which a full clean sweep and hit with a driver or brassie produce.

In a later chapter I shall deal fully with the types of lie for which a spoon has no equal. At present I shall merely warn my readers against the growing tendency to ignore the brassie, and advise them to turn to the spoon only for those shots which in length call for something less than a full shot with a brassie.

Now the above remarks may create the impression that I am not in favour of the spoon, but
The Cleek this is far from the case, and I strongly recommend the spoon in place of the cleek. Although the correct method of using the cleek is the same under ordinary conditions as that used with the driver, it never appears to me wise to employ an iron club which should be used differently from all the other iron clubs.

In my earliest golfing days I used a cleek instead of a brassie and was quite a capable performer with it, but I soon dispensed with its services in favour of a brassie.

To my mind a cleek is the most difficult club to use properly, and therefore I do not recommend lady players in particular to try to become proficient with it. Its straight shallow face does not inspire the confidence without which no shot can be satisfactory.

There are, however, some ladies who are beautiful cleek players. The success of Mrs. Hurd (*née* Miss Dorothy Campbell) in the Ladies' Open Championship at Birkdale in 1909 was largely the result of her extraordinary skill with this club. The nature of the ground at Birkdale made brassie play rather difficult as the ball lay very close. Miss Dorothy

Campbell's name was mentioned as the probable winner before the event actually started. Prophesying at golf is a dangerous and unsatisfactory habit, but the prophets on this occasion knew that a good cleek player would have an advantage.

I always think my sister May hits the ball farther with a cleek than any other lady player I have ever seen, but then she is a long hitter with any club. I know she has often tried to demoralize me by hitting a ball farther with a cleek than I could with a full brassie shot! This tends to be even more humiliating when it is done by a left-handed player!

It would seem that the few lady players who use a cleek do so exceptionally well, but this does not move me from the belief that the club is an unnecessary one.

For her most powerful iron club I should advise a lady to have a straight-faced iron, or what is now known as a No. 1 iron. There is just The Iron sufficient depth of face and loft to inspire confidence, and the weight and length should be such that the club feels well balanced and not a heavy clumsy weapon. Too much attention cannot be paid to this point. It is utterly impossible for a player to use with any degree of consistency a club of which she does not like the feel. While heavy clubs are to be avoided, players must not go to the other extreme and expect to get distance with a mere toy. Not very long ago I found I was not getting as far as I should with my iron clubs. I experimented by using more powerful specimens and changed practically my whole set with good results. The truth was I had been trying to make my clubs do more than they were

intended to do. To put it colloquially, I was sending a boy on a man's errand.

There is a great deal of difference between a powerful club and a heavy badly balanced club. A friend once showed me an iron club which he had just bought, and of which he expected great things. He asked my opinion of it and I said I would not say "Thank you" for it. He asked me my reason for condemning it, and I told him it was a clumsy badly balanced weapon unworthy to be called a golf club. Some time after he put a club into my hand and said, "What do you think of that?" My answer, "It is a beauty," amused him as it was the very club I had previously condemned, with an inch and a half cut off the shaft! Such a little thing can make such a lot of difference! But I must return to the question of how to acquire length and direction with the iron.

In my opinion, lady players as a whole lack length with their iron clubs because they do not play the "push" shot. Nearly all are content to use the same type of swing with an iron as they employ for a full wooden club shot. They pick the ball up sharply from the ground with a sweeping action instead of hitting it forward with a punch. It is argued by some that the push shot requires more strength than the ordinary type of shot, but I can only say that though not of muscular build, I yet find little difficulty in playing the push shot. This type of shot came almost naturally to me in my youth as I discovered it to be the only one upon which the wind had no serious effect. Particularly against the wind the player who hits the ball up loses yards in distance with her iron. I am not going to suggest that this type of shot is not wanted, because I have every reason

to know that it is of great value at times, but the player who hopes to climb the ladder to success must have every shot at her command and particularly the push shot. The majority of players do not seem to realize that this shot can be played with any club. The chief points in its favour are that it causes the ball to leave the ground sharply but, at the same time, gives it a low trajectory. The fact that I began my golf with an obstinate solid old "guttie" may be largely responsible for my love of the push shot, as in those days to hit a ball high in the air was not the simple accomplishment that it is now, and one did not wish to waste energy by hitting high shots.

In playing a push shot with the iron, the stance must be taken up nearer to and rather more in front of the ball than for the ordinary lofted shot, but care must be taken not to cock the wrists nor have the heel of the club off the ground. The player's hands should be in front of the club-head on the address and the shaft of the club should slope towards the hole. As the ball has to be hit before the club-head reaches the bottom of the swing the divot will be taken from just in front of where the ball lies. In order to obtain this result the club must be taken back in a straight and upright manner, there must be no bending of the left arm, and the grip must be firm throughout the playing of the shot. The body on the downward swing must be slightly in advance of the club-head, and the pivoting must not be accentuated. The whole shot is one of firmness and control. I have seen some players attempting to play this shot, but with little success, simply because they allowed their wrists and elbows to become floppy at the moment of impact. If a firm grip is maintained, there is little likelihood

of a player feeling the slightest jar. The correct action can almost be likened to an attempt to drive the ball into the ground an inch in front of the spot on which it is resting. In playing this, as well as every other shot, the movements must not be hurried or jerked. As a matter of fact, a smooth backward swing is more essential with an iron club than it is with a wooden club. I can candidly admit that the majority of my missed iron shots are caused by a snatchy backward swing, and I often wish I could stop and begin all over again, but this, unfortunately, is one of the most difficult things for a quick swinger to do.

The standard of ladies' golf is improving rapidly, and no one realizes this fact more than the writer, but I do not hesitate to say that the part of their game which has shown least sign of improvement is their iron play. There are many good players who could add considerably to the length of their iron shots and become altogether more accurate through the green if only they would use the push shot. The beginner may find it difficult to acquire, but there is absolutely no excuse for those who have a greater knowledge of the game. My anxiety to see others play this type of shot, which every professional will admit is the most useful in the whole game, compels me to set out the chief points to be remembered when attempting it.

- (1) Stand close to the ball and in front of it.
- (2) Look at the back of the ball.
- (3) Grip the club firmly with both hands.
- (4) Take the club back with a straight and upright swing.
- (5) Allow the shoulders to begin to turn slightly in advance of the club-head at the beginning of the downward swing.

(6) At the moment of impact the wrists must be stiff and arms straight.

The class of player for whom my remarks are intended should experience little difficulty in becoming proficient at the push shot. There are quite a number of only moderately low handicap players who play it unconsciously and who do not seem to realize that they are to be envied.

The push shot is a hit, and no mere stroking of the ball will produce the proper result. This brings me to what I consider the chief cause of the lack of snap in ladies' golf.

When watching first-class amateurs and professionals, what is the chief thing that strikes us about their play? Personally, I am always impressed by the wonderful control which strong hands, wrists, and forearms give them. Men undoubtedly have an enormous advantage over ladies in this respect, but I am sure there are many lady players who do not make a full use of all the power at their command. During the summer of 1914 I lengthened my game considerably, and became a more powerful player in every respect through a casual conversation about tennis. It was pointed out to me that a poor performer at tennis invariably attempts to play a backhand stroke with the back of a loose wrist pointing in the direction in which she hopes to play the ball. In this way she loses all the strength of her forearm which she could bring into the stroke were she to grip the racquet in such a manner that the back of her hand were turned towards her. At golf, this led me to the discovery that I was not making full use of the strength in my left forearm through a similar mistake, and I decided to experiment by bringing my left hand more into play by turning it slightly over to the right. By this small

change in grip I found I had something to hit against (if I may so describe the feeling), and the results were truly pleasing. With the faulty action the wrist has to pull the club, but when the left hand is turned towards the right, the club is thrust at the ball. Not only does this grip give greater control over the club, but it encourages a straight left arm.

Before passing on to the short game it may be advisable to offer a few hints on how to cure the commonest of golfing maladies with wooden clubs.

Common Faults in the Long Game Overswinging is, to my mind, the cause of much bad play and loss of length. The shaft of the club should never drop beyond the horizontal at the top of the swing. When it has reached this position the muscles of the wrists must on no account be allowed to relax, nor must the grip be loosened, otherwise the club will be out of control. A player should limit the length of her swing to the farthest point at which she can control the club. "What is the cause of overswinging?" is a very common question. To my mind, it is caused by the backward swing being too hurried. Some players use up the best of their energy by taking the club back too quickly. It is very difficult, I might almost say impossible, to check at the horizontal a club which has been taken back at lightning speed.

Hitting from the top of the swing is another cause of many missed shots among lady players, and one which causes various results. A player should not begin to apply force until the club-head is about the level of the elbows.

Many topped shots are caused by snatching, that is, drawing in the arms at the moment of impact.

But the player who is suffering from a serious attack of topping should look, after playing a shot of this kind, and see whether her club-head hit the ground behind where the ball lay. If so, the fault is probably to be found in her stance which has been too far behind the ball. This has resulted in the ball having been struck when the club-head was on the upward swing of the follow through, instead of at the bottom of the sweep which it describes. When a player tops a ball, she is inclined to think that she was standing too far in front of it, and gets farther and farther behind for subsequent shots. I have seen a player take up her stance so far behind the ball that she could hardly reach it on the address. Topping is also caused by the head being moved through a sudden straightening of the body.

Of all the faults that one can acquire at golf there is not one which is so depressing as "slicing." The least bit of slice on a ball gives one a feeling of dissatisfaction, and the habit must not be allowed to grow. It is caused by the face of the club cutting across the ball, and the faulty action which causes this must be sought. As a rule, failure to pivot from the waist, and a general constraining of the necessary movements, are the causes of a slice. The club-head is drawn across the ball (instead of being hurled at it and after it) by the body coming through too soon. If the club-head is allowed to lead, slicing is almost impossible. The player who is suffering from an attack of slicing would be well advised to take a dozen balls to an open space and slash at them with perfect freedom. I do not hesitate to say that she would hit the majority of them as straight as a die and regain lost confidence. Slicing is the most difficult fault to

cure mainly because it is the most unpleasant. "I am slicing terribly," is an oft-heard remark and she who makes it is obviously terrified to use the clubs with which she is obtaining this unsatisfactory result, but this fear is the last thing that will bring about a cure, and the victim must not allow the disease to prey upon her mind.

Although I am not a believer in subterfuges I hand on, for what they are worth, two hints which may assist a player to overcome a slice. It may be that the stance has become too open and consequently too much weight has been thrown on to the right leg, in which case an advancement of the left foot may help matters; or, a slight slackening in the grip of the left hand may have the desired effect.

"Pulling," in spite of the fact that it adds length to the shot, should not be encouraged. I once developed a pull and rather prided myself that I had increased my length until I had a rude awakening on playing over a course which was severely bunkered on the left.

From observations made I have come to the conclusion that pressing is the commonest cause of hooking when ladies are concerned. In endeavouring to hit farther than one can the right shoulder is brought into play too much and the right hand is turned over at the moment of impact. This turns the face of the club on to the ball instead of meeting it truly. The right hand must not be allowed to overpower the left.

The player whose right hand grips the club on the address in such a manner that all the middle joints of the fingers are visible to her is said to have a "puller's grip." The position is unnatural and one which it is almost impossible to recover at the moment of impact,

as the right hand is struggling throughout the swing to assume the more natural position more on the top of the shaft.

Mr. H. F. Fisher, a player at my home club—Carlisle and Silloth—acquires wonderful results by altering his grip. When he wants to stop pulling he grips unusually tightly with his left hand and when he wishes to stop “slicing” he allows the right hand to have almost complete control. I have played a great deal with Mr. Fisher (in fact, I might say that keenly contested matches against him were largely responsible for my improvement as a match player), and I have often marvelled at the satisfactory results he obtains from this simple method of avoiding a pull or a slice.

There are many minor complaints from which the golfer can suffer, but as they are usually of short duration, it is unnecessary to suggest cures. A player was once heard to remark that she had never socketed a shot in her life until some one told her how to avoid or cure an attack! So rather than bring to the notice of my readers faults of which they do not even know the existence I will pass on to that department of the game in which direction and judging distance play a more important part than length.

CHAPTER VII

UP TO THE PIN, AND INTO THE HOLE

IT would be no bad thing if every player took the title of this chapter and made it her motto, wearing it round her neck like an amulet.

In this department of the game, usually called "the short game," it is no exaggeration to say that in 90 per cent. of the shots played, the ball finishes short of the hole.

This failure to hit the ball up to the pin is particularly noticeable among lady players. The cause may be found in their inability to judge distance, or in the length they can command with the different clubs.

To my mind, the most important shot in golf is the one up to the hole. Length from the tee and through the green is valuable, but she who cannot follow up the advantage thus gained by consistently laying the ball somewhere near the hole when within 100 yards of it, is not a difficult opponent to beat.

At the majority of holes, the second shot should be the one on to the green, for the class of player for whom these remarks are intended. It is only the very long first-class courses which call for constant wooden-club play, and on these the third shot is often the one up to the hole, for the good lady player.

The brassie, the spoon, the cleek, and the full iron have been dealt with, and the "push" shot can be used with the light iron or jigger; so that we now come to the distances which call for something less than a full shot.

When playing on to the green, the surrounding country must be taken into consideration. All too often we see a player attempting to pitch just over a bunker guarding the near side of a green, in other words, cutting it too fine.

This is pardonable when the back of the green is severely bunkered; but to be short of the pin at a green which is not bunkered beyond, is an unforgivable offence. The professionals are an object lesson in this respect, and we could all improve our play by following their wonderful example in always hitting the ball firmly up to the pin.

The player must also decide which type of shot is the correct one to play. Indecision is fatal. We have often heard an opponent say: "I don't know how to play this approach, I shall just take this, and trust to luck." Luck very often puts the ball on the green, but it would be a great deal better for the player's game if, on these occasions, the ball always finished in a bunker.

To know exactly what one means to do is half the battle, and it is impossible to lay too much stress upon this point. The nature of the intervening ground, the surrounding hazards, the slope of the green, the texture of the green, must all be taken into consideration before the player decides whether to play a high pitch shot, a pitch and run, a run-up approach or a cut shot.

There are many players who are apt to think it *infra dig.* to play an easy shot, instead of a more advanced shot; but these players would be well advised to put their pride in their pockets. I have seen many a match lost by a player who erred in this manner. The easy shot may be the better one.

For instance, I saw a player try to pitch on to the

downward slope of a green where the only obstacle to be negotiated was a shallow, grassy hollow. The hole was in such a position that there was only about one square yard on which the ball could pitch and remain near the hole; and yet the player chose to take this risk, instead of copying the opponent who had already laid the ball dead with a low pitch and run shot. It is to be hoped the player benefited by the experience, as the ball pitched on the far side of the hollow, came to rest in the bottom of it, thus losing the hole and the match for its owner.

Before dealing with the manner in which each approach shot should be played, I am going to warn players against the growing tendency to underclub, when playing up to the pin. The mashie, for instance, is a faithful servant when properly treated, but it has its limitations.

Until recently I was overworking my mashie, but this was due to my inability to find a suitable assistant for it. I had a jigger in which I had no confidence, and it was not until I happened to find a No. 4 iron in Fernie's shop (at the conclusion of the Ladies' Open Championship meeting at Turnberry), that I was able to relieve my mashie of the extra work I had called upon it to perform.

There are occasions when a full shot with a mashie is the only possible one; but, generally speaking, this club should not be used to do the work for which a jigger or light iron is intended.

This shot should be easily acquirable by all, but, curiously enough, there are few lady players who excel at it, and the majority play the club in a floppy manner, similar to that used for an ordinary iron shot.

**The High
Approach
Shot**

The nearer the player is to the hole, the nearer she must stand to the ball. Therefore, when playing this shot with a jigger or mashie, she must stand nearer to the ball than she did when playing the shots described in the previous chapter. In addition, she must stand rather behind the ball and adopt an open stance, or, in other words, she must face the hole more.

This position is absolutely necessary in order to have control over the club throughout the stroke, and, what is more important still, it encourages the firm stance, which is essential.

During the whole shot, the heels should remain on the ground, and the weight should be mostly on the right leg.

As the player has turned towards the hole more than for any shot previously discussed, she must be careful to address the ball with the face of the club square to the line of play. The club should be gripped firmly and fairly low down, so that the player has absolute control. The wrists must on no account be cocked; in fact, it might almost be said that they should be dropped in order to bring the heel of the club to the ground, when the ball is played.

This is important, as direction and strength are lost when the ball is hit by the club-head of which the heel is raised.

Now for the swing, which must be restrained and firm throughout.

The shaft of the club should be perpendicular at the top of the swing. The head and feet must be kept absolutely still, and the strength must be obtained by the bending of the left knee, the straightening of the right knee, and the pivot from the waist, which will be found necessary if the head and feet are kept immovable.

The right arm should be kept close to the right side, and the left arm should be as straight as possible.

If these points are observed, the club-head will be obliged to come up with a rather upright action. The downward swing must be a sharp hit, and if the shot has been properly played, the face of the club on the short follow through will be square to the line of play.

It is essential that the wrists be firm throughout the stroke, and that the player does not try to hurry any movement.

Loose wrists, a slack grip, and snatching at the ball, are the chief causes of bad approaching among lady players.

The type of shot described is a sharp hit, in which the club-head must take a divot or graze the turf, just under the place on which the ball rested. This being so, the player must avoid using up her energy during the backward swing, and guard against the tendency to jump at the ball in order to put that "little bit extra" into the shot.

Arnaud Massy impressed upon me the importance of pushing the right hand through, at the moment of impact, and J. H. Taylor also demonstrates this very necessary action.

When this advice is followed, both arms straighten as the club-head meets the ball, and apply the snap which throws the ball up into the air.

No hard and fast rule can be laid down as to which is the best club to employ for the pitch-and-run approach. One player may have a preference for a jigger, another for an iron and another for a mashie, or the nature of the ground

may influence the player who feels at home with any club.

The shot is an easy one, compared with the high approach, and should be used when the ground to be covered is fairly true. During the phenomenal drought in the summer of 1921, this shot was the most effective method of approaching a hole, when a bunker did not intervene.

The stance should be similar to that used for the "push" shot, but much nearer the ball. This will bring the hands in front of the ball, and the shot can then be played like a miniature "push" shot, except that the club-head should graze the turf instead of taking a divot.

The loft on the club used will raise the ball from the ground for the first part of its journey, and after pitching, the ball will run.

This is a valuable shot, and one from which more accurate results can be expected than from the ordinary run-up approach.

There are very few courses on which this type of approach shot can be played with any degree of certainty; I can even go farther and say that it is a shot for seaside links only. On the ordinary inland course the golfer's chief enemy—the worm—makes this shot almost unplayable winter and summer. It is a simple stroke to play, as it is nothing more than a long putt with an iron. The weight should be on the left leg, and the whole position one of stiffness and rigidity.

The club is taken back close to the ground, and at the moment of impact the right hand is turned over. This turning over of the right hand imparts run to

The
Run-up
Approach

the ball. Although I have to thank this long run-up approach with an iron for my first success in an open competition, I am not an advocate of it and do not recommend players to use it, unless it is absolutely necessary. There are far too many lady players who are content to put the ball on the green in the easiest manner, instead of endeavouring to get near the hole in the proper manner. No player in the world is so good that she could not be better, and the way to improve is to play the right club at the right time.

The cut shot is often the only one which will lay the ball near the hole, so every player should try to master it. It is played in an entirely different manner from any other shot, and no ordinary stance or swing can be used.

The stance must be still more open, and the player must turn her body towards the hole even more so than for the ordinary mashie shot. When the player has taken up her stance correctly, she should feel that she is well behind the ball, and playing well to the left of the hole. The player's heels must remain firmly upon the ground throughout the shot. In order to impart spin to the ball, the club-head must be travelling across the line of flight at the moment of impact.

This is done by the club-head being taken outside the ball by an action of the arms, which I shall describe as being pushed away from the body in the backward swing, instead of being kept close to the body as in the ordinary mashie shot.

On the forward swing the club-head is brought under and across the ball, at an angle of about 45 degrees from right to left. The arms should be

straight, and the wrists firm at the moment of impact. Some players imagine that the cut is applied by the action of loose wrists, but this is absolutely wrong, and it is hardly exaggerating to say that there is not a single shot at golf in which the wrists should be floppy.

When addressing the ball for the cut shot, the player would be wise to turn the toe of the club out a little. This will enable the loft on the face of the club to have full effect. As the ball cannot be expected to run straight when played with spin, the player must allow for the break by aiming for a spot about a yard to the left of the hole, unless, of course, the slope of the green calls for a greater or less allowance.

Now we must consider which is the best club for this cut shot. Some players use a niblick, others prefer a mashie, the remainder choose a mashie niblick. Personally, I use the last mentioned, which is also called upon when I am badly bunkered or in similar difficulties. There can be little doubt as to the suitability of the mashie niblick, as it has more loft than the mashie, and is less clumsy than the niblick. The shot is seldom required or, at any rate, should seldom be attempted by lady players, except for a short distance; so the mashie niblick should be looked upon as the right club for the shot.

Before passing on to the common faults in approaching, I am going to hand on to those players who like to play new shots, a mongrel stroke which I have found most effective. It is a shot which I have been severely criticized

**A Mongrel
Shot**

for playing, but it was largely due to this shot that I won a certain Championship title.

When a player is faced with a shot from a few yards off the cut part of a green, but on the fairway, she is often doubtful how to play it and what club to use.

It is for these shots that I use what I call my mongrel run-up. Some players use a putter or putting cleek on these occasions, but this always appears to me to be a risky shot. The slightest unevenness of the ground will cause the ball to kick off the line at once, and when the hole is many yards away, this kick will leave the ball very wide of the mark at the finish of its journey.

There are few things so exasperating to a good player as to take three shots to hole out, from just off the green. It is almost as bad as taking three putts on the green. With my mongrel shot, I have almost arrived at the state when I prefer my ball to be just off the green, to just on it.

This is how I play this shot. I use an iron, a mashie or a mashie niblick, according to the amount of uncut ground to be carried, or the distance to be covered beyond this.

I grip the club low down (in order to have complete control over it), and this necessitates a rather crouching attitude. The ball is opposite my left heel, and my head over the ball, while nearly all the weight is on my left leg.

I turn the face of the club over, and take the club-head back with a short, smooth, flat swing entirely by bending the wrists and keeping the arms still. The forward swing is firm, and the club-head, after hitting the ball with a crispness, similar to that of the push



18. Address



19. Top of swing



20. Finish
ORDINARY MASHIE SHOT



21. Address—*Note position of feet and compare with Illustration 18*



22. Top of swing—*Note how arms are pushed away from the body. Compare with Illustration 19*



23. Finish—*Showing that the club is drawn across the line of flight*

CUT SHOT WITH NIBLICK

shot, is allowed to follow through in the direction of the hole. Back spin is imparted to the ball, and if the shot has been properly played, the ball will be lifted over the uncut ground by the loft of the club, and after a slight check on pitching, will then run on in the true line up to the hole.

On a course where the grass is of a thick inland nature, this shot is invaluable, and those players who attempt to run the ball under such circumstances are trusting to luck rather than skill.

The nearer the green the greater the tendency to look up, so I am once again going to say,
 “Keep the head still and the eyes on the ball
 until after it has been struck.”

Common
Faults

It has been said that J. H. Taylor, one of the most deadly players near the green, cured himself of this temptation by putting his right foot on the spot previously occupied by the ball before looking up to see the result of the shot. Those who have seen this “master of the mashie” cannot fail to have noticed the wonderful manner in which he keeps his head down, and there are many of us who would be rewarded by following his example.

Yet another point which I want to impress upon players is that the ball must always be hit with decision and not merely stroked.

Taking an unnecessarily large divot is usually caused by the player dropping her right shoulder, but it can also be caused by the player looking up too soon. When the head is thrown up the body comes through too soon, leaving the club-head to look after itself. I can vouch for the accuracy of this statement, as I

once suffered from an attack of bad approaching from this very cause. The course over which I was playing at the time was one on which nearly every green had a sharp slope down to it, and no protecting bank at the back. My anxiety to see the result of an approach increased the more I played, and my play, in consequence, became worse and worse.

This looking up is often the cause of that terrible complaint called socketing. The very word is hideous, but it is nothing compared to the results of the disease. I can truthfully say that I very seldom fall a victim to this complaint, but I have socketed quite enough shots to be able to realize the agonies one can suffer when in its grip.

The more socketed shots I see played, the more I am convinced that the cause is to be found in the arm action.

The club is taken back in a hurried manner, and on the forward swing the player throws out her arms, with the result that the club-head is thrust too far out at the moment it meets the ball.

There is no bad shot in golf which flurries a player so much as a shot off the socket, and this probably accounts for the invariable repetition of the mistake. If a player, who is inclined to socket, only half sockets one shot, she will hurry over the next to such an extent that she will encourage the germ to grow and it will grow.

To avoid contracting this complaint, the hints on how to play an ordinary mashie shot must be regarded. "Prevention is better than cure," is a motto which every golfer would do well to bear in mind.

The player who is suffering from an attack should go to a quiet corner of the course and try the following cure.

Put a handkerchief under the left armpit, take up a firm stance with the weight well on the heels, keep the head still and the left arm close to the body throughout the shot. If the handkerchief remains in the position in which it was placed, it is almost impossible to socket.

Putting can almost be called a game within a game. My reputation as a putter is not an enviable one, but like many bad putters, I do occasionally have a good day, and I even remember that on one of these I only required 23 putts in the whole round. It has been said that putting is a gift, but there is absolutely no reason why every player, who is not thus endowed, should not become a moderately good performer. I do not altogether agree with those who maintain that nervousness is the cause of bad putting in important events. Lack of confidence it may be, but this is a very different thing from nervousness.

It is impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule as to what stance, what type of club, and what action should be used to get the ball into the hole, but I know there is one thing that is essential and that is a still head and body during the stroke. There is hardly a player who does not know the necessity of that old maxim and yet the cause of the majority of missed putts is failure to act up to it.

For what they are worth, I hand on details of my own stance, grip and method of hitting the ball when I am putting well.

I use a putting cleek and stand well up to the ball and over it, so that I am looking down on it. My weight is chiefly on the left foot. My grip is entirely different from that used for any other stroke, as I put both thumbs down the shaft and dispose of the

third and fourth fingers of my right hand by placing them loosely on the first and second fingers of my left hand. Here I might explain how a player can prove for herself the danger of gripping the putter with all four fingers of each hand. Take a putter in one hand and place it behind the ball, then grip it firmly, using all the fingers and the thumb of that hand, and the club-head will be found to move outside the ball. This action of the club-head is to be avoided. Now hold the club with the first and second fingers and thumb only, and the club-head will go straight back from the ball. This latter action of the club-head is one which every player should try to acquire. In order to do so she should endeavour to hold the club with the first and second fingers and the thumbs of each hand, and dispose of the two remaining fingers of each hand.

When I am in a mood to concentrate, I always try to find some particular blade of grass or other trifle about 4 inches in front of the ball on the line which I have made up my mind is the correct one. I now put the blade of my putting cleek square to this line, with the left elbow pointing slightly towards the hole, and the right elbow close to the body. I then try to take the club-head back close to the ground and on an imaginary extension, behind the ball, of the straight line in which I hope the ball will start its journey. The backward swing I try to keep smooth and slow in order to ensure accuracy on the forward swing, which should be in the nature of a firm hit with a short follow through.

I do not recommend this method to those who use an ordinary straight-faced putter, as it might be found conducive to stabbing.

Stabbing is sometimes effective on slow greens which have a rough surface, but it is a dangerous habit to acquire. Those players who adopt this method are never inspiring to watch and one is always rather surprised when the ball hit in this manner disappears from sight on a good green.

There are some lady players who go up to the ball and hit it without any trouble. The results are so good at times that it makes the ordinary mortal wonder whether she ought to adopt a similar casual manner, but in the long run a strong combination of determination and concentration on the green will reap its reward. Speaking of my own experiences I am convinced that my mind is not on the task in hand half the time. I am endowed with a particularly keen sense of hearing and when playing before a crowd I constantly find myself listening to whispered remarks when I should be concentrating to an extent which would make this eavesdropping impossible. I am constantly asked why I do not learn to putt, but few people realize how difficult it is to practice this part of the game. To my mind there is nothing simpler than to put approach putts stone dead and hole out with regularity from a reasonable distance when nothing is dependent upon the result. It is a very different story in an important event, for then the yard putt is doubly difficult and the long approach putts become terrifying.

It is all very well for a spectator to criticize the weakness exhibited by a player on the green when taking part in an important match. Arm-chair golf is the easiest game in the world. Personally, I am inclined to think that critics lay too much stress upon the ability or inability of a player on the green. An

account of a match will invariably give the casual reader the opinion that a missed putt was the undoing of the loser. Why should the putt be blamed any more than an approach which finished in a bunker or a drive sliced into the rough or a mis-hit iron shot? Probably because the short putts show up more than shots played through the green.

A player must not allow herself to become worried by the adverse criticisms of others. Confidence is the main thing, especially on the putting green, and the player should adopt the stance, the grip and the method of hitting the ball which inspire the most confidence.

If I were asked to name the lady golfer whom I consider to be the best and soundest putter I should say "Miss Joyce Wethered without a doubt." This wonderful player, to whom I shall refer again later, may not have the quickness of decision, the perfect touch and the knack of holing long putts with which Mrs. Morrice, the well-known Kentish player, is gifted, but to me she has a sound method of hitting the ball which appears to be the result of study and practice. The firm stance, the still head, the short straight backward movement of the club-head, the decided hit and the short follow through are clearly demonstrated in Miss Joyce Wethered's method of putting and the results prove the soundness of it.

In case there are any players who, like myself, experience times on the green when they are hitting the ball here, there, and everywhere, and have not the slightest idea where it will go next, I must point out what I have in my own case found to be the cause. This temporary paralysis, no other word describes

the feeling, is caused by the tightening of the muscles of the wrists and forearms, with the result that the ball is stabbed by means of a stiff jerk of the arms. The wrists must be allowed freedom and the club must not be gripped too firmly for putting, but those who are suffering from an attack of putting paralysis should exaggerate the looseness of the grip and wrists in order to overcome the tendency to stiffen these joints.

There is one other common fault in putting to which I must refer, and that is the tendency to turn the right hand over at the moment of impact. This action was recommended for the long run-up approach with an iron, but it is to be avoided at all costs on the green, as it applies a slight pull to the ball at the end of its journey. "All my putts hit the hole and come out" is a common remark. The speaker is inclined to think that the fates have been against her, but I am cruel enough to state that the majority of these putts were badly hit. When suffering from disappointing results of this nature it is well to see what position the head of the putter is in at the end of the stroke. The toe of the club will generally be found to be pointing in the direction of the hole instead of being at right angles to it. The right hand should be allowed to play its part in letting the club-head go through so that the face of the club is square to the hole after the ball has been hit.

Miss Wethered's method of putting reduces the risk of committing any fault to a minimum, and I cannot do better than recommend all bad putters to adopt it if they have reached the stage of distraction which makes them feel, or even say, "I would do anything to be able to putt better."

This chapter would be incomplete without some mention of the much discussed stymie.

The
Stymie

In the States, one need not attempt to negotiate a stymie, as a rule has recently been introduced which allows the player who is the farther from the hole to remove the opponent's ball. The opponent is then deemed to have holed out in the next stroke.*

There are many who are in favour of the introduction of a similar rule in this country, but the majority are of the opinion that the game would be robbed of a most interesting shot, were the stymie eliminated.

When it is realized that the size of the hole is $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, and the minimum size of the present golf ball is 1.62 inches in diameter, the negotiation of a stymie should not be a very difficult matter, even on those rare occasions when the intervening ball is on the lip of the hole. This is a wide margin compared with the $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch difference between the diameter of the croquet ball and the width of the hoop through which it has to pass.

Judging by the arguments one hears, it would appear that the majority of players do not know how to begin to play when stymied, and that there are very few players who use the slope of the ground or the wind to the best advantage on these occasions.

If the lie of the ground, the wind and the position of the opponent's ball are carefully studied, the player will invariably find a comparatively simple route to the hole. If the line is to the left side of the opponent's ball, the player can assist her ball to circle

* Since this was written the stymie has been reinstated.



24. Stance and address



25. Finish

PITCH AND RUN WITH No. 4 IRON



26. Stance and address—*Compare with Illustration 24*



27. Finish—*Note turn-over of right hand to impart top-spin, and compare with Illustration 25*

RUN-UP APPROACH WITH No. 4 IRON

round it by hitting her ball off the heel of the putter. Should the line to the right of the opponent's ball be the better, she can pull it round by hitting her own ball off the toe of the putter.

When the only route is directly over the opponent's ball, the player should use a niblick and stand well up to the shot. The club-head should be taken back close to the ground with a smooth slow swing, the forward swing should be rather quicker, but not jerky. The majority of the bad results which follow an attempt to loft a stymie are caused by the player taking her eye off the ball and hurrying the stroke. The loft on the club is quite sufficient to raise the ball. The club should not be gripped too tightly for this shot. Occasional practice, even on a carpet, will give a player confidence to play this shot when called upon to do so in a match.

CHAPTER VIII

RECOVERING FROM THE ROUGH AND PLAYING FROM DIFFICULTIES

THERE are many lady players who are as good as the best so long as they keep down the middle and on the fairway, but when they are called upon to recover from the rough, or play from difficulties their weaknesses are disclosed. Then again the majority of lady players are very poor performers in a wind. I shall try, therefore, to make these difficulties appear less terrifying by explaining the methods of play which I have found to be the most satisfactory under these varying conditions.

When the ball is lying in the rough the player is inclined to overestimate the difficulty of the shot. Instead of trying to get as far as possible many players are quite content to find the fairway. This may be a wise precaution under certain circumstances, but playing for safety does not tend to improve one's form. It must be admitted, however, that it is almost impossible to get any length from the thick juicy grass which is a difficulty to be feared by every player on an inland course during the summer. This type of grass has an unpleasant habit of winding itself round the shaft of the club and taking the sting out of the shot. To recover from a lie of this kind the niblick must be used and gripped very firmly, the player must stand well over the ball, and the swing must be of an upright nature. A point about an inch behind the ball should be aimed at and the action

should be more of a chop than a sweep. It might be truthfully described as a stab with a full swing. From difficulties of this kind the player must apply all the force at her command and in order to do so she will have to use a well-controlled full backward swing. No mere half or three-quarter swing will remove the ball.

I always feel that the shot from a lie of this type is the most uninteresting and unsatisfactory to be found, but it is one which we must all be prepared to play.

The ordinary wire grass of a seaside links or that to be found on an inland course during the winter is not nearly so trying. The drought of the summer of 1921 made this kind of lie preferable to anything on the fairway. The player must use her discretion as to which club is the right one, but here I should like to point out the value of a spoon for use in the rough. I have already referred to the spoon in a previous chapter and stated that it is a useful club for a lady player. My own spoon has proved itself so effective for recovering from the rough and other unusual lies that I have come to regard it as a "wooden niblick." It has a rounded sole and a considerable loft on the face which allows it to cut through grass with little effort. Unless the ball is cupped in the rough I invariably take my spoon and standing well over the ball use a swing similar to that employed in the push shot.

For a more cupped lie a mashie iron, a mashie or a niblick should be taken and the ball stabbed out. It is utterly useless to try to get a ball out of the rough with the ordinary sweep and hit of a full drive or brassie shot.

When playing a ball that is teed up in the rough it is essential that the player address it with the club off the ground. She who puts the club-head on the ground in such circumstances, instead of keeping it on a level with the ball, not only runs the risk of causing the ball to move but will be almost certain to cut right under it.

Heather should be treated in the same way as grass, but here again I must refer to the versatile qualities of the spoon. Having been brought up on a links where heather abounds, there are few things I do not know about it. From thick heather the player must be content to regain the fairway by methods similar to those employed when in the thick grass of an inland course, but when the ball is lying even reasonably well, the spoon is by far the best club to use. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that heather has far less effect upon a spoon or even a brassie than it has upon an iron club. In some strange way a spoon seems to glide over the heather and meet the ball truly, but the player must assist it to do so by putting a little bit of "push" into the stroke.

This method of stabbing the ball out of the rough may not be recommended by some first-class men players, but ladies, unfortunately, have to adapt their methods to suit their lack of strength. Braid has shown me on more than one occasion that he can get about 100 yards from a lie in deep heather from which I could not have moved the ball. In doing so he appears to use an ordinary swing which cuts through any obstacle that happens to meet his club and leaves behind a cleared patch in the surrounding jungle. I always enjoy seeing Braid in difficulties, although

his recoveries leave one dissatisfied with one's own efforts.

We have been in the rough long enough; we must now deal with difficult lies on the fairway, of which the "hanging lie" is the one most feared by lady players. When called upon to play in this position many players use a lofted iron club and play for safety, but there are many occasions that make a brassie or spoon the more effective club. Provided there is not a sharp rise immediately ahead the player need not lose very much distance from a clean hanging lie. There are two methods which can be adopted, but the easier, to my mind, is as follows: Use the ordinary grip and take up a stance rather behind the ball, putting most of the weight on the right foot. Address the ball about an inch behind and use a full easy swing and follow through, similar to an ordinary brassie shot, allowing the club-head to travel along the slope of the ground in the direction of the hole. Many players are inclined to dig at a ball lying in this position, but this is quite unnecessary and every player would be well advised to depend upon the loft of the club to raise the ball. It will do so naturally if this smooth sweeping action and hit are employed.

The
Hanging
Lie

The other method of playing from a downward slope with a wooden club is to use an open stance, stand behind the ball, placing most of the weight on the right foot, and draw the face of the club across the ball by means of the swing, which imparts a slice or cut. In this swing the club-head is taken back in a line outside the ball and is brought down sharply by bending the right knee at the moment of impact.

This is the more difficult method of playing the shot, as the player has to allow for the slice, but I must admit there are times when it is the only one to play. Risks have to be taken sometimes and when rising ground has to be avoided and the ball has to be played from a hanging lie on to a green which can only be reached with a brassie or spoon, this shot must be attempted, as it gets the ball up sharply.

The “uphill” lie is a very simple one from which to play, and a brassie, spoon or iron can be used according to the length of shot required. Throughout the playing of the stroke the right leg is used to support the body and in order to do so it must be stiff. The head must be kept still, as there is always a tendency to fall back from the ball. The right shoulder should be dropped slightly in the address in order to bring it and the left shoulder parallel to the slope of the ground. Provided these points are observed the player can play the stroke in the same manner as she would if the ball were lying on level ground, in that the club-head must be allowed to follow the slope of the ground.

It is as well to add that when playing to the green from an uphill lie the player should always use a club one higher in power than she would were the ball on the level. The upward slope causes the ball to be thrown high in the air and so takes from the distance.

The variety of lies and stances to be found, especially on a seaside links, compels me to mention those in which the player is standing above and below the ball above or below the ball.

For the former the player must grip the club as

near the end of the leather as possible. Playing a great deal of golf on undulating links, I find it advisable to have my brassie an inch longer than my driver, in order to be prepared for this type of lie and stance. The player is obliged to adopt a rather stooping position, but if she keeps her head still the shot should not present any further difficulties and can be played as an ordinary brassie or spoon shot. Of course, should an iron club be used it will be played in the usual manner.

When standing above the ball there is a tendency to slice with a wooden club, but this is due to the player's failure to follow through. It is wise to allow for a slice by playing to the left of the direct line. The majority of players will probably agree that it is easier to play a shot when standing above the ball than when standing below it. The latter is an unpleasant position, as one feels unable to get any power into the stroke. When length is required I find my spoon a most accommodating implement. The rounded sole does not object to being dropped at the heel as would that of an iron or brassie. I have often played satisfactory shots with this club when the ball has been lying on a level with my waist. A still head, a shortened firm grip and a stance slightly behind the ball are the chief essentials. This alteration in stance is the simplest way to overcome the inevitable pull from such a lie and stance.

It is time the player was allowed a good stance and lie. She must be tired of playing what are commonly called "goat shots," so I will now imagine she has been stymied by a tree or other obstacle which necessitates the playing of an intentional pull or slice.

“Pulling” and “slicing” have previously been called faults. They come to us when we do not want them, but they are among the most difficult results to attain when we really need them.

Pulling
and
Slicing
to Order

Personally, I alter my stance as well as my grip when playing for an intentional “pull” or “slice.” For a “pull,” I advance my left foot slightly, stand rather in front of the ball and grip tightly with my right hand. For a “slice” I open my stance more than usual, stand more behind the ball and allow the left hand to control the club.

As a matter of fact these shots should only be attempted when there is no other method of play open and on these rare occasions the player should choose to slice rather than pull. When attempting the latter there is always a tendency to smother the ball or hook it very badly.

Some players may prefer an alternative to the method of slicing a ball already described, in which case the details regarding the alternative method of playing from a clean hanging lie apply, except that the player will not find it necessary to bend the right knee when playing from level ground.

Another way to acquire a “pull” is to stand rather in front of the ball and grip the club with the right hand rather more under the shaft.

Unless she is taking part in a foursome the player who finds herself in the rough or stymied behind a tree, cannot, as a rule, blame anything or anyone except herself. It is different, however, when the ball is found in a “cupped” lie on the fairway; but even lies of this kind are not as difficult as many players imagine. I never like to hear a player com-

plaining about bad lies. It is hard luck to find your ball in an unpleasant lie after a long straight drive when your opponent has had a perfect lie after a bad tee shot, but do not show any signs of disappointment. It will impress her much more if you go up and hit a screamer and will lead her to imagine you prefer bad lies to good ones. I know of a player who strikes terror into the hearts of her opponents when she is in a bad lie or the rough, but they are not the slightest bit afraid of her when the ball is lying well. I do not suggest for a moment that the player should lose her ability to hit the ball when it is on the fairway, but I do think there are many players who exaggerate the difficulty of a lie.

The rubber-cored ball is not difficult to jerk out of a "cupped" lie. I use the word "jerk" intentionally to convey the impression that no ordinary sweeping stroke can be employed effectively. The choice of club naturally depends upon the nature of the lie, but anything up to a brassie can be used in the following manner. Stand well up to, and rather in front of, the ball and with an upright swing hit down slightly behind the ball instead of through it. The shot is similar to the push shot and if played correctly will give the ball a low trajectory and straight flight.

A small boy golfer about six years of age was playing in a foursome in which he was partnered by a very tall man. For the first few holes the juvenile player was called upon to recover from a bunker after each shot played by his partner. Being a true sportsman he refrained from making any comment upon his partner's inability to keep "on the pretty," but informed his father after

Sand
Bunkers

the match that if he had to play with Mr. Blank again he would really have to begin to carry a niblick.

I am afraid there are very few players who are able to avoid bunkers with the same skill as my young friend, so a word or two on bunker play may perhaps be of interest.

When playing from a bunker a player must take into consideration the lie of the ball, the difficulties immediately around her and the shot that she will have to play after she is out of the bunker. All too often a player bangs at the ball and never gives the situation a second's thought.

From the average bunker, that is the sandy hollow with the steep face, there is invariably an easy way out. Unless the green is within reach every player should look for this route and play for it. It may be towards the left of the straight line or it may be to the right; it is seldom dead straight as the nearer the ball is to the face of the bunker the quicker it must be made to rise, and it is not particularly easy to do this when the ball is lying badly.

It is folly to try to do more than just recover when the ball is lying badly and many a stroke could be saved if this were more generally realized. I have often seen a player attempting to dig a ball out of a bad lie in a bunker in the direction of the hole when she could have played an easy shot back without making the next shot any more difficult.

When the ball is lying half buried in loose, soft sand the niblick is the only club which will remove it. The player must take up a firm open stance rather behind the ball and fix her gaze upon a spot behind the ball. The worse the lie the farther behind the ball she must aim. It is sometimes necessary to aim



28. Address—Showing how right shoulder is dropped and weight thrown on to the right leg



29. Finish—Club head having followed up the slope of the ground
PLAYING FROM UPHILL LIE WITH SPOON



30. Stance and address



31. Finish—Showing full follow through and retention of firm stance
FULL SHOT WHEN STANDING ABOVE THE BALL



32. Stance and address when standing below the ball—Note 'open' stance to counteract tendency to pull



33. Stance



34. Follow-through, club head having followed the downward slope of the ground

USING SPOON FROM HANGING LIE



35. Stance and address—Note position of hands in front of ball



36. Finish—Showing from where divot was taken

PUSH SHOT WITH No. 1 IRON

as much as 3 inches behind. The niblick must be gripped very firmly, the head must not be moved, the backward swing must be upright and full, and every bit of power obtainable must be put into the downward swing. It is even pardonable to hurl the weight of the body into this shot at the moment the club-head delves into the sand at the point behind the ball at which the player aimed. I have called this a shot, but it is nothing more or less than an effort to create a disturbance behind the ball which will cause it to leave its position. It is unlike any other stroke in the game and is usually known as the "explosion" shot.

I am always interested, when watching players in bunkers, to see what methods they adopt, and I find the majority throw the weight back on to the right foot at the moment the club meets the sand instead of throwing the weight of the body on to the left foot at this instant. If the player will make up her mind to bury the club-head in the sand under the point where the ball is resting, she will be less likely to fall away from the shot. A follow through is almost impossible when the ball is lying badly.

When the ball is lying half buried in heavy wet sand a different shot must be used. The one which I find most useful is as follows. I take a firm open stance rather behind the ball, turn out the toe of my niblick and aim at a spot about half an inch behind the ball. With a full upright swing I take the club away from the ball at an angle of about 45 degrees and then come right across and under the ball from right to left. This shot is similar to the "cut" approach shot, but is an altogether more powerfully played stroke.

This cut shot is a useful one to know as there are

times when it is the only method in which the ball can be played from an ordinary sand bunker guarding a green. Much more distance can be obtained with this shot than can be expected from the explosion shot.

There are times when the ball lies quite well in a bunker, and on these occasions the experienced player has a wonderful opportunity to show her skill. It can almost be said that a player's handicap can be gauged by her ability in playing bunker shots.

When writing about the value of the "push" shot I promised to make further mention of its use, and I have now arrived at that point. The push shot can be played with any club from a niblick to an iron when the ball is lying well in a bunker, but the player must not be too venturesome and must take into consideration the height of the face of the bunker and the surrounding difficulties before choosing her club. It is not worth taking a risk unless a successful shot will put the ball on the green or make the next shot an easy one. The method of playing the "push" shot has already been described, but it may be as well to point out once again the necessity of fixing the gaze on the back of the ball and the importance of a still head and firm stance.

At no shot in golf is the tendency to look up greater than when playing from a bunker, and the importance of a firm foothold cannot be overestimated. The player should wriggle her feet into the sand until she gains a firm stance. Many lessons can be learned from watching professionals play bunker shots, but the one to which I draw special attention is the calm determined manner in which they attack the work. Hurrying over any shot is a fault to be avoided, but to do so when playing a bunker is fatal.



37.-38.—A BUNKER SHOT

There is just one more type of bunker shot to which I shall refer, and that is the good lie in a bunker guarding the green from which the player is anxious to get near the hole. Two methods can be adopted by the thoroughly experienced player, but to those who lack confidence the explosion shot is the safer. The more ambitious can use the cut shot and nip the ball out cleanly, but in doing so they run the risk of "fluffing" or "topping." The margin for error when this method is used is very small and one jerky movement spells disaster.

Lucky is the golfer who started to play the game on a windy seaside links. There is no finer nor fairer hazard than a stiff breeze or young gale, and she who can play well in a wind will find all other conditions simple.

Playing
in the
Wind

There is no doubt that any successes with which I have met are largely the result of the experience I gained as a child on the Sillioth links where the wind blows hard and often.

Let me, therefore, try to help those who have not been so fortunate, by handing on certain points which I have discovered and found effective when playing in a wind.

When playing against a wind a low ball is essential, and the well-hit ball will not be seriously affected. In order to hit a low ball I have found the following method the best and safest.

With a driver, brassie or spoon, I shorten my grip, hold the club very firmly and stand rather nearer the ball with my feet gripping the ground, the weight rather more on the left foot and my knees stiff. My backward swing is flat, slow and not as full as usual. The forward swing is well controlled and finishes with

a low follow through. Pressing and snatching must be avoided at all costs, and the player must endeavour to make the club-head follow along the line of play for a few inches after it has met the ball, in order to avoid the tendency to fall back on to the right leg at the moment of impact.

The "push" shot should be used with all iron clubs when playing against the wind. The ball that is hit in the more ordinary floppy manner is absolutely at the mercy of the wind and can be blown hither and thither like a feather, but the ball that is hit with a punch will cut through the wind like a bullet.

Approaching against a wind is a comparatively simple matter, so there is no need to dwell upon the subject.

Playing down wind is also a simple business, but I should warn the player against the tendency to stand too far behind the ball. It is correct to have the weight rather more on the right leg than usual, but I have seen players overdo this action sufficiently often to know that a warning is necessary. The result of this is a topped ball, as the club-head hits the ball on the upward sweep of the follow through. After playing against the wind for a number of holes the first drive down wind is invariably topped on account of the player's anxiety to get behind the ball and so hit it up for the wind to assist it on its way.

I always consider the iron shot down wind on to the green with a bunker just short is one of the most difficult shots. This is one of the few occasions when the "floppy" iron shot is preferable to the "push" shot. The latter will race over the green, but the former will drop in a tired manner if hit high. When approaching with the wind behind it is advisable to

keep the ball as low as possible. The pitch and run will generally give the best results.

As I am here writing for those who have passed the elementary stage, it is almost superfluous to add that the player should always try to place her ball in such a position that she is approaching or putting against the wind rather than with it. The difficulties of playing against the wind or down wind are nothing compared to those to be encountered when a strong wind is sweeping across the course.

Ladies are at a greater disadvantage than men under these conditions as skirts are a handicap, and there is nothing so tiring nor so trying as endeavouring to keep one's balance when the wind is blowing on one's back or face. A firm stance and a still head are terribly difficult to retain under these conditions, but they are essential.

Some players make use of the wind by playing for a slice when it is blowing from left to right, and for a pull when it is blowing from right to left. Personally, I do not recommend such tactics, and I always try to hit the ball through the wind. It is surprising how little the flight of a well-hit ball is affected by a cross wind. Once a player begins to tamper with her game by trying to use the wind she will find herself in all kinds of trouble. It is all very well for first-class amateurs and professionals to play advanced golf of this kind, but I am convinced I am right in saying that every lady player should try to hit the ball down the middle of the fairway with a short well-controlled swing recommended for driving and brassie and spoon shots against the wind. It is true that when the wind is blowing from right to left the pulled ball will travel farther, but bunkers and rough await

the errant shot, and the rubber-cored ball is exceedingly difficult to control when top spin is applied. I was playing one day against an opponent who is particularly clever in the art of playing intentional pulled and sliced shots. The links over which we were playing are laid out in such a manner that nine holes are played dead into the teeth of the prevailing wind and nine are played with the assistance of it. On this occasion a strong wind was blowing from an unusual quarter, and we had it on our left going out and on our right coming home. My opponent and I decided to try an experiment. He was to try to use the wind and I was to try to cut through it. Luckily we both played our parts well, but he found trouble on the homeward journey from nearly every tee shot. As the ball pitched it shot across the fairway like a thing possessed, and the additional length gained brought it to rest in difficulties which are beyond reach under normal conditions. Length is not everything in golf!

When playing a right-to-left wind I prefer to be slicing my wooden-club shots rather than pulling them. A sliced shot may not go so far, but it is invariably kept on the fairway with the help of the wind, and to be on the fairway is the main thing after all.

One of the worst gales I ever played in was that which prevailed on a certain Open Meeting day held by the Guildford Ladies' Golf Club. It was bad in the morning, but it was ghastly in the afternoon, and many of the competitors retired with wrecked umbrellas and soaking wet clothes. Personally, I quite enjoyed the experience, as the weather conditions and the very hilly exposed course called for the playing of unusual shots. Anything but a firmly hit

ball with a low trajectory was carried away by the gale, and when playing with the wind blowing from left to right one had to lean against it to avoid being blown on to the ball.

My partner and I were rewarded for our perseverance (the event was Ladies' Foursome against "Colonel Bogey," that steadiest of opponents upon whose play the weather has not the slightest effect) by winning prizes which took the very appropriate form of umbrellas; but the experience we gained during that round would have been quite sufficient reward.

The wind is a wonderful teacher, and every player should seize the opportunities offered to her of becoming acquainted with its tricks. It will emphasize one's faults, it will point out one's weaknesses, but, at the same time, it will show its appreciation of one's real skill and it will at all times treat every one with fairness.

CHAPTER IX

GENERAL ADVICE TO LADY PLAYERS

PERSONAL equipment for the game is a matter which is worthy of special attention, not only for appearance sake, but also for practical reasons.

The majority of lady golfers who attend Championships and other big events are suitably and attractively dressed, but there are some players who handicap themselves by wearing clothes which are not in keeping with the game.

Proper footgear is one of the chief essentials for comfort, efficiency and appearance. Personally I always wear strong shoes with very low square heels and thick soles. High heels are inclined to throw the player forward on to her toes at the top of the swing. This is a very common fault among lady players, and one which must not be encouraged. In addition, high heels are injurious to the course, especially when the ground is soft. I have often been asked whether nails or rubber give the better grip. It is almost impossible to give a definite answer to this question, as so much depends on the nature of ground and weather. Nails, which are at all worn, are useless on a dry heather course or on a hard-baked inland course during a dry summer, but, on the other hand, rubber can be equally ineffective when the ground is wet. Some players wear rubber tennis shoes when the ground is dry during the summer months, but a heelless shoe is not to be recommended, as it means the player is changing her stance by an inch or more. I have seen

a golfer play good golf one day wearing a pair of these heelless rubber shoes, and the following day, when a change in the weather conditions made the wearing of an ordinary pair of brogues necessary, she could not time a shot correctly owing to the change in her stance.

I have played over all kinds of courses and in every kind of weather, and I have come to the conclusion that nails put in singly and not in clusters are the best on most occasions, but they must be renewed frequently. Silk stockings are favoured by many, but I cannot help thinking that thin cashmere in summer and thick woollen ones in winter are more serviceable and more comfortable. To my mind, thick stockings and strong shoes are less tiring even in hot weather.

In Great Britain there are very few days when tweeds cannot be worn. The summer of 1921 was an exceptionally hot one, but even during the hottest part I never found tweeds too heavy. As a matter of fact, I was less affected by the heat when wearing thin tweeds and a cashmere cardigan than the majority of those who wore light skirts and shirts of thin material. Full skirts are to be avoided, but the player must not go to the other extreme. I am often asked if my skirts are cut the exact width of my stance for full shots. They may appear to be so, but this is accident rather than design. Players are inclined to overlook the fact that the width at the bottom of the skirt is not the only part that must receive consideration. It is equally important to allow sufficient width around the knees. For this reason I have all my skirts made from a plain pattern which allows not less than 56 inches around the hem. Pleats about 8 inches wide,

back and front, take up this width into the waistband. The ordinary men's tweed materials, which are so admirably suited for golf skirts, are usually about 60 inches wide, in which case a yard and a quarter is sufficient for a skirt and this amount also allows for two patch pockets. Shirt blouses are undoubtedly the neatest and most serviceable for golf, especially the style with which a tie can be worn.

As regards jerseys, nothing looks so neat with a tweed skirt as the plain cardigan style, which buttons down the front and has a pocket on either side.

There are few players whose style of play permits them to wear neatly cut coats and skirts. Mrs. Barlow, the popular Irish-American player, who adopts this attire, is the picture of neatness and the envy of those whose more powerful methods of play prevent them from dressing in a similar manner.

A suitable hat for golf is a difficult thing to find. My sisters and I have seldom worn hats, and a few years ago we discovered quite by accident a comfortable substitute. This takes the form of an ordinary coloured silk handkerchief folded like a bandage and tied round the head. That there were many players who were looking for such a substitute is proved by the fact that since we first began to wear it hundreds have adopted it.

In cold weather it is almost impossible to keep one's hands warm without some protection. Those players who do not wear gloves when playing will find golfing mittens a comfort. These should be made of soft wool, and should have a long cuff to go over the jersey cuff. They are quite simple to knit and when finished resemble an ordinary glove which has had the palm cut out and the fingers and thumbs cut off.

An ordinary cuff is knitted and about half the stitches are then cast off; the remaining stitches are then knitted for about an inch and a half, when sufficient must be cast off to allow for the thumb; again the remainder are knitted until a sufficient length to cover the whole of the back of the hand; these are then cast off and loops crocheted for three fingers and thumb. A loop round the forefinger will be found to interfere with the grip. This is the only form of covering for the hands which does not interfere with the grip of those players who do not play in gloves.

While on the subject of gloves it is as well to point out to those who are unable to play without them, the importance of carrying a pair of cotton ones for use in wet weather. The soft chamois leather kind are utterly useless when wet, but a cotton glove affords a better grip the wetter it becomes.

To obtain good results a player must use suitable clubs and treat them properly. Some golfers do not like clean clubs, but to me there is nothing so uninspiring nor so unattractive as a dirty iron club and a dirty ball. Constant cleaning is supposed to wear away an iron club-head, but when metal polish is used regularly this can be avoided. Clubs

A good shaft is difficult to obtain, so those who are fortunate enough to have exceptionally fine specimens should treat them with respect. Constant oiling tends to make a shaft soft, so a good furniture polish is recommended instead. This, in addition to feeding the wood, applies a polish which prevents rain from soaking in.

After a soaking the shafts of clubs should be dried

and the clubs laid flat on the ground. When they are thoroughly dry, but not before, they should be treated with polish.

A player is often heard to remark after a bad shot— "I knew I would do that, I cannot play with this club." If a club does not inspire confidence it should be discarded. It is utterly impossible to use with any degree of consistency a club of which one does not like the feel.

I am sure that many lady golfers try to play with clubs which are far too heavy for them. Heavy clubs do not necessarily mean length. The late Tom Ball found heavy clubs tiring and difficult to control, and I believe that a number of the best amateurs and professionals have recently taken to using lighter clubs for similar reasons.

Balance is the chief thing in a club, and she who employs a well-balanced light club is more likely to play an accurate and steady round than the player who is over-clubbed. For some unknown reason I have the reputation of carrying an enormous number of clubs. As a matter of fact, my set seldom numbers more than eleven, as follows: Driver, brassie, spoon, straight-faced iron, mashie iron, No. 4 iron, heavy mashie, light mashie, mashie niblick, and two putting cleeks. Occasionally I include a duplicate in case of accidents, but I have come to the conclusion that to carry too many clubs is a dangerous habit.

During the semi-final round of my first Championship, as already related in Chapter II, I had the misfortune to break my brassie and felt the loss of it, but in those days I was a very inexperienced performer, and had not sufficient knowledge of the game to use a driver or spoon in its place.

A player who has passed the elementary stages should be sufficiently skilful and should have her clubs so chosen that in case of accidents she can find a substitute for any one.

For instance, a broken driver can be replaced by a brassie; a brassie by a driver or spoon, according to the lie, a heavy iron by a spoon or mashie iron, a mashie iron by a heavy iron or No. 4 iron, and so on, down to the light mashie, whose work can be taken on by the heavy mashie or mashie niblick.

Many players carry around a club which can only be regarded as a useless passenger. It is seldom required and when it is used it feels strange and the shot is generally a failure.

It is unwise for a player to carry a club with which she is not thoroughly acquainted.

J. H. Kirkwood, the Australian champion, never carries more than seven clubs, four iron clubs, a putter and two wooden clubs, and with this small complement he obtains wonderful results and plays some phenomenal shots. I was told by a friend who knows Kirkwood well (and whose statements I have every reason to believe), that he has seen this famous young golfer give an exhibition of his trick shots. On one occasion he took a brassie and played an intentional pull to a certain mark; he then played an intentional slice for the same point, and both balls came to rest within a few yards of the object at which he had aimed. Not content with this display of skill, Kirkwood then proceeded to play an intentional pull and an intentional slice with a left-handed club with equally good results.

This is an example of a player who has a thorough

knowledge of his clubs and who knows his own capability with each club.

The player who carries a large number of clubs gives herself the extra trouble of deciding which to use for each shot. When she is just too far away from the hole to take a mashie she may have to decide which of three clubs is the best, if she carries a light iron, a jigger and a mashie iron.

Anything like this is conducive to lack of concentration when the shot is being played. It is very difficult to extend sympathy to a player who remarks after a bad shot, "I knew I was going to miss that. I took the wrong club. I ought to have taken the ——." One almost feels inclined to say, "Well, why didn't you?" But instead of adding insult to injury one remains silent.

It is far better to carry a reasonable number of iron clubs and know exactly how to use each one than to carry a wide range which includes some that are seldom required.

To put my meaning quite plainly, the high-handicap player is not sufficiently experienced to use with success more than a certain number of clubs, and the low-handicap player should have a knowledge of the game which allows her to play more than one type of shot with each club.

Many players are inclined to put an extra club or two into the bag when taking part in a Championship or other big event, "just in case they want them." This is the very time to avoid taking a club which has not been in general use.

When in need of a new club it is unwise to walk into a shop and take the best to be found therein, although it is not exactly what you want. It some-

times takes months to find the type of club for which you are looking. On the other hand, if you come across a club of which you like the feel buy it, especially if it is a driver or a brassie, even if you do not actually require it at the time. Good and suitable drivers and brassies are more difficult to find than any other clubs.

Match play may be a more popular form of golf than medal play, but it cannot be considered the best test of skill.

Match
Play

Some players are spoken of as good "match players," others are said to be good "medal players." Is the former title a polite way of saying that those on whom it is conferred are without the necessary temperament to play when accompanied by a card and pencil, and is the latter title given to a group of players who are lacking in the fighting spirit? Whether this is true or not, the fact remains that the two methods of play are entirely different, but with knowledge and experience there is absolutely no reason why every player should not be worthy of her handicap at both. When engaged in a match a player should not worry about her score. I know many players who make this great mistake. One thing at a time is as much as the majority of golfers are capable of doing. It is absolute folly for a player to try and hole a long putt in order to have the satisfaction of doing a hole in a good figure when she has two for a win from the opponent against whom she is playing a match. The long putt may be a failure, the next may be a miss, and what looked like a certain win results in a miserable half.

The good match player watches her opponent's

play from tee to green and never takes a risk unless it is really necessary to do so.

Generally speaking, it is unwise to take a risk when in possession of a lead, and even when an attempt is being made to reduce the opponent's lead a risk should not be taken unless a decided advantage is to be gained if the shot is brought off.

There are some players who pretend they do not like to win the first hole of a match, but it is impossible to believe that there is a single experienced golfer who does not realize that the first hole is just as important as the last. In an 18-hole contest there is a small margin for error and a missed opportunity at the first hole may be a deciding factor when two first-class players are opposed.

The first hole of a match should be played with as much determination as the eighteenth would be were the players "all square" and 1 to play.

Concentration is absolutely essential if good golf is to be played and one must not allow one's attention to wander until the match is over. Lack of concentration when playing a certain shot has often been the turning-point of a match.

Many steady players fail to do themselves justice when opposed to a player with a reputation, but I can assure them that if they were to play their usual steady game they would find themselves keeping pace with their more brilliant opponents. What happens is this, the higher-handicap player becomes demoralized when her opponent starts off playing the first few holes of a match in or under par figures. She thinks that her opponent can and will keep up this form until the match is over. This, however, is where she makes the mistake. The player with the reputa-

tion will offer chances here and there and the higher-handicap player should be ready to seize them.

When taking part in a match a player should never give up a hole unless her opponent is actually on the green in two or three strokes less. That a hole is never lost until it is won was proved during a certain match at the Eden Hole on the famous St. Andrews links. A's tee shot to this tricky short hole finished in a bunker from which she took three shots to recover and was still farther from the hole, so that she had played five shots to her opponent's one. B, who had placed her tee shot to the left of the green, near the famous bunker, had 4 for the hole and all she had to do was to play a pitch and run on to the green which was only a few yards away. To the astonishment of the onlookers, B took an aluminum putter to skirt the bunker. The result was a mishit, the ball went into the bunker and after many fruitless efforts to remove it, B eventually picked up and lost a hole which she should have won with two or three strokes to spare. B eventually lost the match on the home green by 1 hole.

An incident of this kind is quite likely to upset a player and cause her to lose even more than the actual hole at which it takes place. But in golf a player must try to bury the past and concentrate her whole attention on the game for the remaining holes. Match play is very different from medal play in this respect, as a really bad hole does not necessarily put a player out of the running.

When in command of a lead a player must not relax her efforts. I know from experience how difficult it is to continue to play at high pressure when in possession of what appears to be a safe lead.

A first-class amateur once told me to play for halves when in possession of a comfortable lead on the principle that "if I took care of the pennies the pounds would take care of themselves." I doubt if I have ever been given worse advice. I tried it in a certain match and found that the tendency to play "pawky" had a most disastrous effect upon my game and that my opponent lost no time in taking advantage of my shortcomings.

There is nothing so depressing or unnerving in golf as to feel the holes slipping away from a substantial lead. In a close match one feels comfortably placed when a lead of 2 holes has been established, but when one has been 5 up and that advantage is reduced to 2, one is inclined to lose confidence and begin to think how easily those two remaining holes may be lost as well.

The position of the player who is down is considered by some to be preferable to that of the opponent. The former expecting defeat, but hoping for success, just takes things as they come and tries to make her defeat as small as possible. Without worrying she goes for every thing in the nature of a carry, putts with careless freedom and lack of nervousness and finds that everything goes well. If every player were to go out in a match feeling that she were a number of holes down there would probably be a decided improvement in the match-playing abilities of lady players. I am constantly asked, "What can I do to avoid slacking when I am up on my opponent?" The only advice I can offer is for the player to try and imagine she is in her opponent's position or, if she is playing against an opponent who, at her best, ought to do the holes in par figures, she should try to imagine that par is her opponent. A few years ago a good

player in command of a lead could wait for her opponent to beat herself, but this is a dangerous habit, for there are now many more players capable of producing a brilliant patch at the right moment. That golf has improved beyond all recognition is proved by the wonderful figures that are done by lady players when taking part in big events. This, of course, is partly due to the rubber-cored ball. When two first-class lady players meet in a Championship the approximate gross scores are seldom more than a few strokes over the par of the course.

The present school is producing golfers who are hard hitters and capable of doing wonderful things. Members of the older school are more experienced and steadier. The former, therefore, when opposed to the latter must be prepared for surprises on and near the green, while the latter must expect flashes of brilliance in the long game from their opponents.

There is absolutely no reason why every golfer should not be as good at medal play as she is at match play. Medal play is undoubtedly the finer test of skill and temperament combined.

Medal
Play

Surely the player who completes the round of 18 holes in the lower total must have played the better and steadier game, and yet we often find on adding up the strokes played by the two participants in a match that the winner actually played more shots than the loser. It may be argued that the extra strokes of the winner were the results of risks which she would not have taken in a medal round, but I still maintain that, even in a match, a player must use her judgment before taking a risk and must be prepared to face the consequences should the shot be a failure.

The cause of most bad scores is that players are inclined to think of the final result before they leave the first tee. If every player would concentrate her whole attention upon one shot at a time, I have no hesitation in saying that the card and pencil would lose their terrors and there would be a marked improvement in her medal rounds.

Medal play should be less nerve racking than match play against a good opponent, as one has absolutely nothing to worry about except one's own ball.

The following is the method which I adopt when starting out on a medal round. On receiving my partner's card I run through the lengths of the holes and give each one a par value, if this is not already detailed on the card. Then I endeavour to do each hole in the proper figure, but should I happen to take one stroke or even two strokes over this allowance, I wipe it out of my mind and hope that I shall be able to pick up a stroke later on.

There is a tendency on the part of a handicap player to forget that in a handicap event she is not expected to do each hole in the par figure and that her handicap really represents the number of mistakes she is allowed, on these occasions, compared with a player on the scratch mark.

I have often been tempted, and no doubt occasionally given way to the temptation, to cheer up a partner in a medal round who has failed to realize that it is not a very terrible thing to take one more than the par figure to each of 9 holes when in possession of a handicap which counteracts such slips.

When practising over a course prior to an important event a player should not pay too much attention to the number of strokes she takes for each hole. The first round on a course is often the easiest as the

difficulties are unknown, but as these are discovered the art of avoiding them becomes more difficult. Should a player do a good score before the event she will probably be disappointed if she does not make a good start on the day of the real test and her final score will not be representative of her true form.

Many players overdo the safe game when taking part in a medal round. I have watched competitors from a distance and have failed to recognize those I should have known simply because they had developed a cramped position and a snatchy swing in their anxiety to keep down the middle. It is hardly necessary for me to point out that a player should play her ordinary game when engaged in a medal round with the following exceptions: (1) She should not take risks; (2) she should make certain of recovering from a bunker at the first attempt; (3) she should never go out to hole a long putt; and (4) she should never give up however bad her score may be. One constantly hears a competitor remark at the end of a competition day, "I wish I had gone on, I thought the scores would be much better." A competitor must not allow herself to think what others are doing, or might do; she should concentrate her whole attention upon her own play and try to do her best until the sweet or bitter end. The other competitors may be meeting with trouble of a worse nature than the player herself.

One of my favourite books is *F. G. Tait—A Record*, charmingly written by Mr. J. L. Low. Some of that famous and popular amateur's most brilliant performances are related in this record and excerpts are published from

A Golfing
Diary

the diary that Mr. F. G. Tait kept of every match he played, while the whole book is full of interest.

I was so impressed with the idea of this diary that I decided to keep a similar record, and for many years have made the necessary entries after each day's play. Not only do I keep this diary, but I also keep a list of names of every course over which I play.

A glance through the latter tells me that up to the end of 1921 I had played on 195 different courses, and in doing so I have visited courses in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, the Isle of Man, France, Spain, Canada, and the United States.

Many players have started to keep similar records and, like myself, have found them most interesting. For the latter an ordinary address book will be found convenient, but for the former I use a book of foolscap size and rule columns down two pages with the following headings: Date, Course, Partner, Opponent, Odds, (with sub-headings—Gave, Received), Won by, Lost by, Approximate Score, Remarks.

Needless to say the last column contains a variety of notes and must be an adequate size.

I have often listened with interest to an opponent's remarks on a match played against me in the past. The conversation may run as follows: "Do you remember the match we played at —— when I gave you —— strokes and won on the —— green?" These are the occasions on which the production of a diary proves the accuracy or inaccuracy of one's memory!

On looking through my diary I find constant references to weak putting in one part, then later on a putting average for each round carefully noted, which

leads me to believe that I must have shown a decided improvement in this department of the game. But, alas! it can only have been of short duration, as farther on my diary again unfolds sad tales of three putts being required on a number of greens.

Those who are keen on the game and play in many open events will find records of this kind most interesting to keep and invaluable for reference.

In order to stand the strain of constant play during the crowded golfing season a player must be fit. It is maintained by some that it is possible to feel too strong and that many successes have been gained by players when they were far below par in health. This may be so, but golf under these conditions is twice the strain, and the player who struggles through an event invariably suffers from reaction for some time after.

Keeping
in Form

Personally, I do not consider strict training necessary, but I do believe in living the simple life, especially before and during a Championship or other big meeting. Perhaps I am exceptionally fortunate to be a particularly sound sleeper. I cannot remember ever having lost a wink of sleep before an important event and whenever possible I try to get time for "forty winks" when I am fortunate enough to go through a round and have to play again the same day. I am sure there would be fewer cases of the unexpected defeat of favourites if competitors were to rest after finishing a match instead of dashing off to watch the play of others.

If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, and those who survive a round should give themselves every chance to play to form in the next round.

The winner and runner-up in the Ladies' Open Championship have to play at least eight rounds in five days. Unless a strong contingent of Overseas competitors is present the eventual winner is almost certain to be an Internationalist who has had three stiff matches just before the Championship. To do herself justice in the International matches and in the Championship a player must be thoroughly fit.

A week before the Championship is sufficiently early to arrive at the venue of the event, but that time should not be spent in continual practice. Many competitors tire themselves by playing keenly contested matches twice a day right up to the time the Championship begins. There is a great temptation to do so, especially for those who seldom have the opportunity to play against good opponents, but those who are anxious to do well in the event should resist this temptation. Four or five rounds of a friendly nature, and not serious contests, are enough to teach a player the course, together with observations made during the following of matches in which others are engaged. Should there be any particularly tricky holes it may be advisable to take a few balls and clubs and gain confidence in the playing of these holes by becoming thoroughly acquainted with them.

It is absolutely fatal to allow oneself to become stale, that is, overgolfed. I have seen many competitors suffering from this complaint, but it is difficult to convince a player who is playing below form that this is the cause. She prefers to imagine that she has contracted some bad habit which further practice will remove, and which further practice of course only serves to aggravate. It is far better to enter a big event fresh and rather below form than to start

weary and in wonderful form that one has not the energy to maintain.

Concentration at golf is essential, but it is utterly impossible to concentrate or take any interest in the game when exhausted. Strain and excitement take far more out of a player than she imagines, and she who has met with success in a big event should give the game a few days' rest immediately after it is over, otherwise her play will become "ragged" and her confidence will be broken. A player who retires early and lives an excessively moderate, quiet life, will usually be a consistent and steady performer compared with the player who dances or plays bridge until a late hour and has her meals at irregular times.

If possible a player should not play when she is feeling tired. This is the time one falls into bad habits. I know it is easy to say "Do not play," but it is very difficult to avoid doing so when club, county or other matches are in full swing; but a player should rest whenever she can during the busy season.

The player who is tired out cannot enjoy the game and is of little use as a member of a team, as she has no fight left. It is said that medal play is a more severe strain than match play, but I am inclined to disagree. I have played a tremendous amount of both, and I can honestly say that, after constant play as a member of a team, it is as good as a rest to turn to the card and pencil game where the only thing to worry about is one's own ball and one shot at a time.

There are many players who spend hours and hours practising when they are playing badly with a certain club. To my mind one-club practice is of little use under these conditions and the player would be well advised to

Practice
and
Experience

seek the advice of a good professional or a friend who is thoroughly acquainted with her game. When a player is utterly hopeless with a certain club she will probably go from bad to worse, unless she happens to be a self-taught golfer. It is only the player who has worried everything out for herself who can find out the cause of her failure; those who have been taught by a professional should seek a professional's help. I know one player in particular who contracted a most depressing slice on all her wooden club shots. She was a low handicap player, but could not find the cause herself and eventually went to Vardon, who discovered at once that she was dropping her club at the top of the swing into the V formed by her right thumb and forefinger. How many players would find out a small thing like this for themselves?

The first-class professional never tries to make a radical change in a player's style; he merely recommends some slight improvement in her own method of hitting the ball, which is easily acquired.

It has been truly said that the right time to practise a shot is when a player is playing it well and not when she is playing it badly. It is far easier to discover what one is doing correctly than what one is doing wrong.

Personally I find one-club practice terribly tiring and I very seldom indulge in it. It always appears to me so easy to hit the ball when nothing depends upon the result, and I can even go so far as to say that I am a first-class putter in practice! We have only to watch those players who have a practice swing before playing each shot in a round to realize how simple it is to hit the ball with a smooth rhythmical swing with a wooden club or a firm powerful punch with an iron club when there is not a ball there! It

is an entirely different story when the real shot has to be played.

Once a player has passed the beginner's stage there is no better form of practice than playing keenly contested matches against a single opponent. In and around London every lady golfer has ample opportunity to get this kind of practice, but she can even go farther and endeavour to climb the ladder to Success as a member of a team. Some years ago Mrs. T. H. Miller (*née* Miss Issette Pearson) presented a trophy for competition in Hertfordshire, Kent, Middlesex, and Surrey. This competition for club matches is played under L.G.U. handicaps. A team consists of seven players a side, and the players are arranged in order of their handicap. The competing Clubs are divided so that there are no more than five clubs in each Division and the handicap limit is 30. A player who is a member of an L.G.U. Club in these counties is therefore eligible to support her club in a Pearson Trophy Match, provided her L. G. U. handicap is over 12. From this, the bottom rung of the ladder, she should endeavour to make herself worthy of a place in the team for an ordinary club match, which is the second step. Then comes the County Team and then that highest rung of all—the International Team. There is absolutely no doubt that County Matches have had a great deal to do with the marked improvement in the standard of play in English ladies' golf. Team matches inspire the feeling of friendly rivalry, without which one is inclined to play careless slack golf.

I have often been asked how many rounds one should play in a week in order to keep in practice and without becoming stale. My usual answer is "Three days a week," but it is generally met with the rejoinder,

“Oh! but you play far more than that.” From sheer curiosity I have added up the number of rounds I played during the year 1921. In those twelve months I took part in four Championships, five open Tournaments, each of which extended over five days, and numerous Team Matches and Open Meetings. The total number of rounds I played of every sort and kind was 216. As I usually played two rounds a day, it will be found that my average for the year was less than one day’s play in three.

To gain experience a player should take part in as many matches, meetings and Championships as she possibly can. The foursome is increasing in popularity among lady players and is a form of game which every young player should take part in when the opportunity arises. Those who are unable to play to form when engaged in this type of partnership match must be lacking either in experience or the real golfing temperament. The tendency to attempt too much must be avoided when a partner has to be called upon to right a wrong. I must admit I was not a lover of the two-ball foursome until I played four matches, in each of which I was partnered by that wonderful foursome player, Mr. J. F. Abercromby. Then, and not until then, I realized that the experience to be gained from this form of team game is invaluable. It is a comparatively simple matter for a player to play to form on a course with which she is thoroughly acquainted, but the player who is really worthy of her handicap is she who can judge with accuracy distances which are strange to her and those from which she must be prepared to play when partnered by a player whose length is different from her own.

CHAPTER X

LATER CHAMPIONSHIPS

THERE can seldom have been a more enjoyable Championship meeting than that for which forty players entered after an enforced absence of five years from the links. The event was the second English Ladies' Close Championship held in May, 1919, over the Old Links, St. Annes-on-Sea. The hospitality of the Lancashire people is proverbial, but on this occasion the Committee and members of the Club seemed bent on surpassing themselves, with the result that the competitors felt quite unable to find language adequate for expressing their gratitude.

The qualifying round was not a particularly terrifying ordeal, as there were thirty-two places, but the weather conditions assisted in making the round a real test. A strong wind made low scoring difficult and there was a difference of twenty-four strokes between the best score and the last score to qualify. Curiously enough, although I managed to head the list, my name was the last to "leave the hat" when the draw for the match play stages was carried out.

The first round provided one of the best matches of the Meeting. This often happens when a haphazard draw decides the order of play. Miss Barry succeeded in defeating my sister Edith by 2 and 1, after having lost an apparently comfortable lead of 3 holes which she held at the turn. My sister, however, is a born fighter and reduced this lead to "all square" at the 12th, and the position was unaltered

when the players had only 4 holes to play. A kindly kick out of the bog myrtle on to the green at the short 15th practically decided the match in Miss Barry's favour, as she was able to hole out in 2 and regain the lead at the critical moment.

Events in the second and third rounds proved two things: first, that a number of promising young players had appeared upon the scene; and secondly, that experience plays a very important part in a Championship match.

Mrs. Morrice, of Cheshire, Miss Christina Clarke, Miss P. Lobbett, and Miss P. Read were among the new players of whom much could be expected in the near future.

Miss P. Lobbett, in particular, showed herself to be a player of real promise by taking Miss Barry to the 17th green before admitting defeat.

The ultimate semi-finalists were Mrs. Temple Dobell (*née* Miss Gladys Ravenscroft), Miss Doris Fraser, Miss Barry, and myself. Mrs. Temple Dobell once more displayed her wonderful fighting qualities, especially when she met Miss Doris Fraser, whose accuracy stands her in good stead when opposed to a player of erratic habits.

History repeated itself by allowing Mrs. Temple Dobell and me to fight out the 36-holes final. Unfortunately my opponent's putting was pathetic, and largely on account of her weakness in this department of the game I was allowed to retain my title by a margin of 10 and 8. As a matter, perhaps, of some interest, I may mention that throughout the meeting I lost only 2 holes.

There were many prophets who considered that a long absence from the links would prove detrimental

to a player's game and nerves, but this prophecy was found to be at fault. Personally I found myself a longer hitter after the enforced rest, and the experienced players showed absolutely no signs of nervousness or deterioration.

There was general disappointment among lady golfers when it was found necessary to cancel the Ladies' Open Championship, which was to have taken place in the autumn of 1919 over the beautiful and testing links of the Burnham and Berrow Golf Club in Somerset.

The entry for this, the first Ladies' Open Championship since 1914 and the twenty-third of its kind, was small but representative, and included the names of six Overseas competitors: Miss Marion Hollins, Mrs. Vanderbeck, Miss Mildred Calverly, and Miss Rosamund Sherwood from America, and Miss Ada Mackenzie and Miss Florence Harvey from Canada.

Newcastle,
Co. Down,
1920

The presence of these players added greatly to the interest of the meeting, particularly that of Miss Marion Hollins, who had taken Miss Ravenscroft to the home green in the final of the National Championship of America in 1913, and Miss Ada Mackenzie, who was Canadian Lady Champion at that time.

I had always wanted to visit Newcastle, Co. Down, as I had heard much about the beauty of the place and the attractive nature of the links, but my spirits fell below zero on my arrival. Wind, rain and blowing sand made golf impossible for the first two days of our stay. Wind I love, but rain I dislike, and playing in blowing sand is a most painful proceeding. So there my friend and I sat looking out upon the links and

longing for the weather conditions to improve. This they eventually did and we sauntered forth to learn the numerous difficulties of this fine links.

There is something extraordinarily fascinating about golf in Ireland and an indefinable charm about the Irish.

Mr. Fred Hoey, a Vice-President of the Ladies' Golf Union and Honorary Secretary of the Club, and the other members of the Council of the Royal County Down Golf Club did everything in their power to give the fifty-seven competitors a splendid time, and no one will deny that we were almost killed by kindness.

Prizes were given for competition, motors were provided whenever necessary to take competitors for drives through the most beautiful parts of the neighbourhood, dances and dinner parties were arranged and every day there was an invitation to tea at the Club-house. It is difficult to describe to those who have never attended a Ladies' Open Championship what thoroughly cheery holidays these occasions provide.

The only countries to raise International Teams were Ireland and England. England scored what was described as "a grand slam in clubs," but it is only fair to mention that Mrs. Hulton (*née* Miss Violet Hezlet) came within an ace of scoring the only win for Ireland, as she took Miss Edith Leitch to the 19th green before admitting defeat.

There was general regret on the eve of the actual Championship when it became known that Miss Rosamund Sherwood had met with a severe accident to both feet. In climbing the railing surrounding the hotel, the American player had the misfortune to run a spike through each foot. Her pluck in refusing to

scratch the following day gained for her the admiration of all, but it was little wonder she failed to survive. She was obliged to walk with crutches and had as an opponent Miss Molly Griffiths, whose successes in the County Matches as a member of the Surrey team had already earned for her a great reputation.

The Overseas competitors were rather unfortunately placed in the draw, as Miss Mackenzie and Miss Calverley met in the first round and the former survived only to suffer defeat at the hands of Mrs. Vanderbeck the following day. Miss Florence Harvey, after meeting and defeating Miss Stuart-French, an Irish player, was pitted against Mrs. Temple Dobell, to whom she went down.

It was left to Miss Marion Hollins to keep the "Stars and Stripes" flying until the fourth round, in which she succumbed to the eventual runner-up.

Taking everything into consideration, the form exhibited by the American and Canadian players on this occasion was wonderfully good. The rain and wind, of which there was more than an ordinary amount during the week, are conditions to which they are unaccustomed, while the nature of the links is entirely different from the ordinary course in Canada and the United States.

Newcastle, apparently, has more than its fair share of rain, as a local rule of the Royal County Down Club allows players to take shelter even when competing in a medal play event.

During a certain match my partner and I decided to seek shelter while a particularly heavy shower swept over the links, and were joined by an American player and her partner. We were expressing our gratitude to a thoughtful and considerate Committee

for providing an adequate supply of shelters when the American visitor happened to remark that there was no such provision made on the American courses. The Britishers present expressed surprise at this, but were met with the explanation that they never required them!

The play throughout the Championship proved more conclusively than ever that a player must not wait for an opponent to make mistakes and so beat herself. I shall never forget the fight which Miss Gladys Bastin put up against me in the third round of that meeting. There is only one green on this long links which can ordinarily be reached by a lady player with anything less than a wooden club, and yet my opponent showed her extraordinary steadiness and match-playing powers by getting a number of 3's and one 2. Having met Miss Bastin in two finals in 1914, I had every reason to know that she was an opponent to be feared, and after this third meeting I formed the opinion that she was one of the many who had lost nothing from the long abstention from the game.

My next opponent was Mrs. Temple Dobell, and the day on which we played was decidedly in my favour. A gale of wind was blowing the sand out of the enormous sand-hills until they resembled steaming cauldrons. My old rival played far below her usual form, and enabled me to enter the next round, in which I was opposed to Miss Doris Fraser. Miss Fraser is a player whose steadiness and accuracy might have passed unnoticed by the casual spectator, as she seldom uses a wooden club through the green, but the facts that she was second in the qualifying round and took Mrs. Temple Dobell to the home green in the semi-final round of the English Close Cham-

pionship the previous year, were sufficient to prove that her presence here in this semi-final was no mere chance. Miss Fraser is a beautiful cleek player and used this club to good effect, but the extra energy which play with a cleek entails on a long links when a strong wind is blowing was, I feel sure, largely responsible for her defeat at my hands by the margin of 4 and 3.

Miss Molly Griffiths had a rough row to hoe before reaching the final round. In order to do so she had to defeat Miss Sherwood, Miss Joy Winn, a self-taught and fine player from Aldeburgh, Miss Edith Leitch, who took her to the 19th hole, Miss Marion Hollins, and Miss Janet Jackson, who had won the Irish Ladies' Close Championship three consecutive years—1913, 1914 and 1920.

My lead of 6 holes from her at the end of the first 18 holes was chiefly due to good putting. I experienced one of those pleasant days when the hole appeared to be of twice its usual dimensions and with a win of 7 up and 6 to play I was able to retain the title which I had gained for the first time in 1914.

Once the golfing season starts events follow one another with great rapidity. In Ireland in May we were after a very short interval down in Norfolk practising over the course of the Sheringham Golf Club in preparation for the third English Ladies' Close Championship. What a memorable event that was to be! In the early spring of that year two friends of mine went down to watch the play in a County Match in which Surrey was opposing Middlesex. They came back with glowing accounts of the form exhibited by the bottom

Shering-
ham, 1920

player in the Surrey team. This new player was the possessor of a well-controlled style and always hit the ball with that crispness and decision which are to be found only in the play of those who have the requisite courage and knowledge of the game.

Further information revealed that this new player was a sister of Mr. Roger Wethered, who, at that time, was creating a sensation by his long-driving and marvellous performances as a member of the Oxford University Team.

Miss Joyce Wethered's score in the qualifying round of this, her first Championship, was thoroughly disappointing to the very few who knew her capabilities, but she may be one of those clever golfers who always keep something in reserve for the moment when it is really needed. Be that as it may, it placed her twenty-fifth in the list—a lowly position when the total entry was eighty-four.

Sheringham has a liberal supply of good length holes provided the wind blows from the usual quarter, but during the Championship week the wind blew in the opposite direction to that for which the course is laid out and this, together with a scorching sun reduced the ground to an iron-hard state. Some idea of how conditions can change a course may be gathered from a feat of Miss Wethered at the 7th hole. Two full shots were required to reach the green against the strong wind which was blowing during the week preceding the actual Championship, but during the meeting, at that same hole with the wind behind, Miss Wethered was just short of the green with her tee shot.

The condition of the ground was in no small way responsible for the surprising results of some of the

matches, but this was not the deciding factor in the case of Miss Wethered, who meted out severe defeats to all her opponents, including Miss R. Leetham, a Yorkshire County player, Miss D. R. Fowler, a Somersetshire County player and exceptionally powerful golfer, and Miss Gladys Bastin, to whose ability reference has already been made. In each of these three matches Miss Wethered's approximate score was below par figures for the number of holes played.

Of my own progress to the final I have little to say beyond the fact that with the tired golf I was playing I never deserved to get through the first round, let alone reach the last.

My first opponent was Miss Audrey Croft, the young Middlesex player, who won the Girls' Championship the first year it was held. This Championship was inaugurated by the proprietors of *The Gentlewoman* and run by that most charming and popular golfing personage, Miss M. E. Stringer. Her resemblance to our aunt, Miss F. H. Redford, led us Leitches to give her the affectionate name of "Auntie Mabel." This sobriquet was considered so admirably suited to one who is ever ready to do a kind act that Miss M. E. Stringer has now innumerable "nieces."

The Girls' Championship is a splendid training ground for members of the young school, and Miss Stringer deserves public gratitude for doing so much to foster juvenile talent.

Miss Audrey Croft, who had gained experience in this event and in County Matches when playing for Middlesex, showed fine form against me, but just failed to seize some of the opportunities offered.

In the second round I met Mrs. R. R. Cruise, a player who had given strong support to Middlesex in

County Matches the first year she was included in the team. The previous day she had gained a creditable win from Miss Molly Griffiths.

My next match provided one of the most sensational finishes of my career. My opponent, Mrs. R. H. Deane (*née* Miss Letty Barry), was 1 up and 2 to play. We both hit good drives to the long 17th and with the odd Mrs. Deane had placed herself just short of the cross bunker guarding the green. I was left to decide whether I would take the risk of going for the green with a brassie or play short and trust to luck that I would get a win or a half. Mrs. Deane was playing sound golf and was quite likely to put her approach dead and hole out in 4. I decided that I must take the risk. I was told afterwards that many of the spectators were surprised at my decision and feared the worst when I pulled my brassie out of my bag, as my ball was lying on a downward slope and the carry for which I was going out was almost impossible against the wind that was blowing. Using the method described in a previous chapter of this book for playing a ball from a hanging lie, I put the shot on the green, secured a 4 and a win. Perhaps I shall be excused for saying that this shot was one of the best I have ever played, as a miss would probably have meant my defeat.

The 18th hole resulted in a badly played half in 6 and off we went to the 19th. My tee shot—a full drive—finished on the bank above and beyond the green, but I succeeded in holing out in 3 to my opponent's 4 and so passed into the next round. My next opponent, Mrs. Carriek, of Bridlington, failed to play up to form.

In the semi-final I was opposed to Mrs. Dudley

Charles, a Middlesex County player, but she also failed to reproduce the form which had brought her safely through four matches against good opponents.

Now I was called upon to oppose Miss Joyce Wethered in the 36-holes final. In the morning round I had things rather my own way and held a lead of 4 up. At the 1st and 2nd holes in the afternoon my opponent went "all to pieces" and my lead became 6 up and 16 to play. From this point, however, she seized every opportunity offered and played the most wonderful golf. Some idea of its quality may be gathered when it is pointed out that she had three 3's in succession at holes of which the par figures are 3, 4 and 5. My lead of 6 up was quickly converted into a deficit, 1 down and 4 to play. Even when I managed to win the 15th I had no feeling of "confidence," as Miss Wethered was playing with the utmost calmness and seemed oblivious that she was fighting out the final of the first Championship in which she had ever taken part. The only semblance of luck she had was at the 16th, where a topped iron shot ran through a narrow path between two bunkers and finished on the edge of the green, from which position she holed out in 4 and once more took the lead. At the 17th hole I was faced with a second shot similar to that which I had played successfully when opposed to Mrs. Deane. Alas! this time I failed to bring it off by inches, the ball hitting the top of the bunker and coming to rest in a most unpleasant position in the corner thereof. The best I could do was a 6 to my opponent's 5 and so ended one of the most sensational matches in which I have ever been a participant.

During the whole of the match Miss Wethered's play justified the high opinion which sound critics had formed when they first saw her. In addition to her skill this young Surrey player had shown herself to be in possession of the real match-play temperament.

The 17th green is close to a railway line and as Miss Wethered was putting for the win and the title of English Champion a long train went rattling by, but so unconscious was she of any of the immediate surroundings that she afterwards admitted she never as much as heard it pass. What concentration!

There were many lessons to be learnt from that final match, the chief of which was "that a match is never lost until it is won."

The Ladies' Championship of France is open to all comers and a representative entry was received for the first Meeting to be held after the Great War. France was represented by her best lady golfer, Mlle. Pauline de Bellet, America by Miss Marion Hollins, Mrs. Vanderbeck, Miss Mildred Calverley, Miss Rosamund Sherwood and Miss Kemp, a promising young player residing in France, while Miss Molly Griffiths, Miss Bastin, Miss P. Lobbett, Miss Audrey Croft, Mrs. Dudley Charles, Mrs. R. R. Cruise, Miss Hilda Prest, Miss E. E. Helme and Mrs. Norman Chaig were some of the better-known players in a strong contingent which crossed the Channel to represent the Union Jack and also to show their interest in the play of those from other countries.

Le Touquet is an attractive place for a golfing holi-

day and the links a very good test of golf. The soft silvery sand forms a difficult hazard for those unaware that it has to be dealt with differently from the more ordinary seaside sand. Regardless of how badly the ball may lie in this soft sand at Le Touquet it must be taken cleanly, and the "explosion shot," at other times so effective, is utterly useless. There are some particularly good holes and the abundance of pinetrees not only add to the difficulties but contribute to its beauty.

The draw very fittingly allowed Mlle. de Bellet to drive the first ball of the Meeting when opposed to Miss Hilda Prest (now Mrs. Cane), the well-known Kentish player, in the first round. This match eventually ended in favour of the French competitor, but not until 20 holes had been played.

Two of the younger school, Miss P. Lobbett and Miss Audrey Croft, met in this round and had a close struggle up to the 13th hole, after which Miss Lobbett won 3 holes and halved one and finished the match on the 16th green.

Meanwhile a couple of Surrey players were fighting for supremacy against two players from the United States. Miss Gladys Bastin and Mrs. Vanderbeck had a ding-dong game which ended in favour of the former by 2 and 1, but Miss Marion Hollins avenged that defeat by a great win from Miss E. E. Helme on the home green. Miss Helme has a great and well-deserved reputation as a putter, but strangely enough it was the American player who contributed the sensational work on the green during that match.

The first match to go out on the second day in the

second round was between Mrs. Dudley Charles, a semi-finalist at Sheringham, and Miss M. M. Macfarlane, the hard-working and popular secretary of the L.G.U., whose strong sense of duty prevents her from taking an active part in the big events. She is the one who works while others play. Small wonder then that she was defeated by 4 and 3.

Mrs. R. R. Cruise found a tough opponent in Miss I. Kemp, the youthful French-American competitor, who philosophically remarked when defeated at the 20th hole that it did not matter, she had plenty of time as she was only a child.

In this round I had as my opponent Mlle. de Bellet, whose pretty and effective style is always attractive to watch. We had a very good match which ended in my favour by 3 and 1.

Lower down in the draw Miss Hollins scored a second creditable win over a Surrey opponent—Miss Gladys Bastin; Miss Mildred Calverley gained a substantial win over Mrs. McIntyre, an Irish player, and Miss Molly Griffiths again inflicted a 6 and 5 defeat on Miss Sherwood.

The semi-finalists were Mrs. R. R. Cruise and myself in one half, Miss Marion Hollins and Miss Molly Griffiths in the other, the last named and I surviving to fight out the 36-holes final.

It is interesting to note that Miss Griffiths defeated an American opponent in each of the three matches she was called upon to play before reaching the last stage.

At the end of the first round in the final I held a

lead of 4 holes and eventually won by 6 and 5 from the same opponent I had defeated a few weeks before in the final of the Ladies' Open Championship.

Le Touquet has always had an inspiring effect upon my game and I look upon it with affection as the first French course on which I played and the one where I gained my first Championship title.

Many months before the twenty-fourth Ladies' Open Championship was held at Turnberry in May, 1921, the ladies' golfing world was agog with excitement and anticipation when it became known that Miss Alexa Stirling was to be one of an exceptionally strong contingent of competitors from the United States. Although a Britisher, this young player had never previously taken part in an event in this country and every one was anxious to see how she would fare during her first golfing visit. That she was a player of exceptional ability had already been proved by the convincing manner in which she had carried all before her for some years in America, but those who have played on both continents realize that there is a great difference in the courses and the weather conditions. This is a fact which visitors have to face and only those who have experienced such changes can fully understand the effect they have upon one's game and health. In addition, Miss Alexa Stirling could not fail to realize that her progress in the various events for which she entered over here would be closely watched by thousands of golfers in America, and this would naturally make her anxious and eager to justify their

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expectations. Her record in events prior to the actual Championship was, all things considered, extraordinarily good. Had she not taken three putts from a comparatively short distance on the 18th green on the first day of the two days' International Meeting at Ranelagh, for which she was specially invited to enter, she would have headed the list of gross returns in the first medal-play event in which she took part.

There was much speculation as to what would happen in a match between Miss Alexa Stirling and myself. Fate was apparently determined that nothing should prevent our meeting as the draw brought our names "out of the hat" together in the first round of the Championship. So Miss Stirling was denied an opportunity of warming up to her work and I was to meet one of the most formidable competitors in the first round, while, incidentally, we both had about a fortnight in which to think of "what would happen."

The famous Atlanta player had shown her wisdom in arriving in England many weeks before the event and also in paying a preliminary visit to the venue of the Championship. Turnberry is a delightful spot for a Ladies' Championship Meeting and the links provides a fine test of golf over wide undulating fairways of beautiful wiry turf only to be found on a seaside course.

The total entry for the Championship numbered 113 and included eleven competitors from American clubs, two Canadians, while Miss Kemp, an American, represented France by entering from Fontainebleau.

As this is a record number of Overseas competitors, it is interesting to set out their names and the

clubs from which they entered, in the order in which their names appeared in the draw:

Miss Kate Robertson, Beaconsfield, Canada.

Miss Rosamund Sherwood, St. George's, U.S.A.

Mrs. R. H. Barlow, Merion, U.S.A.

Miss Lucy Hanchett, San Francisco, U.S.A.

Miss Isabelle Kemp, Fontainebleau, France.

Miss Edith Cummings, Onwentsia, U.S.A.

Mrs. Quentin F. Feitner, South Shore Field,
U.S.A.

Miss Alice Hanchett, San Francisco, U.S.A.

Miss Louise B. Elkins, Oakmont, U.S.A.

Mrs. Thruston Wright, Allegheny, U.S.A.

Miss Ada Mackenzie, Toronto, Canada.

Miss Alexa Stirling, Atlanta, U.S.A.

Miss Marion Hollins, Westbrook, U.S.A.

Miss Sara A. Fownes, Oakmont, U.S.A.

The presence of these players added enormously to the interest of the Meeting and gave to it a real International flavour.

In every respect the entry was splendid as England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, in addition to being represented by their respective Close Champions, were all able to raise International Teams and provide many fine players for the actual Championship.

England again came out top in the International Matches, but it was pleasing to find many promising young players in the other teams, who threaten to make England's position less impregnable in the near future.

Transport difficulties had deprived Ireland of some strong supporters, but Miss Janet Jackson, Miss Sara O'Hare, Dr. Marion Alexander and Miss Arbuthnot did good work for their country which also

had the assistance of Mrs. R. H. Barlow, an American who qualified to play by birth.

Scotland had a splendid top player in her Close Champion, Mrs. J. B. Watson, formerly Miss C. Stevenson, who had captained Scotland's hockey team, while other worthy wearers of the "Thistle" were Miss Lena Scroggie, Miss Jean McCulloch, Miss Ada Mackenzie and Miss Eva Anderson, a former Scottish Champion.

A young and new player, Miss Molly Marley, the reigning Welsh Close Champion, led the Welsh team.

England has an abundance of players worthy of International colours and can almost put into the field a team half composed of players who have held the title of Open Lady Champion.

With the International Matches over, and after a well-deserved rest on the Sunday, the event started in which individual reputations play a more important part.

The rest, however, was rather of the "busman's holiday" kind, as who could resist wandering out on to the links when it became known that J. H. Taylor was playing with some officers of H.M.S. *Resolution* and that a large number of the American amateurs who had taken part in the Amateur Championship at Hoylake and which had just been decided had arrived upon the scene and were playing over the links preparatory to watching the match that was generally regarded as the tit-bit of the following day?

Monday, May 30, arrived at last. There was general excitement in the hotel, especially among the staff if one can judge from the conversations overheard in the corridors.

"This is the eventful day! She's to have her

breakfast in bed, gin she wants it, the Mistress says." Such was the information imparted to one of the guests when awakened by a maid who was attending to Miss Stirling's wants.

Our respective maids were heard discussing the possible result of our match but unfortunately, or perhaps, fortunately, it was not possible to discover which of the two it was who put the question, "Who's going to win to-day?" This brought forth the answer, "Who do you think?" in the tone of voice which implied that there was absolutely no doubt as far as the speaker was concerned.

From early morning until late afternoon the weather became worse and worse until sheets of rain swept across the links, accelerated in their progress by a strong wind. These conditions, however, did not have the slightest effect upon the crowd, which grew in size until there must have been at least four thousand spectators on the first tee when Miss Stirling drove off and I played the "like" and the last shot played from that point on the first day of the Meeting.

What my poor opponent thought of the weather I did not like to ask, but I know I was not long in forming the opinion that it was one of the most objectionable days on which I had ever played. If I felt like that, what could Miss Stirling's feelings have been as she battled against elements to which she was absolutely unaccustomed?

In spite of these foreign conditions Miss Stirling played some wonderful golf, but I always feel that the cruel weather was in no small way responsible for my success against her on this our first meeting. Although I was glad to win I also had a feeling of

regret that I had defeated a player who deserved to figure in the last stages.

The draw was unkind in two or three places. It brought Miss Gladys Bastin and Miss Wethered together in the first round and also my sister Edith and Mrs. Temple Dobell.

Miss Bastin played the beautiful steady golf which her supporters knew her to be capable of producing at the right moment and only lost on the 19th green to the English Close Champion, who was making her first appearance in this event.

My sister was defeated by Mrs. Temple Dobell, whom curiously enough, she had drawn in the "sweep." The "sweep" was drawn on the eve of the Championship and the result was more extraordinary and coincidental than usual. My sister drew her opponent of the morrow and Captain Macbeth drew Miss D. R. Fowler, his wife's opponent in the first round.

At 12:15 on Tuesday morning, Miss Marion Hollins and I started off from the first tee. That is a particularly unpleasant hour as one never quite knows when to have lunch! However, the conditions were the same for both. We had forgotten the drenching of yesterday and neither of us minded the strong wind of to-day. The chief recollection I have of that match is that my opponent holed out in one putt with the most astounding regularity. Descriptions of this popular American's play had always given me the impression that her great length was her chief asset and that her weakness lay in her short game, but I formed an entirely different opinion! I remember finding myself in the decidedly unenviable position of 1 down and 2 to play. At the 17th

hole Miss Hollins had a disastrous misfire with her driver, the result of which caused her to remark, "Fernie told me not to jump up on my left toe and I've remembered it all the time until just now." "All square" was the state of the game on the 18th tee. My cheery opponent found trouble in a bunker guarding the green and after one or two fruitless efforts to recover came forward and shook me by the hand.

It was a lovely sunny morning when Miss Jean McCulloch and I started out in our match in the third round with a large crowd of spectators which included a most sporting contingent of miners from my opponent's home district. Miss McCulloch ran away with the first three holes, but I eventually reduced this deficit and won by 2 and 1.

This round saw the defeat of the remaining Overseas competitors with the exception of Miss Maud Hunnewell, who although entered from a Surrey club is really an American. Miss Hunnewell is a sound powerful golfer and in this round defeated the Scottish Close Champion by 6 and 5.

The American and Canadian players may have found consolation in the fact that though some of their defeats in this round were severe, they were all inflicted by really good British opponents.

Miss Wethered defeated Mrs. Barlow; Miss Joy Winn, Miss Edith Cummings; Miss Janet Jackson, Mrs. Quentin Feitner (*née* Miss Lilian Hyde); Miss Doris Chambers, Miss Ada Mackenzie at the 20th hole, and Mrs. Cautley, Miss Sara Fownes.

The eventual semi-finalists were Miss Wethered, Miss Lena Scroggie, Miss Janet Jackson and myself; so England, Scotland and Ireland were each represented.

In the fourth and fifth rounds Miss Wethered had disposed of Mrs. Baynes and Mrs. Jack Cochrane; Miss Scroggie had beaten Miss Joy Winn and Miss Molly Griffiths, two particularly strong opponents; Miss Janet Jackson had been taken to the 18th and 19th holes respectively by Miss E. E. Helme and Mrs. Allan Macbeth, and I had beaten Miss Doris Chambers and Mrs. Cautley.

While Miss Wethered was giving her young Scottish opponent no quarter, defeating her by 8 and 6—the result of phenomenal golf—Miss Janet Jackson and I were having a titanic struggle. I was again 1 down and 2 to play, but a couple of satisfactory approaches to the hole side on the 17th and 18th greens eventually gave me the right to oppose my young opponent of Sheringham fame in the final.

There is something indescribably thrilling in bringing off a shot which has been carefully thought out and, before having actually seen the result, learning by the cheers from a large enthusiastic crowd, that the ball has finished as planned. This was how I learnt the result of these two approaches!

A perfect day, a large and sporting crowd, a charming opponent. Thus I should sum up the final match of the twenty-fourth Ladies' Open Championship.

Miss Wethered played far below form in the morning round and allowed me to establish a lead of 7 holes, but in the afternoon she had recovered her true form, and in characteristic manner provided me with a truly brilliant patch which reduced my advantage of 8 up and 12 to play to dormy 4. By a half at the 15th I retained the title which I had now won on three successive occasions.

A notable feature of the 1921 Championship was the strong contingent of Overseas competitors present. This enormously enhanced the interest and excitement of the Meeting, besides greatly adding to the success of the social side of the Championship, for the Americans are not only accomplished dancers but are splendid company with their *joie de vivre* and their sense of humour.

The wish to pay a golfing visit to Canada and the States had long been in my mind, and while at Turnberry my sister Edith and I decided to convert the wish into fact during the autumn of this year, a decision the more easily arrived at seeing that we should be going among friends whom we had made on this side of the Atlantic.

There was one more Championship in which the Overseas players were eligible to compete, and a strong contingent of American and British players met again over the picturesque course of the Fontainebleau Club which was the venue of the Ladies' Championship of France.

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bleau,
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Miss Alexa Stirling returned a fine score of 79, which headed the list in the medal round the day before the commencement of the actual Championship. Until the semi-final round her play was equally good, but unfortunately, when opposed to Miss Joyce Wethered, she experienced one of those days on which each club-head seems to be composed entirely of toe and heel.

I managed to work my way through to the final, but had a particularly narrow escape from defeat by Miss Molly Griffiths in the semi-final.

Play in the 36-holes final was curious as I struck

a good patch in the morning and gained a very substantial lead, largely due to going out in 35, while Miss Wethered produced a similar patch in the second round. I eventually won on the 31st green, and by doing so not only won the title for the fourth time, but became an honorary member of the Fontainebleau Club.

This visit to Fontainebleau, giving us as it did further opportunities of being with the American visitors, served only to deepen our friendship and affection for them. It also gave us a chance to see that many French ladies are becoming keen on golf. With a player like Mlle. de Bellet in their midst, who is always anxious to assist beginners, there can be little doubt that the standard of play will improve rapidly.

So, as far as I was concerned, the Championship Meetings of 1921, on this side of the Atlantic, were over, and I was already looking forward to a golfing trip in Canada and the United States in the autumn.

CHAPTER XI

EXPERIENCES IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

ON learning that my sister Edith and I were to pay a golfing visit to Canada and the United States, a non-golfing acquaintance remarked, "It seems a long way to go to knock a little white ball about." Golf, however, means more than that, especially in another country, where a visitor sees new scenery, studies new customs, makes new friends and, in fact, experiences an absolute change from the surroundings to which she is accustomed.

Long before the date of our departure we received the most attractive invitations from numerous Clubs in Canada, but unfortunately our time before the dates of the Canadian Ladies' Championship and the National Championship was very limited, and the only trip we could arrange was a short one which embraced visits to Toronto, Hamilton and Niagara Falls.

We left London on August 27, 1921, and were joined at Liverpool by Miss Doris Chambers, the Cheshire County player, who had also decided to make golf the chief excuse for a visit to America. Miss Bosworth, a Kentish player, was another golfing passenger on the *Megantic* bound for Montreal.

Good weather and many interesting and charming passengers with whom we became acquainted on board, combined to make the voyage a pleasant one, but even so we were restless to substitute Canadian soil and its anticipated beauties for the waste of waters which was our only view for five consecutive

days. This monotonous outlook was eventually broken when we reached the iceberg region and the specimens we passed were a marvellous and memorable sight. There is something strangely fascinating in watching these colossal blocks of whiteness standing out of the water, and it is difficult to believe that only one-eighth of the whole is visible.

On the eighth day out we again sighted land—Belle Isle, then Labrador and later Newfoundland. The two days spent in passing up the river St. Lawrence soon caused us to forget the dull, uninspiring outlook of the previous days. The ever-changing beauty of this wonderful river baffles description.

On nearing Quebec we had a splendid view of the Montmorency Falls and the famous church of St. Anne de Beaupré (the Lourdes of Canada) and on reaching Quebec we lost no time in driving through this quaint old French town. It was a perfect evening and the views from the Heights of Abraham of the river St. Lawrence such that we shall never forget.

It was almost dark when we left Quebec, but not sufficiently so to prevent us from seeing one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering in the world—the Quebec Bridge. As the *Megantic* passed silently under it there was a sigh of relief from some of those who were making the trip for the first time. When standing on the boat deck and nearing the bridge it looks impossible for a liner to pass under, and still more impossible to believe that there is a clearance of thirty feet.

The next day we set foot on Canadian soil again and were met at Montreal by our host, Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, and his daughter, Miss Gyneth Wanklyn.

After a lovely run of 24 miles by motor we arrived

at their summer residence on the Lake of the Two Mountains at Senneville. By this time Miss Chambers, my sister and I had quite lost our hearts to Canada. To see it is to love it. We were all longing for our first game of golf on a Canadian course, and within six hours of landing we were taken to a 9-hole course called Braeside, overlooking the Lake of the Two Mountains. Our first impressions of golf in Canada were of perfect fairways and wonderful views.

A sea voyage is not conducive to good golf, so we contented ourselves with another preliminary canter of 9 holes the following day before taking part in a longer and more serious contest.

This took the form of an exhibition match over the Mount Bruno course. Miss Chambers and I opposed Mr. Charles Grier and Mr. Norman Scott in a four-ball foursome and received 6 strokes. Our opponents are well known to many in England, having been stationed near various courses during the War, but the former is better known as ex-Canadian Amateur Champion. Their respective handicaps would probably be plus 4 and plus 1 in the Old Country. Weakness on the greens was largely responsible for our severe defeat by 5 and 4, but Mr. Grier's 77 over a new course of 6,523 yards would have taken a lot of beating. It is a really fine course situated on high ground with wonderful views of the surrounding country. In 1919 it was more or less a dense forest. The chief features of the course are long holes and enormous putting greens. One hole measures 595 yards, but Mr. Grier found little difficulty in procuring this in an easy 5. I had few opportunities of

watching first-class Canadian amateurs, but I have seen and played against Mr. Grier on several occasions and cannot help thinking that he must be one of the very best in that or any other country.

That day's play was the last I had for some time, as a thoroughly unpleasant attack of laryngitis contracted on board compelled me to rest, and much to my disappointment I was unable to make the trip to Hamilton, Toronto and the Niagara Falls Clubs.

My sister and Miss Chambers thoroughly enjoyed their visit to those districts where they took part in several matches and were almost killed with the kindness and hospitality extended to them by all with whom they came in contact.

Miss Ada Mackenzie, the ex-Canadian Lady Champion, was one of the players who represented Canada in the matches in which the British couple played and on all occasions showed herself to be an exceptionally steady performer.

While still recuperating and before proceeding to Ottawa for the Canadian Ladies' Championship, I could not resist the temptation of having games at Dixie and Beaconsfield. The first green at Dixie, the course of the Royal Montreal Golf Club, was the first sign of golf that we saw after landing. An appropriate start, when it is pointed out that this Club is the oldest in Canada—or the States—and dates back to 1873.

I had two delightful games over this attractive course against the popular club professional, Charles Murray. Four bisques proved insufficient in the morning round and Murray ended the match with a fine 2 on the 15th green, but in the afternoon at the same handicap we had a decidedly closer contest and

one that I shall never forget. I managed to keep my opponent's lead down to 1 up and 2 to play. A 4 at the 500-yard 17th gave me the hole and made us "all square." This would have been a really exciting finish in the ordinary course of events, but as it happened I was in the pleasant position of having 3 bisques in hand at a hole of 280 yards. A 4 and 1 bisque gave me my first win on Canadian soil!

The next day was equally enjoyable. Black, the professional of the Beaconsfield Golf Club, gave me 4 bisques over his own course. Defeat was staring me in the face on the 13th tee when I was 4 down with 6 to play, but a pleasing sequence of 4's (which represented "par" total for these 6 holes), together with the two remaining bisques I had in hand, pulled the match "out of the fire," and a delightful game ended "all square."

The more I play against professionals the greater my admiration for their play and their true sportsmanship. Professionals are most charming opponents, and Murray and Black did everything in their power to assist me, a stranger playing over their respective courses for the first time.

By now the Canadian Ladies' Championship was the chief topic of conversation, and as I was saying "Good-bye" to Black, he slipped into my hand "just a wee bit of white heather for luck." That mascot was in my pocket throughout the event and now rests with other valued mementoes of a similar nature.

So far my chief impression of Canadian courses was the perfect lies "through the green," and the unusual character of the turf. The grass on Canadian courses is much coarser than that to which we are accustomed in the British Isles. With the ball

“sitting up” brassie and spoon play was comparatively simple, but iron play, particularly the “push” shot, was, owing to the long and tough roots of the grass, a much more difficult matter. We were not long in realizing that with an iron club the ball had to be picked up sharply and cleanly. In addition we found that the clearer atmosphere made every distance appear shorter than it was in reality, but the tendency to be short is easily overcome with practice.

The courses are far better than I ever imagined possible. Having heard of the difficulties to be faced and of the damage that can be done by a severe winter I was prepared to find poor turf, but instead found glorious fairways and putting greens which in truth and texture resembled Turkey carpets. Every natural hazard possible is brought into play and artificial bunkers are well placed.

The Canadian Ladies' Championship was played over the course of the Rivermead Golf Club, Ottawa, and commenced on September 19. I arrived at the venue three days before and rejoined my sister and Miss Chambers, who gave wonderful descriptions of their time at, and around, Hamilton, Toronto and Niagara.

The Rivermead course measures about 6,100 yards and is laid out over undulating ground overlooking the river Ottawa. It has many “out of bounds,” but the chief difficulties are its greens, many of which are on severe slopes. The fairways leave nothing to be desired, and many of the holes are of that attractive length which requires two full shots to reach the green.

It was only necessary to be on the spot an hour before realizing that the Canadian lady golfers are just as keen on the game as we are “on this side,” and

it was just like being at home to see so many familiar faces. Miss Ada Mackenzie and Miss Kate Robertson, who represented Canada at Turnberry earlier in the year, Miss Alexa Stirling, holder of the Canadian and the National title, Mrs. Gavin, who was entering from a Club in the States where she now resides, Miss Nesbitt and Miss E. Bauld, two Canadians who took part in the Ladies' Open Championship in 1911 and 1912 respectively, were among the many we met on our arrival at the Club.

The Union Jack was flying in the breeze and below it, out of compliment to the two players representing American Clubs, the Stars and Stripes.

Distractions were numerous. As we played around in practice, bursts of applause would be heard and someone would remark that a "long shot" must have come in. The Connaught Park Race Meeting was being held within a stone's throw and we could see much, and hear most, of what was happening on the course—or I suppose I should call it by its Canadian name "track." A large party of the competitors attended the races one day at the invitation of the Directors.

In Canada and the United States a Golf Club House is much more than a building with dressing and locker rooms and a hall where light luncheons and teas are served. Most of the Club Houses are elaborately appointed buildings where members may reside and enjoy all the social privileges of an up-to-date Country club.

The Rivermead Club House was no exception and was crowded every evening with members and competitors dining and dancing. Serious golf started on

the Monday with a qualifying round for thirty-two places.

The four British players survived the ordeal, also the two representatives from the States and the best Canadian players with the exception of Miss Nesbitt, whose absence caused keen disappointment, for no one has worked harder than she in the interests of Canadian ladies' golf.

A return of 84 made me the lucky winner of a handsome cup for the best gross return. Miss M. Allan, a member of the Mount Bruno Club, won the first handicap prize with Miss Doris Chambers second.

Four players tied for the last three places in the "lucky thirty-two," and had to undergo the trying ordeal of going out all together until a decision was arrived at.

The draw for the Championship is conducted on the same lines as that of the Open event, in that the names are taken in a haphazard manner from a hat. The name of Miss Ada Mackenzie, the best lady player in Canada, was, very appropriately, the first to leave the hat, while another curious incident in connection with the draw was that it brought Mrs. Hope Gibson, another good Canadian player, and me together, a result similar to that of the draw for the qualifying round.

My place in the draw, near the bottom, prevented me from seeing as much of the play of others as I should have liked, but I saw quite sufficient to convince me that Canada will be able to put a strong team in the field in the very near future. The competitors whose play impressed me the most, in addition to Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Hope Gibson, were Miss Sydney Pepler and Miss J. Hutton of Toronto, Miss Paget



39. MISS MARION HOLLINS
National Champion of America, 1921



40. MISS ALEXA STIRLING
National Champion of America, 1916, 1917, 1920



41. A GROUP OF OVERSEAS COMPETITORS AT THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP AT TURNBERRY, 1921

Back Row—Standing, Left to Right— Miss Maud Hunnewell, Miss Sara F. Fownes, Miss L. B. Elkins, Miss Lucy Hanchett, Miss Ada Mackenzie, Mrs. R. H. Barlow, Mrs. Thruston Wright, Miss Isabelle Kemp
Front Row—Sitting, Left to Right— Miss Edith Cummings, Miss Marion Hollins, Miss Alexa Stirling, Mrs. Quentin Feitner, Miss Rosamund Sherwood

of Ottawa, Miss Hazel Kennedy, Miss Sybil Kennedy, Miss Molly McBride, a left-handed player and Miss Gyneth Wanklyn, all of Montreal. With practice and experience these could one and all become really steady players, while several of them have the strength and build which are necessary for great length. It was pleasing to see that many of the Canadians *hit out* at the ball with evident enjoyment and were not afraid of meeting with trouble should they depart from the straight and narrow path. The players who are content merely to stroke the ball as though it were a priceless gem, lose half the pleasure of the game and cannot hope to get very far in a strong field.

In the first round of the Championship proper, Miss Alexa Stirling caused much anxiety to her admirers by playing below form and only just scraping through on the 17th green. Her opponent, Mrs. S. White, deserves much credit for seizing the opportunities offered to her, but would be the first to agree that she is in a different class from her famous opponent.

Miss Sydney Pepler was round in the low 80's in her match against Miss E. Bauld, whom she defeated by 5 and 3.

Miss Bosworth, Miss Chambers and Miss Mackenzie were almost unmerciful in their defeats of Miss Macartney (Grand Mere), Miss J. Masten (Toronto), and Mrs. F. Kidd (Royal Ottawa), respectively, as not one of these matches went beyond the 11th green.

As only one round a day is played in the Championship, many "side show" events are arranged for the defeated players; while those who are energetic enough to do so, or who consider it advisable, spend their spare time practising the clubs with which they were weak in the morning round.

It was difficult to believe that the event was a real Championship as one looked around and saw members of the Club, or other friends, acting as caddies for the competitors.

I was fortunate enough to secure the services of Miss Gyneth Wanklyn, one of the best caddies I ever had.

Curiously enough I gained the reputation of carrying an enormous number of clubs and my caddie received adequate sympathy, but I had five or six fewer than another competitor who escaped suspicion because she happened to have a bag which looked smaller than mine!

The second round provided a fine match between Miss Ada Mackenzie and Miss Elmsley of Toronto. The latter was defeated by 3 and 2, but stuck gamely to her formidable opponent who was said to be producing her very best form.

Miss Molly McBride scored a creditable win over Miss Kate Robertson, a good and steady player, and a member of her own Club, Beaconsfield.

The success of Miss Stirling and Mrs. Gavin over Mrs. Rowe and Miss Hutton respectively, gave promise of a close match on the morrow between the two British players from the United States. *A propos* of Miss Stirling's form it was rumoured that she was playing "none too well," but Mrs. Gavin on hearing this made the very true remark, "Oh! I know Alexa. She plays just as well as she has to play. She'll be all right to-morrow."

My sister having defeated Mrs. A'Hearn (Royal Ottawa) in the first round and Mrs. Ridout (Lambton) in this, the second round, was qualified to oppose Miss Ada Mackenzie on the following morning.

Down in my quarter of the draw, Mrs. Hope Gibson and Miss Doris Chambers had failed to put up their best games against me and I was to meet Miss S. Pepler, who had defeated Miss Bosworth.

My sister and Miss Mackenzie gave the gallery the thrills that were anticipated in their match in the third round, but in spite of three stymies the former gained the day.

Mrs. Gavin proved herself an accurate prophet regarding Miss Stirling's ability to rise to the occasion, as the holder of the Canadian title played fine golf and won by 4 and 2. This margin, however, does not convey a correct impression of the closeness of the play. These two players have a sound knowledge of the game, and both hit the ball with beautiful swings which are a joy to see, and with a sharp click which is a pleasure to hear.

Miss Molly McBride defeated the last local representative, Miss Le Sueur (Royal Ottawa) by 5 and 3, while Miss Sydney Pepler, playing below the form she had produced in the earlier rounds, allowed me to qualify for the semi-final, and, incidentally, to meet my former opponent, Miss Alexa Stirling.

So on the Friday my sister met the remaining Canadian representative and I met the player for whose game I had, and still have, an enormous admiration.

Golf is a game of surprises. To the astonishment of all, and especially of her opponent, my sister was defeated by the little left-handed player from the Beaconsfield Golf Club, Miss Molly McBride, who played thoroughly steady golf and deserved her victory on the day, but in the most sporting manner admitted her regret at having put out an opponent

to whom she would lose 19 times out of 20. In addition she appeared to be worried by the thought that her success was largely the result of a lesson that my sister had given her earlier in the week.

Three up at the fourth was the early lead I gained in my match against Miss Stirling in the semi-final round, but it was a position that had a most inspiring effect upon my opponent's game, and by the time we reached the 11th tee we were "all square." Miss Stirling was particularly unlucky in finding two bunkers at this hole of 525 yards, but two wonderful recoveries put her on the green in 3. A half stymie on the undulating green, which she failed to negotiate, robbed her of a half in 5 and allowed me to regain a lead. Underclubbing at the 12th, 13th and 14th cost my opponent these holes, and with a win of 3 and 1 I passed into the final. It was a great match and the enormous gallery appeared to enjoy it as much as the players.

The sympathy of everyone was extended to my plucky little opponent in the 36-holes final, Miss Molly McBride, as all realized that nervousness had robbed her of the steady play she had produced in the previous rounds. With more experience she, and many other young players, will overcome this severe handicap.

The unexpectedly early finish in the final made it possible for an impromptu "International" match to take place in the afternoon. Miss Alexa Stirling and Mrs. Gavin represented America against my sister and myself in a four-ball foursome. With the strain of Championship play behind us, we were all out to enjoy ourselves and I shall never forget that match with its thrills and amusing incidents. A little

gentle persuasion had the effect of making Miss Stirling "hit out" as no one had ever seen her hit before, and the results were splendid. Her swing, which is wonderful at any time, became better and better the harder she hit and the length and direction she acquired were so gratifying that her many admirers wished that she would more often adopt similar powerful methods.

The enormous gallery was tremendously interested in the match, but no members of it more so than His Excellency, the Governor-General Lord Byng of Vimy, who is a keen golfer. It eventually ended in favour of the English pair by a margin of 4 up and 2 to play. In order to convey a correct impression of the standard of play it may be remarked that the best ball of the winners was four better than "par" figures for the holes played and that of the losers was exactly "par" total.

At the conclusion of the match the numerous prizes in connection with the Championship meeting were presented to the winners by Lord Byng, and one of the most enjoyable and interesting of the eighteen Championship Meetings I had then attended was brought to a close.

That evening we tried to "make merry," but there was ever present the feeling that to-morrow we should have to bid good-bye to the many new friends we had made and whom we should not meet again for many months. The following day we left for New York *en route* for the National Championship which was to start on October 3, a week later, at Hollywood, Deal, New Jersey.

Travelling in America is certainly easy and comfortable, but the amount of it is not at all to my taste.

An American or Canadian speaks of a twelve hours' journey as though it were nothing. "Oh! it is nothing. It is just overnight" is the usual way of referring to a journey which we would regard as a serious venture, and I fear we were regarded as "slack" when we did not feel fit to undertake a journey for two days' golf which would have necessitated about four days and four nights in the train.

The day we arrived in New York, after the sixteen hours' journey from Ottawa, my sister and I were entertained by some of the members of a unique Club near New York called the Links Club. The hundred members have one of the finest courses in the States, a social club in New York and a delightful old farmhouse as a club-house for the course. Every piece of furniture in the latter is an antique, and all the linen, china, glass, and silver bear a mark which is a copy of an old tile depicting two golfers of the earliest days of the game. The Club is run on communal lines, every single expense, including lunches, entertaining, beverages, and so on, being shared equally by the hundred members at the end of each year.

Mr. Charles B. MacDonald, the well-known golf course architect, took us over some of the holes. It is a fine course and we longed to play over it. The spirit was willing, but the strain of the previous week together with a night journey rendered the flesh weak!

Weary though we were, we could not resist playing the following day, especially as the course to which we were invited was that of the oldest Club in the States—St. Andrews, just outside New York, which dates back to 1886. It is delightfully situated and I thoroughly enjoyed this, my first round on a course in the States. My sister played her first round in

the States over the course of the Niagara Falls Country Club.

It takes some little time for British visitors to get accustomed to the American climate and at first we all felt the humid heat rather trying.

After three days in New York we proceeded to Deal, and one of the first golfers we met on our arrival was Mrs. Latham Hall (*née* Miss Chubb, runner-up in the Ladies' Open Championship at Lytham and St. Annes in 1913). We, who knew her ability as a golfer, fully expected her to do well in the event, but our remarks to this effect were received by many with scepticism, as the majority had never heard of "Mrs. Latham Hall."

The Hollywood course is the most difficult I have yet seen and one of the longest I have ever played over. There are only 5 holes which can be regarded as less than "par 5" under the Ladies' Golf Union method of reckoning. The total length is 6,705 yards, but it is not the length of the holes which makes them difficult; it is the bunkering and the undulations on the greens, while an added, and it is to be hoped temporary, difficulty was the condition of certain portions of the fairway. The phenomenal drought of 1921 had reduced the ground to a rather trying state and a certain variety of objectionable worm had eaten the roots of the grass and left the surface loose. This plague had attacked a number of courses in the States and those in charge were at a loss to know how to combat it.

The keenness of American lady players was evidenced by the huge entry of 183 competitors. A qualifying round of 18 holes for 32 places took place on the Monday. The first couple left the tee at 7:30 a.m., and

the last of the 163 starters finished just before 6 p.m.!

Mrs. Latham Hall satisfied her admirers by tying for the top place with Miss Glenna Collett, one of the young school of American players, who, although only 18 years of age, had benefitted by three years' experience in open events.

Fine though their returns of 85 were for a course of which the "scratch score" on that day would be 80, the most creditable performance of all was that of Mrs. Caleb Fox, the pioneer and doyen of women's golf in the United States. It is no secret that Mrs. Caleb Fox is over 60 years of age and every one was delighted when it became known that she had qualified with a return of 94. Out of the whole field there were only 11 scores below that total.

The following was the order of the draw with the score returned in the qualifying round and the Club from which the player entered:—

Miss Glenna Collett (Rhode Island), 85.

Miss Edith Leitch (Carlisle and Silloth), 95.

Miss Bessie Fenn (Portland), 91.

Miss Mildred Calverley (Philadelphia), 97.

Miss Elaine Rosenthal (Ravisloe), 88.

Mrs. A. S. Rossin (Century), 97.

Mrs. Alex Smith (North Hills), 94.

Miss Dorothy Klotz (Indian Hill), 98.

Miss Cecil Leitch (Carlisle and Silloth), 87.

Mrs. A. F. Hammer (Pomonok), 96.

Mrs. Letts (Onwentsia), 92.

Mrs. Blumenthal (Fairview), 98.

Miss Marion Hollins (Westbrook), 89.

Mrs. L. M. P. Spaulding (Buffalo), 97.

Mrs. David Gaut (Memphis), 95.

Mrs. E. W. Daley (Brae Burn), 99.

- Mrs. Latham Hall (Mid-Surrey), 85.
 Mrs. W. A. Gavin (Belleclaire), 96.
 Mrs. Melvin Jones (Olympia Fields), 92.
 Miss E. Pierce (Skokie), 97.
 Miss Alexa Stirling (Atlanta), 89.
 Miss Harriette Shepperd (Hartford), 97.
 Mrs. Caleb Fox (Huntingdon Valley), 94.
 Mrs. Wimpfheimer (Hollywood), 99.
 Mrs. Thomas Hucknall (Forest Hills), 88.
 Miss Georgianna Bishop (Brooklawn), 96.
 Miss Sara Fownes (Oakmont), 94.
 Mrs. L. W. Midas (Butterfield), 98.
 Mrs. C. H. Vanderbeck (Philadelphia), 90.
 Mrs. H. Grumbach (Hollywood), 97.
 Mrs. L. H. Fordyce (Youngstown), 95.
 Mrs. Albert Printz (Oakwood), 99.

The name of Miss Doris Chambers was missing from the list. She was unable to play owing to a poisoned foot and rather than qualify and "scratch," the Cheshire player took the more sporting step and made "no return."

Miss Edith Cummings, Miss Rosamund Sherwood, Mrs. Thruston Wright, Mrs. Stout (*née* Miss G. Hecker), a three times Champion, and Mrs. Jackson (*née* Miss Kate Harley), Champion in 1908 and 1914, were among those who failed to qualify. The first mentioned had a terrible time in a bunker on the left of the green at the long 10th hole, which was to be my *bête noire* and the pet aversion of many before the end of the Meeting. The hole measures 510 yards and Miss Cummings reached the bunker in 3, but eventually holed out in 12! It was a tragedy, as the Championship was robbed of a great deal of interest

by the failure of a player who is, by general consent, one of the most promising in America.

In the first round and the first match out my sister, showing her best form since leaving England, defeated Miss Collett by 3 and 2.

Mrs. Latham Hall kept up her fine form of the previous day and accounted for Mrs. Gavin at the 20th hole. This was the most exciting match in the first round and provided some of the best play of the Meeting. At one time 3 down, Mrs. Gavin eventually squared the match on the home green with a fine 4. Two perfect shots by each player at the 19th resulted in a half in 5, and two equally fine shots to the 20th by Mrs. Latham Hall finished a struggle well worthy of a late round in the Meeting.

It was evident from the remarks overheard in the crowd that this match was regarded as having an international flavour. But unfortunately, and rather amusingly, the good wishes of the American partisans were carried by Mrs. Gavin, who is in reality British, instead of by Mrs. Latham Hall, who is by marriage an American.

Speaking for myself and my sister, during the whole of our American visit we never encountered any anti-British feeling, but were always conscious that every one wanted the best golf and the best player to win.

My opponent on the first round, Mrs. Hammer, found the course long and difficult and lost on the 11th green.

My sister maintained her good form of the previous day and defeated Miss Mildred Calverley in the second round chiefly by accurate approaching and good putting, which evoked the applause and admira-

tion of the spectators. Miss Elaine Rosenthal, Miss Marion Hollins, Mrs. Latham Hall, Miss Alexa Stirling and Mrs. Vanderbeck all realized expectations by winning their matches.

This round witnessed my eclipse and disappearance from the event, save as an interested spectator. The player to whom I succumbed was Mrs. F. C. Letts, Jr., of Chicago, and the extent of my defeat 1 down. I gained a lead at the 1st hole and kept it till the 15th, where my opponent drew level with a fine drive on to the narrow green, from which she secured a 3. A fine chip from the rough to the hole side gave her the 16th. But we were square again on the 18th tee. Both on the home green in 2, Mrs. Letts continuing her beautiful work on the greens holed out in 4 to my 5 before an enthusiastic and sporting crowd which the thrilling nature of the match had swelled to enormous proportions. Mrs. Letts earned her win by thoroughly steady and accurate play and by taking the opportunities offered her.

Mrs. Latham Hall and my sister again provided the sensations of the day in the third round, but neither survived. I have seldom watched a better game than that in which Miss Alexa Stirling triumphed over Mrs. Latham Hall. Mistakes were made by both, but these were more than counteracted by brilliant recoveries. The gallery was an enthusiastic one, every member of it keenly anticipating a close match. Miss Stirling stood 2 up and 4 to play, and looked like winning the 175 yards 15th when she put a beautifully played iron shot on to the closely guarded green. Mrs. Latham Hall, however, played a dream of a spoon shot to within 3 yards of the hole

and reduced the deficit. A long putt for a 5 by the same player on the following green robbed Miss Stirling of the win of which she looked certain and a half resulted. Another half in 4 at the 17th left Miss Stirling dormy 1. On the home green Mrs. Latham Hall was within an inch of holing a 25 yards putt for a 3 and a win. It was a sensational finish to a wonderful match, and there was general regret that Mrs. Latham Hall was denied a further opportunity of exhibiting her ability as a splendid match player and an exceptionally steady golfer.

Miss Elaine Rosenthal and my sister had to go to the 19th before they could decide who should oppose Miss Marion Hollins on the morrow. The former eventually had that privilege, but she stated that the English player was the victim of much misfortune on the greens, while my sister's opinion of Miss Rosenthal's game was similar to that of the best critics: "That she is one of the most promising players in the United States, with sound judgment and a splendid knowledge of the game."

Mrs. Letts entirely failed to produce the form to which she treated me and fell an easy victim to Miss Hollins, while Mrs. Vanderbeck's proverbial steadiness allowed her to pass into the semi-final at the expense of Miss Sara Fownes.

Nothing could have been closer than the two matches in the semi-final of the National Championship, for which a record number of players had entered, as one finished on the home green and the other on the 19th. Both, however, were matches which might just as easily have gone the opposite way, especially that in which Miss Hollins succeeded against Miss Rosenthal. There can seldom have been

a Championship in which single mistakes and very slight errors played such an important part in the results. If a player offered an opportunity her opponent seized it.

The holes on many of the greens were cut on quite terrifyingly difficult slopes. But this seems to be a not uncommon practice in America and may partly account for the brilliant putting of the Americans, both in their own country and when they find themselves on our comparatively easy greens.

The more I saw of the links, the greater became my respect for its perplexities. At one particular hole there are no less than thirty-seven bunkers!

The 36-holes final was fought out between Miss Alexa Stirling, three times National Champion, and Miss Marion Hollins, who had been knocking at the door of the title for some time. The play was hardly worthy either of the occasion or the players. But this is often the case in a Championship final when the players are feeling the physical strain of the previous matches and the nervous strain of this final ordeal. Moreover, on this particular day wind and rain vied with one another to make good golf even more difficult. The Champion of the past three years became the ex-Champion on the 32nd green, and Miss Marion Hollins became the holder of the title by 5 up and 4 to play. Congratulations were showered upon the new Champion, condolences freely offered to the runner-up, but, no doubt, success would have been even more pleasing and defeat less disappointing had the play in the deciding match been worthier of the two contestants.

So ended the first National Championship in which I took part and I was already looking forward to a

return visit among those whose kindness, hospitality, consideration, and keenness on the game made our first experience a memorable one.

“Here to-day and gone to-morrow” seemed to be our experience during the trip, as the National was no sooner ended than we were *en route* for Philadelphia, where we were the guests of Mrs. Caleb Fox at her beautiful home at Ogontz, and took part in the Invitation Tournament at the Huntingdon Valley Club. This Tournament follows the National each year and draws a large and representative entry, not only on account of its importance, but also because of Mrs. Caleb Fox’s great popularity. Her name in the United States is a household word wherever golf is played, and her interest in ladies’ golf almost equals that of Mrs. Miller. It is only necessary to look around her home and see the number of presentation cups of which she has been the recipient, to realize how much her work has been appreciated.

The entry for the event numbered over 100 and included all the best players who had competed in the National, with the exception of Miss Hollins, Miss Stirling, Mrs. Latham Hall, and Miss Doris Chambers.

The Huntingdon Valley course is quite the most English in appearance that we saw, but unfortunately, like many others that we played over, the grub worm had wrought havoc with the fairways. The chief hazard on the course is a stream, which has to be crossed sixteen times (at least!); other difficulties are trees, ordinary sand bunkers, and roads over which there is constant traffic. The L.G.U. scratch score would be 80.

Sixteen players qualify to take part in the match-



42. THE TENTH GREEN ON THE HUNTINGDON VALLEY COURSE

Miss Leitch partnered by Mrs. W. A. Gavin in the qualifying round of the Berthelyn Tournament

play stages of the Berthellyn Cup Tournament and three Consolation Tournaments provide match-play events for the second, third and fourth sixteens respectively.

In the premier Tournament the previous year Mrs. Barlow had made the Cup her own property by winning it three times. Mrs. Caleb Fox was regretting the fact that the trophy had not been replaced, but her disappointment was premature. On the eve of the Tournament she was presented with an even more handsome cup. The gift of her children, this cup bears a most suitable engraving and is now a challenge one to be held by the Club from which the winner enters.

The qualifying round of 18 holes brought most of the "expecteds" into the first sixteen. I managed to win the Gold Medal for the best gross return with 82, a score which tied with Miss Alexa Stirling's for the ladies' record of the course. This effort, however, was just a "flash in the pan," and the following day I fell back to the rather ragged form which lack of energy and of concentration produces. My victor was Miss Glenna Collett, who eventually won the Tournament, beating Mrs. W. A. Gavin in the final. With sisterly sympathy my sister also fell an easy victim in the first round to the ultimate runner-up.

Not as an excuse at all, but as a matter of interest I may perhaps be allowed to say that during the first three weeks of our visit in the United States we found the game something of an effort and could sympathize with American visitors to Great Britain, who fail to do themselves justice until they become acclimatized. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the wonderful record of Duncan and Mitchell in the series of exhibi-

tion matches in which they took part during their American tour in 1921, as both severely felt the change of climate.

During our week's visit we motored over to lunch with Miss Griscom and her mother, aged 82. Competitors at the Ladies' Open Championship at St. Andrews in 1908 will remember Miss Griscom and most British visitors to America must know Mrs. Griscom, who takes the greatest interest in ladies' golf and loves to tell of the unbeaten record of Miss Rhona Adair (now Mrs. Cuthell), during her visit to the United States.

As we motored through the wonderful park at Philadelphia, with the trees glorious in their autumn colouring, it was difficult for us to believe that we were not in the English Lake District, so strong was the resemblance.

That afternoon we played a four-ball match with the Misses Harriet and Margaret Curtis at Merion, but we were all more interested in talking golf than playing it and the conversation was chiefly of the doings of the British players whom the Sisters Curtis met during their visits in 1905 and 1907.

We hoped to play over the famous Pine Valley course while at Philadelphia, but unfortunately lack of time made this impossible.

The following week I took part in an Invitation Tournament held by the Belleclaire Club. The course is a comparatively new one near New York, laid out over undulating ground with sloping greens. By this time the weather was cooler and my play improved in consequence. A return of 81 in the qualifying round gained for me the Gold Medal for the best gross score and a place in the first of four sixteens

to take part in the match-play stages. Among those who stood the test were Mrs. Gavin, Mrs. Heckscher, Mrs. Hucknall, Miss Glenna Collett, and Miss Louise Elkins, the last of whom was a competitor in the Ladies' Open Championship in 1911 and 1921.

The 18th hole at Belleclaire is one of the most terrifying I have ever seen, although only about 165 yards in length. A lake about 150 yards long guards the base of a triangular-shaped green, the other two sides of which are protected by deep pot bunkers. To add to the difficulties the green slopes from back to front and from right to left. Even those who choose to play to the right of the lake from the tee have a difficult pitch on to the sloping green. Nevertheless it is a fine hole and a good shot is richly rewarded while a bad one is severely punished.

My opponent in the first round was Miss Elkins, whom I disappointed by failing to do the last three holes in par figures and so complete the course in 77.

In the second round I defeated Mrs. Heckscher, and, incidentally, holed out the course in 76 strokes. I was much impressed by my opponent's steady play and easy style. Although slight in build, Mrs. Heckscher hits a long ball and has the happy knack of applying power at the right moment.

The following day afforded me a further opportunity of watching Miss Collett. Good though she now is, this young player will be a still more dangerous opponent in the near future when she steadies down. Although she has been a pupil under several good coaches, including Alex Smith, her method of play gives the impression that she has a natural aptitude for the game which allows her to depart from the absolutely orthodox style. Nearly every lady player

in the United States has a beautiful swing, but there are few who hit hard. Miss Hollins, Miss Stirling and Miss Collett are among the exceptions who really hit out at the ball. It is surprising that the good results they obtain by so doing have not led others to follow their example.

By defeating Miss Collett I passed into the final, where I met Mrs. Hucknall, who in the semi-final round accounted for Mrs. Gavin, a member of the Club and organizer of the Tournament. The dreaded short 18th hole was Mrs. Gavin's undoing, but full credit must be given to her opponent, who is a particularly steady player.

A strong wind severely handicapped Mrs. Hucknall in the 36-holes final, and was largely responsible for the margin of 11 up and 10 to play, which made me the winner of the particularly handsome first prize, a diamond bracelet.

Tournaments are delightfully run in the United States, and everything is done for the comfort and enjoyment of the competitors.

After the Belleclaire Tournament I had a day's rest from golf and was introduced to a new game—American football. The match to which I was taken was between a team from West Point, the famous Military Training School of the United States, and a team of Yale students, and the venue the famous Yale Bowl.

The Bowl itself is a sight worth seeing, as it seats the largest number of people of any structure in existence. Each of over 70,000 spectators has an uninterrupted view. There are 23 miles of permanent seats and 1,800 men are required to handle a capacity crowd. It was built by digging a large hole

and piling up the refuse around it, with the result that on entering by one of the thirty portals one is standing 27 feet above the playing field and 27 feet below the top row of seats.

Prior to the commencement of the game hundreds of West Point cadets paraded on the playing field in their very attractive uniforms, much to the delight of the 70,000 spectators.

Our seats were on the Yale side, near the Yale "cheering party," and exactly opposite the West Point "cheering party." Cheering forms a very important part of the programme, and throughout the game the leaders of the cheering parties with megaphones call upon the cheering parties to do their bit.

The play is entirely different from Rugby or Association football, but is interesting, and at times thrilling. It was a wonderful sight, and from all accounts we were fortunate enough to see an unusually good and close game, in which Yale was victorious by 14 points to 7.

Much to our regret we were unable to accept all the kind and attractive invitations received, but did manage to take part in one four-ball exhibition match over the Baltusrol course. It was a good game throughout, in which my sister and I suffered defeat on the home green by 1 hole against Miss Hollins and Mrs. Gavin. A beautiful prize was presented for the best gross score of the four, and this I was successful in winning with 84, the next best being Mrs. Gavin's 93.

October 28, 1921, was a "red-letter day" for me. On it I took part in two exhibition matches with the object of raising money for the Radcliffe College Endowment Fund. Radcliffe College is the Girton

of the United States. The scene of these two contests was the course of the Pelham Manor Country Club, and my opponents were the best lady player and the best professional respectively in the United States.

The course is a new one, laid out by Mr. Devereux Emmet, and was only opened for play the previous June. The holes are all of a good length, and the whole course provides a splendid test.

In order to save complications we decided to ignore the temporary local rule, which allowed a player to tee the ball when in a bad lie on the fairway. The course was at full stretch 6,419 yards, which gives the men a par score of 74. The L.G.U. "scratch score" would work out at 82, allowing nothing for the difficult lies.

In the morning Miss Stirling and I had the closest of three matches in which we have been opposed (one in Scotland, one in Canada, and this our first match in the United States).

We were both hitting the ball well, but were rather feeling our way on a course we had never seen before. The final result was a win for me on the home green by 2 up with an approximate score of 88 to my opponent's 92.

The afternoon match in which Jimmy Barnes and I met must be referred to in its proper place, Chapter XII.

Our first visit to the United States ended with a memorable week-end spent with Mr. and Mrs. Devereux Emmet at "Sherrewogue," their charmingly situated home on Long Island. Our host and hostess are well known in hunting and golfing circles on both sides of the Atlantic, and require no further

introduction, nor does their niece, Miss Rosamund Sherwood, who was also of the party.

During the week-end we played over the Garden City course with which is always associated the name of Mr. Walter J. Travis, who won the British Amateur Championship in 1904. At St. George's the following day Miss Sherwood and I received a sound beating by 4 and 2 in a four-ball foursome against Miss Hollins and my sister. The National Champion converted what promised to be a particularly close match into a veritable farce by suddenly producing a streak of phenomenal putting! I had every reason to respect Miss Hollin's putting after my experience against her at Turnberry earlier in the year, but I became an even greater admirer during that week-end. On two greens in this particular match she holed putts of 25 yards for wins and, what is more, the ball never looked like missing the hole from the instant it was hit.

At the end of the game each player was presented with a prize—yet another example of the generosity of the Americans.

On October 31 I played my last game on that trip, but it was one which I shall never forget. Miss Hollins and I opposed Mr. Devereux Emmet and Mr. Follett, the Staten Island Champion, in a four-ball match over the famous National Links.

Our chances of success were considered small, but chiefly owing to Miss Hollin's brilliant play we won by 2 up after being 2 down and 6 to play. My partner always finds that this wonderful links has an inspiring effect upon her game, which is not surprising, as the links, the air and the surroundings are all conducive to good play. Miss Hollins had often told us that we must play over the National Links, but I never

thought that any links could be so truly fascinating in every way.

So the golfing part of my trip to Canada and the United States began on the 9-hole course, Braeside, Senneville, P.Q., and ended on the National Links, Long Island, and I was left with wonderful impressions, delightful memories of everything connected with it, and the hope that nothing would prevent me from making a similar but more extensive tour the following year.

Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality that were extended to us by the American and Canadian peoples. After a fortnight in Montreal, during which we gained some idea of a Canadian winter, we embarked at Quebec for home on *The Empress of France*. As we passed down the river St. Lawrence thick snow covered the country on either side, and it was difficult to believe that only ten weeks before we had looked out upon the same country in its summer beauty. Small wonder that the Canadians and Americans envy us Britishers who are able to play golf practically the whole year round. They have to give up the game for about five months in the winter and take to indoor tennis, skating, skiing, or riding. There are numerous indoor golf schools throughout Canada and America, where the best professionals give lessons, but those who have attended them are nearly all of the opinion that practice of this kind gives them too feverish a longing for the real thing.

CHAPTER XII

FAMOUS AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS I HAVE PLAYED

HOW many strokes can a first-class amateur allow a good lady player? This question has for many years troubled the minds of the golfing community. With a view to deciding this a number of matches have been played between members of the two sexes, but even now no final decision has been arrived at, nor is likely to be. The first match arranged for the purpose of solving what became generally known as the "eternal problem" was under the auspices of *The Ladies' Field*, and those invited to take part in it were Mr. H. H. Hilton and myself. Although the views of many press critics had been freely aired, no one imagined this "test" match would excite the enormous interest that it did.

Mr. Hilton maintained that in a match of this description an amateur could concede 9 strokes in 18 holes. This opinion was based on a series of matches at these odds with Miss Rhona Adair (now Mrs. Cuthell), when she was champion, the majority of which he had won.

The "test" in which Mr. Hilton and I met was one of 72 holes—36 at Walton Heath, 36 at Sunningdale—on October 11 and 13, 1910. For weeks before, the match was widely discussed, opinions greatly differing as to the probable result.

The only previous experience I had had of a similar event was on the occasion already referred to when I defeated the late Tom Ball over his own links at the same handicap. I had never seen Mr. Hilton play,

but his name and record were well known to me, and I knew that I should have to produce my best form in order to make a fight.

Perhaps I was given some confidence by the wise and encouraging advice of that wonderful judge of form, James Braid, who during a friendly round at Walton Heath told me just to play my own game and I would come through.

In practice a day or two before the match I went round Walton Heath in 80, my opponent-to-be holing the course in six strokes less.

So unique a match was likely to attract a following, but I shall never forget my surprise when I arrived at the Club-house at Walton Heath to find a crowd of about 3,000 spectators, one of the biggest crowds ever seen on a Southern course.

At times it was hard to find room to swing a club, so eager was the crowd to see every stroke, and on one occasion Mr. Hilton was not allowed to finish his follow through! The chief thing that I recollect about the first half of the match is that I seldom saw my opponent play a shot through the green. It was only after the crowd had formed a circle around the green that I was given an opportunity to watch Mr. Hilton. We both struck a patch of somewhat indifferent play during the first 36 holes and both slipped a number of chances, but on the other hand we occasionally did something brilliant. My own best effort was at the 17th hole in the morning round. The hole measures 457 yards, and after a moderate drive, which finished in the edge of the rough on the left, I managed to reach the green with a brassie, hole out in 4 and win my first hole on level terms. The result of the first day's play was a lead of 1 hole for my opponent, but



43. TURNING POINT OF MEMORABLE 72-HOLES MATCH WITH MR. H. H. HILTON
—ON THE FOURTH GREEN AT SUNNINGDALE IN THE FINAL ROUND



44. A WONDERFUL RECOVERY
BY MR. H. H. HILTON

from the deep bunker guarding
the 17th green at Walton Heath,
the ball finishing near the hole



45. EXPLOSION SHOT—NOTE THE BALL IN THE AIR

I was not allowed to forget that had I holed a 4-foot putt on the last green we should have been as we were when we started.

The considerate organizers of the match allowed us a day's rest before commencing the second half of the match. At Walton Heath we had a perfect day; at Sunningdale the weather conditions could not have been worse—a gale of wind and drenching rain.

At Sunningdale, as at Walton Heath, my strokes came at the even holes, but I remember little about the third round except that we were soaked to the skin before we reached the first green, and that I was 4 down with 18 holes to play.

In the afternoon a win in 4 at the 1st hole slightly improved my position, but the next 2 holes went to my opponent, and I felt that any chance of success I had ever possessed had now finally vanished. Five down and 15 to play with 8 strokes to come! The only thing that now interested me was to try to make my defeat as light as possible. On the 4th green Mr. Hilton missed a comparatively short putt, which allowed me to win back a hole with the help of the stroke allowance.

In a 72-holes match the pendulum swings first one way and then the other, but little did I think as I took the honour on the fifth tee of the fourth round that the time had come for it to take a decided swing in my favour. From that point I lost only 1 hole, and eventually won on the 71st green by 2 up and 1 to play.

Although the match failed to settle the much-discussed question, the result proved that Mr. Hilton's estimate was extraordinarily accurate. His total for the 71 holes played was $77 + 85 + 78 + 75 = 315$, and

mine was $90 + 93 + 92 + 76 = 351$, a difference of 36 strokes—the exact number of strokes I was allowed.

I always feel grateful to Mr. Eustace White, at whose suggestion the match was arranged, for giving me this unique and wonderful experience. Mr. Hilton is a most charming opponent, and I thoroughly enjoyed this and subsequent games I have had with him. Our next meeting was in another so-called “test” match, in which a team of first-class amateurs opposed a team of the best lady players at Worplesdon. The latter were given an allowance in length, that is, they were allowed to drive off from short tees. The result again proved nothing, as bunkers did not exist for the ladies, and the “start” at some holes was as much as 100 yards! It is always a treat to watch Mr. Hilton play, and I never fail to be impressed by the marvellous control he has over every club and his uncanny knack of making use of every zephyr that blows. With a spoon he is an absolute juggler, and when he takes this club to a distance he could easily cover with an iron, one almost feels that he must have made a mistake in the selection of his club.

If the first match in which Mr. Hilton and I took part did nothing else it certainly increased the interest taken in ladies’ golf by the amateurs, and *vice versa*, and before long a Ladies v. Men Match became an annual event at Stoke Poges. The amateurs concede a “half,” and up to the present have always gained the day, and will probably continue to do so for reasons which will be pointed out later. In the first of these team matches my opponent was Captain (now Major) Cecil Hutchison, whom I managed to defeat by 6 up and 5 to play. These matches afford us lady players a wonderful opportunity of watching and

studying the methods employed by our opponents, but the experience rather tends towards making us dissatisfied with our own weak efforts. I have never forgotten the accurate manner in which Captain Hutchison played his long iron shots. Time after time he placed the ball dead from distances from which a lady player would have been thankful merely to reach the green.

My opponent in the afternoon of this team match was Mr. H. E. Taylor, a Mid-Surrey player. With the assistance of my allowance I won by 3 and 2, but the final result of the day was a win for the amateurs by 13 matches to 5, which clearly showed that 9 strokes was not a sufficient allowance for the ladies.

In a similar team match over the same course in the spring of 1920 I met Mr. Montmorency, who completed the 16 holes played in 65 without any difficulty. It has been said that my opponent knows the course so well that the blades of grass bow to him as he passes, and judging by the way he placed his shots during that match I can almost believe the saying! I fell an easy victim by 3 and 2—the first defeat I had suffered in a match of this kind.

The following spring my opponent was Mr. Cyril Tolley, holder of the Amateur Championship title, but of that match it is kinder to say little, as he was playing very much below form.

During the autumn of 1920 I had a 36-holes match with Mr. Roger Wethered over the Huntercombe course. He allowed me 6 strokes each round, and eventually defeated me on the last green by 1 hole. Although neither of us regarded the game as anything more than a mere “friendly” match, it was particularly interesting to me, as my opponent’s play im-

pressed upon me more forcibly than ever that the game as played by men is entirely different from that played by ladies. At several of the long holes Mr. Wethered sliced into thick gorse, but, thanks to a kindly local rule, was allowed to pick out and drop behind under penalty of 1 stroke. For a lady player this would have been a severe penalty, as she would have required 4 shots to reach the green. My opponent, however, lost little, as he invariably took an iron, and with marvellous accuracy laid the ball within holing distance of the pin. Meanwhile I, with a full drive, a full brassie and an approach, was working hard for a half. Mr. Cyril Tolley was playing behind us on that occasion, and several times he drove just short of the green at holes where I had required a good drive and iron to cover the same distance.

Lord Charles Hope is another first-class amateur for whose game I have a great admiration. In several matches I have had with him, in all of which he has given me 4 strokes, he has played beautiful golf and beaten me. I shall always remember one particular drive he made against me at the home hole at Swinley Forest. Those who know this course will probably agree that the large tree at the corner of the garden, which juts out into the direct line to the green, forms a severe hazard for a long hitter. Lord Charles Hope carried over the tree with his tee shot, and the ball finished hole high on the left of the green, which I required two full shots to reach.

One of the closest matches I have ever played against a first-class amateur was that in which I was opposed to Mr. Charles Hezlet over the Newcastle links the day after the final of the Ladies' Open Championship in 1920. Any excuse was better than

none to remain there a few days longer, so an impromptu match was arranged in which a team of ladies played a team of members of the Club, the former receiving half a stroke a hole. The links was at its very longest stretch, so long indeed that we, who had played over it for a fortnight, hardly recognized some of the holes from the new teeing grounds. To add to the difficulties a strong wind was blowing, but in spite of all this my opponent completed the round in 70, and I just managed to win by 1 hole with a score of 82. Although Mr. Hezlet lacks the beautiful style of other first-class amateurs there is something extraordinarily fascinating in watching him beating the ball colossal distances and then putting with a delicacy of touch worthy of a Mrs. Morrice.

Considering the amount of golf I have played I have had comparatively little experience against first-class amateurs, but one particular week-end stands out in my memory. At the invitation of Lord Lurgan I took part in a team match at Addington shortly after the course was opened. Play was by foursomes, and each of the four couples which constituted a side played each of the opposing couples. The players were arranged so that the combined handicap of each couple was about 5.

My partner was Mr. J. F. Abercromby, whose deadly accuracy in the short game, combined with his steadiness through the green, have earned for him the name of "Colonel Bogey." We came through our four matches with flying colours, winning three and halving one. When Mr. A. C. M. Croome was told that Mr. Abercromby and I were to be partners he said, "You haven't a chance, and won't win a single match." For this remark he was severely reprimanded.

manded, and with a twinkle in his eye excused himself by saying, "I was merely casting a fly and always like a good rise." It is almost unnecessary to add that when we came through unbeaten Mr. Croome was sought out and, as my partner expressed it, "made to have a dry meal by eating his own words."

The couples whom we defeated were Colonel Moore-Brabazon and Mr. Lyell (2 and 1), Captain Hambro and Mr. Lonsdale (4 and 3), Mr. Bernard Darwin and Mr. Musket (3 and 2). It was Captain Cecil Hutchison and Colonel Strutt against whom we failed to do more than halve the match. This series of matches was responsible for making me a lover of the foursome game—a form of golf which I had previously regarded as a waste of time. But what a mistaken idea that was! Foursome play is one of the best forms of training, and we lady players would all become better judges of distances and more careful players if we indulged more frequently in the partnership game.

Though I have never yet enjoyed the privilege of playing with that perfect stylist, Harry Vardon, I have watched him play sufficiently often to make me envious of his deadly accuracy and an ardent admirer of his classic methods. An American critic, on being asked what she thought of Vardon's play, replied, "He is almost boring to watch, as his accuracy is so machinelike." No higher compliment could have been paid him. James Braid is the member of the "Triumvirate" with whose play I am most familiar. I have played in company with him on several occasions and never cease to marvel at his ability to recover from the worst possible lies. The last time I saw Braid play was on the new course at Walton

Heath in a dense fog. Several times during that round I asked him on what line he was going to play. In every case he went bang over the point for which he aimed and on arrival at the green we found his ball lying a few yards beyond the hole. It was a proof of local knowledge and an example of accuracy which impressed me enormously.

There is nothing Braid does not know about the Walton Heath courses and the way he brings off a difficult shot time after time with the same perfect result is almost incredible. It is little wonder that Braid is a favourite with every one. His genuine interest in the play of all, his keen sportsmanship and his dry sense of humour give him a most charming personality. *A propos* of his humour, mention must be made of the occasion when he played a rather mediocre shot at a short hole when partnered by a promising girl player. She holed a putt from the edge of the green for a 2. Braid recognized the brilliant recovery by remarking that "he was glad he had put her dead."

It was over the Mid-Surrey course in the autumn of 1919 that I had my first, and so far my only, game with J. H. Taylor. He gave me a "half," and I managed to win by 3 and 2, but the result was a very secondary consideration, and what interested me much more was to study the methods of the five times Champion. No one can fail to become enamoured of his mashie play nor of the decided snap with which the ball is struck with every shot. But almost more delightful than his actual play was his chivalrous concern for his opponent, whom he warned of unknown difficulties, and advised as to the right club to take and the correct shot to play.

The only recollections I have of a game at Coombe Hill in which Herd was taking part are of his mastery of the spoon and of the number of 3's he had in the round.

In the spring of 1920 I met one of the younger school, Abe Mitchell, over the Sonning course, to which he was then attached as professional. The object of my visit was to fix the L.G.U. "scratch score" for the course, but I could not resist the temptation to fall in with the suggestion of a member of the Club to play a 36-holes match with the professional whose tremendous length was the sensation of the golfing world at that time. Mitchell gave me a half and a severe beating, but, above all, he gave me still further proof that men's golf and ladies' golf are two entirely different games. The distance he obtained from his tee shots left him little to do, while his putting was like that of a man possessed. On the green he uses an old putting cleek which he found under the bench in his shop. Although his driving and his high mashie shots impressed me, the convincing manner in which he hit the ball up to the hole on the green left a still deeper mark upon my mind.

St. Jean de Luz is a wonderful district in which to play golf, as it is possible to play against fifteen different professional opponents in as many days. During a holiday at this delightful spot in 1921, I had several games with the best French professionals. The first of these matches was one of 36 holes against Arnaud Massy on his own course, St. Jean de Luz, in which he gave me 6 strokes each round and defeated me by 5 and 4. Although the course was very heavy (and under water in parts) it was not in the long game that I lost my chances. Strangers always find

these greens exceptionally difficult and it was chiefly in the short game that my opponent outplayed me. I do not, of course, suggest that I was able to equal Massy as regards length, but I was generally on or near the green in the same number of strokes and then it was that he showed his remarkable skill. He is a most interesting player to watch, and one cannot fail to notice the similarity to Taylor in the way he plays his mashie shots, while his putting is phenomenal. I have played several times with Massy, and I have never yet seen him putt badly. He is a delightful and entertaining opponent and, like others of his school, takes the keenest interest in the play of his adversary. He is not content to win a hole through the errors of his opponent and is quite upset when a bad shot is played.

It was in Spain, at San Sebastian, that I had my next match against professional opponents, and there I played a three-ball match of 18 holes with Jean and Claude Gassiat. With a third I managed to defeat the former by 2 and 1, and the latter by 4 and 2. The course was not in particularly good condition, as the season had not started, but I was interested to play over one of the five courses that Spain possesses, and to see the brothers Gassiat play.

Lafitte was my next opponent, and the venue, Biarritz. Even with the assistance of a third, I was 7 down at the end of the morning round and in a similar position with 10 holes to play, but this deficit had an inspiring effect upon me, and I eventually brought him to the 34th green. It was an exciting finish, as my putt sat on the lip of the hole for a 2 to his 3, on that green, and prevented me from making

use of my twelfth stroke at the 35th and, perhaps, from taking the match to the home green. Lafitte is a beautiful player, and an exceptionally long hitter. To show how little chance a lady has against these men it is only necessary to describe the play of Lafitte at the 18th hole in our match. This hole is one which requires two of my very longest shots and a short approach. Both times Lafitte pulled his drive, but put his second shot 2 yards from the pin with an iron. One might have considered the first one lucky, but when the performance was repeated the following round, one realized that it was not luck, but skill.

Yet another professional opponent with whom I played during that visit was Daugé, who also gave me a third in a 36-holes match over Biarritz and beat me by 2 up.

I never knew it was possible for anyone to hit a ball as far as Daugé* hit it at certain holes that day. If only he could putt he would be almost unbeatable, as he leaves himself so little to do after his tee shots.

Of the many interesting and enjoyable matches I have played against professional opponents, one of the most memorable was that in which I met Jimmy Barnes over the course of the Pelham Manor Country Club, New York, to which he is attached as professional. In the morning of the same day Miss Stirling and I had been opponents, so I now knew something about the course. I was asked to state the odds I wanted, and, knowing Barnes to be the finest player on the "other side" and realizing he was on his own course, I did not hesitate to announce that I

* Since this was written the game has suffered a heavy loss by the death of this fine player.

would like six bisques. I had also learnt that the record for the course was 74, and that Barnes' approximate best was 73, so it will be agreed that my calculations were accurate, provided we both played to form.

By the time we reached the turn I had used 2 bisques and the match was "all square," but even this apparently comfortable position did not fill me with confidence. From that point onwards Barnes played superlative golf and defeated me by 3 and 1. It is true I required three putts on two greens in the second half, but beyond that my play had satisfied me. The only word which describes the play of my opponent during those last nine holes is "perfect." I was beaten, but not disgraced, as Barnes holed the course in 68, five strokes better than his previous best, six strokes better than the previous record, and my own score of 82 was as good as I could hope for under the circumstances.

The following details will probably be of interest, especially those relating to Barnes' score, which will seldom be equalled. Throughout the round, his approaching and putting were marvellous, and his only real mistake was a drive "out of bounds" at the 3rd hole, but he more than compensated for this error by using only twenty-six shots on the greens.

Columns 3 and 10 of the following statistics are interesting, as they illustrate the method adopted by many clubs in the United States of showing at which holes strokes are given or received. For instance, five strokes come at those holes against which the numbers 1 to 5 appear, ten strokes come at those holes against which the numbers 1 to 10 appear, and so on.

After these various experiences of playing against first-class amateurs and professionals on different types of course, under varying weather conditions and on divers methods of handicapping, what do I consider an adequate allowance for a lady player? This is

Hole.	Yards.	Strokes.	Par.	Probable Ladies' Par.	Self.	Barnes.	Hole.	Yards.	Strokes.	Par.	Probable Ladies' Par.	Self.	Barnes.
1	494	5	5	5	6	4	10	155	16	3	3	4	3
2	310	13	4	4	4	3	11	356	10	4	5	5	4
3	524	1	5	6	5	6	12	255	12	4	4	4	4
4	154	17	3	3	3	3	13	465	6	5	5	7	4
5	333	11	4	4	4	3	14	525	2	5	6	5	3
6	385	9	4	5	4	5	15	410	8	4	5	5	4
7	399	3	4	5	4	4	16	135	18	3	3	3	2
8	435	7	4	5	4	4	17	516	4	5	6	6	5
9	294	15	4	4	6	4	18	274	14	4	4	3	3
Out	3,328		37	41	40	36	In	3,091		37	41	42	32
							Out	3,328		37	41	40	36
							Total	6,419		74	82	82	68

a question I have been asked constantly, but to which I have never felt able to give an answer until now. The number of strokes will never be known, but an allowance of bisques will settle the question. Nine strokes has become a recognized handicap for a first-class amateur to allow a first-class opponent of the

opposite sex. When it is remembered that the number of first-class amateurs is legion, and that the number of ladies with an L.G.U. handicap under 6 is infinitesimal in comparison, it will be realized that a definite number of strokes cannot be set down as a fair handicap.

In America the men are handicapped from a severe par. This means that a "scratch player" at an American club is a scratch player and not merely the best player at the club of which he is a member. The same remark applies to a lady player who has an L. G. U. handicap—that handicap ought to be a true representation of her form wherever she plays.

We have, therefore, two players with handicaps earned on a definite figure but from different standards. Roughly speaking, a L.G.U. "scratch score" is 8 strokes higher than the men's "par" score, which would mean that a scratch lady player would receive 6 strokes from a real scratch man.

When a casual critic reads an account of a match in which strokes have been allowed, he or she invariably jumps to the conclusion that every stroke gave the recipient a half or a win, but how often this is so is mere lottery. Reverting to the match in which I was opposed to Barnes, if I had received 9 strokes instead of 6 bisques, exactly 4 would have come in and I should have been beaten by 4 and 3. On level terms I should have lost by 6 and 4.

The facts that the giver of strokes generally wins each match in a knock-out tournament, and that the back-marker as often as not comes through the event, are proofs that strokes are an unsatisfactory and inadequate handicap. Many critics express surprise when a first-class lady player fails to win a match

in which she received 9 strokes from a first-class amateur, but these failures, especially in the Annual Ladies *v.* Men Match at Stoke Poges, are easily accounted for.

In defence of the ladies, and in praise of the men, it must be pointed out that at Stoke Poges there is not a single hole at which the amateurs cannot reach the green in 2 shots. This being so, 4's are only average golf for them, but 5 is the par figure for a lady player at 12 holes. Therefore, the chief reason why the amateurs will invariably win on this course is "superior strength."

Although many first-class lady players are wonderfully good at recovering from bad or difficult lies, they are severely handicapped at long holes when unable to use a brassie for the second shot. A man is not dependent upon good lies to the same extent as the green is probably within his reach with an iron club. Should he have a poor lie after his tee shot, he merely calls upon his reserve of extra strength and loses little or nothing in the length and direction of the shot.

Then again it often happens, that in a match in which the method of handicapping is by strokes, a lady has the misfortune to play the wrong holes well. For instance, at one of two consecutive long holes, she receives a stroke, at this she does a 4 to her opponent's 6, while at the next, on level terms, she may hole out in 5 to her opponent's 4. Should this occur, the recipient of the strokes loses the help of one of her strokes entirely.

From my experience against men opponents I have learnt many lessons, and have become firmly convinced that they have numerous other advantages over a lady player. To state but a few: they invari-

ably have the advantage of knowing exactly what the opponent has done with "the odd," they nearly always have an easier shot with the second, thanks to their better control of the club, and their superior length, and they are generally able to reach the long holes with an iron club for the second shot when their opponent is compelled to take a brassie with which she may not even reach the green.

At the 14th hole at Pelham Manor, which measures 525 yards, Barnes was past the pin with a drive and an iron and holed his putt for a 3, so securing what is known in American golfing parlance as an "eagle," that is, 2 strokes under the par figure. My 5, which was for me a "birdie" (1 stroke under the par figure for a lady), was obtained by a full drive, a full brassie, an approach and two putts! It is incidents such as this which make us realize the pathos of our efforts compared to those of the first-class players.

A man uses his fingers when a lady uses her hands, he uses a flick of the wrists for a shot to which a lady has to use the strength of her arms, he requires only a half shot where a lady player needs a full swing, and on those occasions when both hit their hardest, the lady is left yards behind. The only method of handicapping which can prove satisfactory under the circumstances is an allowance of bisques each one of which should give the recipient a half or a win. When the men are all handicapped on a systematic "basis" and if the best players are handicapped at "scratch" it will probably be found that a "scratch" man will be able to hold his own when conceding 6 bisques to a lady opponent with a L.G.U. handicap of "scratch." Should both be playing to form the result should be a very close match.

CHAPTER XIII

MY CONTEMPORARIES OF THE LINKS

IN thinking of my golfing contemporaries my thoughts sadly turn to two with whom I can never again have the pleasure of playing.

When the Great War broke out in 1914, lady golfers were second to none in responding to the call of patriotism. Though their war record would make noble reading, I must limit myself here to paying a tribute to the two whose lives were given in the service of their country—Miss Stella Temple and Miss Madge Neill Fraser.

The former was a splendid type of English girl, a true daughter of Devon, the incarnation of health and high spirits, and very popular. Miss Neill Fraser was a Scotswoman and of quieter mould, but equally likeable.

Miss Temple, who was a motor driver in France and a Commandant, died in 1918, after an attack of influenza, before she could receive the decoration that was to have been conferred upon her.

She was a very versatile athlete, gaining her English International colours at both golf and hockey, and having few equals at cricket. In addition to this, she was an accomplished musician and clever linguist. Besides these athletic and mental attainments, Miss Temple had a handsome presence and a delightful personality. She adorned the links. Her chief success at golf was at Turnberry in 1912, when she reached the final of the Open Championship and lost it to Miss Ravenscroft. But it was when leading

Devonshire that Miss Temple was seen at her best. Had she produced her county form in the big events, her successes would have been greater and more numerous. But, on these latter occasions, she never appeared to take things seriously, and seemed to be playing simply for the love of the game. Her firm, compact style and debonair walk between the shots are memories of Miss Temple that will always live.

Miss Neill Fraser died from fever in March, 1915, at Kragijevatz in Serbia, where she was acting as volunteer nurse and chauffeur in connection with the Serbian Army. As the result of a fund raised to her noble memory, a hospital was fitted up at Kragijevatz.

Miss Neill Fraser was a member of the Murrayfield, North Berwick, and Dornoch Clubs, and one of Scotland's most reliable players in International matches, a dauntless trier whom no bad luck could ever perturb. Her low ball travelled a long way and finished very little short of the player of big carries. Her chief successes were gained in the Scottish Ladies' Championship in which she was a semi-finalist in 1906 and a runner-up in 1912. Her best year in the open was 1910 at Westward Ho! when she won a bronze medal.

Wherever golf is played, the name of Miss Gladys Ravenscroft as she was, and of Mrs. Temple Dobell as she is, is a household word. No one is more deserving of the many honours that have fallen to her share, nor of the eulogistic remarks of which this cheery and sporting player has so often been the subject.

She has been my opponent on eight occasions, and I sincerely hope I shall meet her on many more in the future, as she is a most delightful rival and a remarkably fine player. Her style is decidedly unor-

thodox and her grip quite original, as she appears to use the fingers of her left hand, and the palm of her right. Mrs. Dobell has an upright swing, but adopts very powerful methods and acquires great length. She appears to favour a mashie and uses this club for distances which most of her sex require a jigger or iron to cover. For putting she uses an unusual stance, as she almost faces the hole and putts from the right side of her body. There are few players who use the push shot with such ease and effect as Mrs. Dobell. She probably finds this a simple shot to play, as with her wooden clubs she comes down on the ball by a slight forward movement of her body at the top of the swing.

Mrs. Dobell owes much to her golfing temperament. The result of any bad shot she may play is received with a cheery smile, and the wrong is invariably righted with the next stroke.

Competitors at the first English Close Championship after the War will probably remember the very damaged set of clubs with which Mrs. Dobell arrived at St. Annes. Questions as to the cause of their condition revealed the information that they had been lent to wounded soldiers to play with during convalescence. Several failed to survive the Meeting, but even so, the owner managed to reach the final with a very depleted set, and only failed to win the event outright through inability to hole out in less than three putts.

Mrs. Dobell has given strong support to the English International Team since 1911, and also the Cheshire County Team, while the following record in Championships is proof of her exceptional ability.

Winner of the Ladies' Open Championship	1912
Runner-up in the Ladies' Open Championship	1914
Runner-up in the Ladies' Championship of France	1912
Runner-up in the English Ladies' Close Cham- pionship	1919
Winner of the American Ladies' Championship	1913

Cheshire has produced many fine golfers and shortly after Miss Ravenscroft made her successful debut, the golfing world was told to look out for another formidable Cheshire player, Miss Muriel Dodd. Nor was rumour falsified, for on her second appearance in the Ladies' Open Championship, Miss Dodd justified her selection by Mr. John Ball as winner of the event.

The previous year, 1912, she had reached the fifth round, and only lost by a narrow margin to her friend, Miss Ravenscroft, the eventual winner.

To show that her British success was no mere flash in the pan, Miss Dodd captured the Canadian title the same year and continued to be a formidable opponent.

Fate seems determined to keep Mrs. Allan Macbeth, as she now is, and me apart, as we have never yet met in any of the many events in which we have both been competitors.

The only real opportunity I have had of watching her methods was during the *Ladies' Field Foursome* Tournament at Birkdale in the spring of 1921. Needless to say, I was much impressed by her easy style and the length she obtained by perfect timing. There is nothing vigorous nor forceful about her play, and her fine record is the result of accurate play and a good short game.

It would be difficult to find a player who times the shot better and more consistently than Miss Frances Teacher, the well-known Scottish Internationalist. Personally, I know of no lady golfer who can equal Miss Teacher's accuracy from the tee, the low trajectory with which the ball flies, or the amount of top spin she applies.

In the final of the Scottish Ladies' Championship in 1907, Miss Teacher had to go to the 21st hole before disposing of that dour fighter Miss Dorothy Campbell, while seven years later, in the last stage, she was only beaten at the 20th hole by Miss Eva Anderson.

Ireland always seems to have several outstanding players, and after the names of Mrs. Cuthell and the sisters Hezlet ceased to appear in the prize lists, Miss Janet Jackson came upon the scene to uphold the honour of Ireland.

The Irish Close Championship which is but one year younger than the Open event has been won by Miss Jackson four times in succession. Ireland has always had a player who dominated over all the other competitors, and it is interesting to note that of the twenty-four times the Championship has been played, only eleven names appear on the trophy as follows:—

1894	Miss Mulligan
1895	Miss Cox
1896—97	Miss N. Graham
1898	Miss Magill
1899	Miss May Hezlet
1900—03	Miss Adair
1904—06	Miss May Hezlet
1907	Miss Walker-Leigh



46. Mrs. Temple Dobell
(née Miss Gladys Ravenscroft)



47. Miss Janet Jackson



48. Miss Elsie Grant-Suttie



49. Miss Joyce Wethered

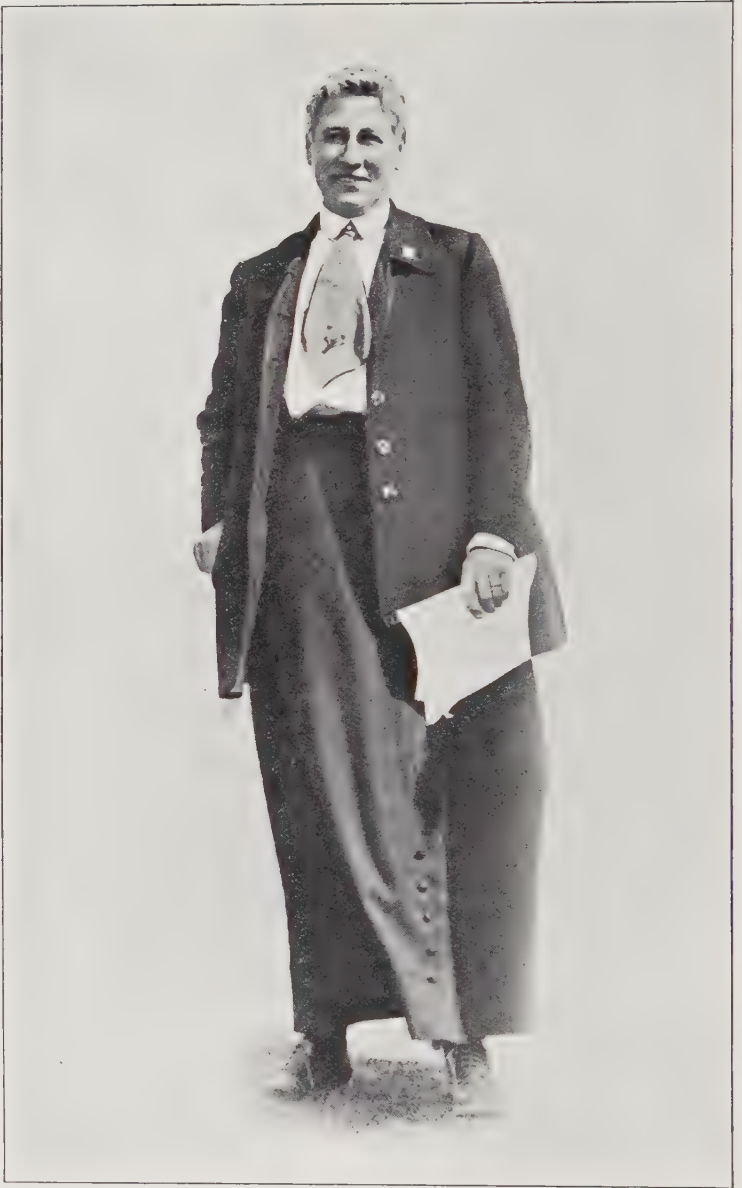


50. Mrs. Allan Macbeth
(née Miss Muriel Dodd)

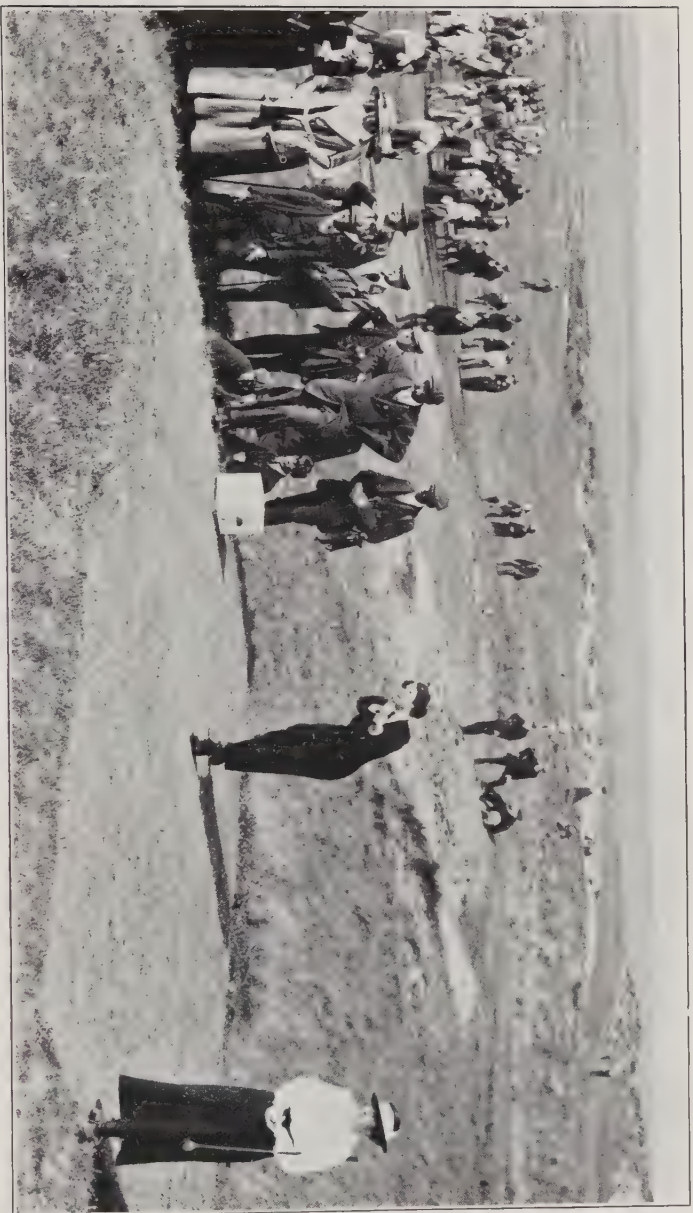


51. Mrs. MacGregor Millar
(née Miss May Leitch)

AN INTERESTING VARIETY OF GRIPS

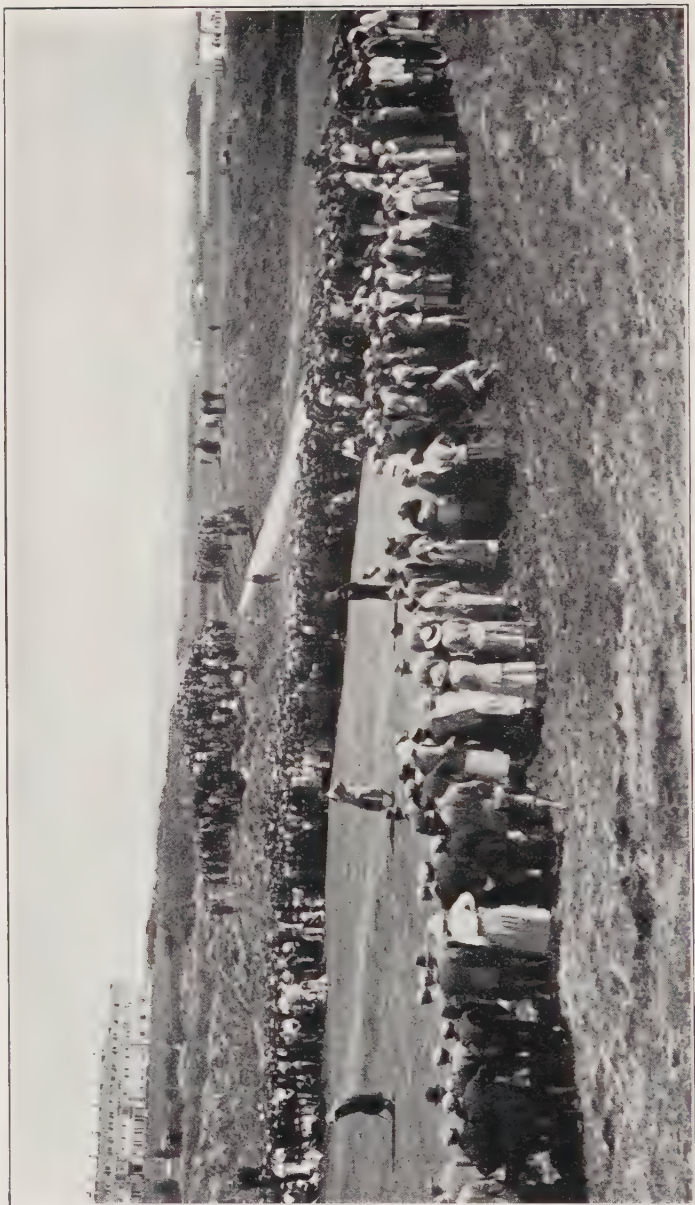


52. MRS. T. H. MILLER (NEE MISS ISSETTE PEARSON)



53. THE SEMI-FINAL OF THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP AT HUNSTANTON IN 1914

Extreme figure, on the right, Miss E. Grant-Suttie
Third from the left, the late Miss Madge Neill Fraser



54. Miss Joyce Wethered holing out in three at the long fourth at Turnberry in the Final of the first Open Championship in which she played

1908	Miss May Hezlet
1909	Miss Ormsby
1910—12	Miss Mabel Harrison
1913—14, 19—20.		Miss Janet Jackson
1921	Miss Stuart French

But it is not only in the Close event that Miss Jackson has shown herself to be possessed of exceptional skill, as she reached the semi-final of the Open in 1913, 1920 and 1921.

She is always an interesting player to watch as she employs a long, loose swing, similar to that depicted in photographs of competitors in the earliest Ladies' Open Championships. Miss Jackson is a long hitter and one of the best lady players of the present day. Her whole style implies confidence, and her play is certainly of a convincingly bold character. She is a player of much experience and equally good at match and medal play.

Small wonder that Surrey produces many fine lady players as it has more good courses than any other county, and to my mind one of its best golfers is Miss Gladys Bastin.

Although lacking the great length of some of her contemporaries, Miss Bastin hits the ball far enough, and with unusual consistency can generally be depended upon to give the best players an anxious time. Her height gives her great command over her shots, and with a safe, upright swing, she seldom wanders from the fairway. Although no Championship yet stands to her credit, she has invariably provided the best matches in these events, and in 1914 came within an ace of winning the English Close Championship

and the Ladies' Championship of France, only losing both by 2 and 1 in the 36-holes final.

Those who followed her match against Miss Wethered in the first round of the Ladies' Open Championship at Turnberry in 1921, will never forget the quality of her play.

If only Miss Grant-Suttie had rather more length she would still be at the top of the tree in ladies' golf. There is no lady player with a greater knowledge of the game than this famous Scottish player and no one who plays each shot more perfectly. Even on the rare occasions when Miss Grant-Suttie mishits a shot one can see that she knew exactly how to play it and that the bad result was mere accident. There are few players more impressive or more educative to watch than Miss Grant-Suttie, whose whole method of play is both correct and distinctive.

To come to the post-war players, Miss Molly Griffiths was the first to spring into prominence on the resumption of golfing activities. This representative of Surrey County might well be called the "Duncan" of ladies' golf as her quickness of decision and of execution is similar to those of the 1920 Open Champion.

On her day Miss Griffiths is a very difficult opponent to beat, and I shall never forget the tussle I had with her in the semi-final of the Ladies' Championship of France at Fontainebleau in 1921. After a ding-dong struggle for 16 holes I managed to gain a lead of 1 up and 2 to play. At the long and testing 17th hole a run-up approach of about 30 yards nearly found the hole, but instead of doing so left my opponent a dead stymie. With her first putt Miss Griffiths overran by some four yards in her endeavour to avoid another

stymie. The missing of the next putt would have meant the loss of the match, but with perfect sangfroid she holed it and took me to the home green where she just failed to hole out in 3. It was a great match and proved yet again that Miss Griffiths is a wonderful fighter and knows not the meaning of the word "nervousness."

Her record is a splendid one. Runner-up in the Ladies' Open Championship and the Ladies' Championship of France in 1920, her first year of competing in the big events, semi-finalist in the latter event in 1921, and one of the last eight in the former event in the same year, while in the less important fixtures she was always in the running.

Like Miss Jackson she is a medal player as well as a match player, and generally a particularly good putter.

An enthusiastic young American competitor in the Ladies' Open Championship at Turnberry went out one day to follow Miss Wethered, whose fine performance in the English Close Championship the previous year had made her the cynosure of the golfing world. On being asked what she thought of the Close Champion's game she replied, "When I saw Miss Wethered play I said to myself, 'If that is all golf is, give me a club and let me play right now.' " No higher praise could be found than this American criticism, as it absolutely sums up the simplicity with which Miss Wethered achieves her wonderful results. This young Surrey player gives the impression that she is absolutely at home with any club and that the game is no trouble to her.

I have met Miss Wethered on five occasions and

on each she has treated me to an exhibition of her ability to secure a sequence of holes in or under par figures. She never knows when she is beaten, in fact, she appears to be at her best when down. Her wonderful temperament is that of an experienced veteran and she never shows a sign of nervousness.

There can be little doubt that Miss Wethered's accuracy and length are largely the result of a straight left arm throughout the swing. Curiously enough, she adopts an unusual stance for so tall a player, as her feet are quite close together and her hands very near her body on the address for a full shot. Many critics are of the opinion that with a wider stance and her arms rather more extended Miss Wethered would be an even finer golfer than she is now, as she would be better able to apply the extra power which she so obviously has at her command.

Sundry references have already been made in previous chapters to the rare ability of Miss Stirling.

When she is on her game there is no player more attractive to watch, as every shot is played in the correct manner and her sound judgment and knowledge of the game enable her to play the right shot at the right time. Her approach shot with stop is, to my mind, her prettiest stroke, and one which strong wrists allow her to execute in the truly professional manner. Miss Stirling uses the lightest clubs I have ever found in the bag of a first-class lady player.

The National Champion of 1921 is a player who appears to be happiest when hitting out from the tee or on the putting green, but who has little interest in the "in-between" shots. It is curious that many of the longest hitters are also good putters, and Miss Hollins is certainly in this category.

She is a most delightful companion and gifted with

a keen sense of humour. Nothing is a trouble to Miss Hollins and she will undertake a long journey for a round of golf which few would consider worth while. No one is more appreciative of the good features of a course, a quality which makes her an interesting and satisfying partner or opponent.

The most unique record in the annals of ladies' golf is that of Mrs. Hurd (*née* Miss Dorothy Campbell), who has won the Ladies' Open Championship, American Women's Championship, Canadian Ladies' Championship, and Scottish Ladies' Close Championship.

Her successes in Championship events are all worthy of mention and show her consistent play over a large number of years.

Won Ladies' Open Championship	1909, 1911
Runner-up Ladies' Open Championship	1908
Semi-finalist Ladies' Open Championship	1904, 1905, 1906
Won Scottish Ladies' Championship	1905, 1906, 1908
Runner-up Scottish Ladies' Championship	1907, 1909
Won American Women's Championship	1909, 1910
Runner-up American Women's Championship	1920
Won Canadian Ladies' Championship	1910, 1911, 1912
Won Western Pennsylvania Championship	1914
Won North and South Championships	1918, 1920, 1921

Of all these the most creditable was probably the winning of the Ladies' Open Championship at Portrush in 1911, as Mrs. Hurd (then Miss Campbell) came over from the United States to take part, with little or no practice for five months before the Meeting. She gradually played herself into form during the event, and in the final was hitting the ball with accuracy similar to that shown in 1909, when she first won the event.

If by "my contemporaries" is meant those with whom I have played in the Open Championship, then Mrs. T. H. Miller must be included in this chapter, for we were sister-competitors for six years, from 1908 to 1913. It is interesting to note, in passing, that the last-named year, the coming-of-age year of the Open Championship, the honour of meeting Mrs. Miller fell to my sister Edith. In spite of not having touched a club since the previous year's contest, Mrs. Miller, thanks to her straight and accurate game, kept the match going for 13 holes.

Although twice a silver medallist, being runner-up to Lady Margaret Scott in 1893 and 1894, and a competitor in twenty-one consecutive Championships, Mrs. Miller will be remembered less as a player than as the organizer-in-chief of ladies' golf, the founder of the Ladies' Golf Union, over which she reigned for upwards of a quarter of a century, and the inventor of the L.G.U. handicap system. These are her titles to fame.

The incident that led to the evolution of the L.G.U. handicapping system, though an oft-told tale, will bear repetition. Mrs. Miller, then Miss Issette Pearson, was a member of the Wimbledon Ladies'

Golf Club, and during a certain journey was obliged to wait at a junction for a connection. Noticing a golf course near at hand, and having her clubs with her, Miss Pearson decided to while away the time by having a round.

On arrival at the Club-house she was fortunate enough to find a lady member without a game, and a match was arranged on their respective club handicaps. Before many holes had been played Miss Pearson realized that instead of receiving strokes she should be conceding them. This set her ingenuity at work on a system by which every lady golfer could gain a handicap truly representative of her play.

It is rumoured that the men are to adopt a similar method of handicapping. Could any higher tribute be paid to the founder of the L.G.U. and the originator of a system of handicapping that has proved so satisfactory and done so much for the well-being of ladies' golf?

The growth of the Ladies' Golf Union is nothing less than a romance. In 1893 twelve clubs belonged to the Union; now the affiliated clubs number nearly seven hundred.

What a monument is this to Mrs. Miller's administrative abilities and boundless zeal!

In an especial way Mrs. Miller was always the friend and mentor of young players, and ever on the watch for youthful talent, whose presence she was quick to detect. She endeared herself to all those with whom she came in contact, and the Championships were infinitely the poorer when her wonderful personality and inspiring presence were withdrawn. She had come to be regarded as a permanent institu-

tion, as an integral part of the Championship, indeed as the Championship itself. But though now absent from the Championship in body, she is always with us in spirit, and takes the same keen interest in the fortunes of ladies' golf.

“A sportswoman in the best sense of the word,” was how Mrs. Miller was once described, and there could be no better summary of her character.

CHAPTER XIV

MY FAVOURITE COURSES

IT is only natural that Silloth, the links on which I learnt the rudiments of the game, should be accorded, if not first place, then first mention among my favourite courses, though I must confess that as at present laid out Silloth does not appeal to me so strongly as the original links of my youthful affection.

The introduction of the rubber-cored ball necessitated the lengthening of many courses and, to my mind, these alterations robbed numbers of courses of their chief attractions. Silloth was one that suffered in this way. Those who knew this beautifully situated links in the days of the guttie ball will, doubtless, agree that the old "Frying Pan" hole and the one following it were a finer test of golf than those by which they were replaced. At the former it took a really well hit drive to carry the thick heather and reach the small hollow from which a good pitch approach might, or might not, remain on the small plateau green. A sliced tee shot would invariably find the steep-faced sand bunker which was really the broken-down end of the promontory on which the green was laid. Long hitters who went out for the green with the tee shot had to carry this steep broken bank, but the penalty from a mishit was seldom considered worth the risk.

The "Duffer's Bunker," the old 16th hole, used to strike terror into the hearts of the majority when it had to be carried from the tee with a stubborn

guttie, but now there are few who appreciate its former difficulties, while many of the numerous large sand-hills no longer come into play. But there is one attraction of the Silloth links that golf ball can never change nor custom stale. From every part of the links the player's eye may feast upon the most wonderful views.

On a fine autumn day the Scottish hills aglow with purple heather on the one side and the Cambrian Range on the other form an indescribably beautiful picture, while that narrow part of the Solway which separates England from Scotland has often been likened by those who have seen both to a beautiful Italian lake.

The time when my home links seems to me the most desirable is on a fine early autumn afternoon, when the sun is sinking behind the Scottish hills with Criffel, highest of the range, standing out in bold relief from its surroundings. In their wondrous glory Silloth sunsets, so travellers say, bear comparison with the best of other lands.

The Silloth links is still a splendid test of golf, but I never play a round without a sense of regret that the course is not as it used to be.

From the 195 different courses over which I have played I find it impossible to pick out one particular favourite. I can enjoy golf anywhere, and good courses are so plentiful and so varied in character that it is possible to love many equally well.

What golfer can deny that a round of the Old Links at St. Andrews is both an education and a delight? To have played at St. Andrews is to have drunk at the fountain head of the game. No player can ever be the same

St.
Andrews

or feel the same again who has played but once at St. Andrews.

But it is only a privileged few who know St. Andrews well enough to appreciate its difficulties. Though I love it, I do not know it; it would be presumption on my part to imagine I do. It was only the second 18-hole course that I played over, and owing to my limited knowledge of the game at that time, I did not know what the real qualifications of a good course were. To my immature experience the course seemed easy, for the special difficulties of my home course, thick heather, bent and sand dunes, were missing. But St. Andrews has its own special difficulties—traps for the unwary here, there and everywhere, concealed bunkers which lie in wait for the player who is off the line and off her game. St. Andrews easy! Let the player wait till things are not going quite so well for her and she will change her tune. The fact is that St. Andrews is neither too difficult nor too easy; it strikes the happy medium and is the ideal test of golf.

The courses perhaps most strongly and favourably impressed upon my mind are Newcastle, Co. Down; Prince's, Sandwich; St. George's Sandwich; Burnham, Somerset; Southerndown, and the National, Long Island, America.

This Irish course is in an enviable setting, under the Mourne Mountains and so close to the sea that the turf is of a true seaside nature. Its natural, undulating surface calls for every type of shot, while the length of the holes varies according to the strength and direction of the wind, of which there is seldom any lack. Those of us fortunate enough to compete there in the first post-war

Newcastle,
Co. Down

Championship, in 1920, saw and played over the course in many different kinds of Irish weather.

For ladies who are fond of wooden club play, some of the holes are a perfect length, as two full shots are required to reach the green. In addition, Newcastle has four fascinating holes at which a long straight drive finds the green. There is something very satisfactory in putting a full tee shot on the green, and I always remember being particularly impressed by the accuracy of the long hitters at these holes.

The 9th and 10th greens can both be reached from the tee, and the number of 2's and 3's done at these holes during that memorable Meeting were proof of the great improvement in the standard of ladies' golf.

Miss Joy Winn, when opposed to Miss Molly Griffiths, holed out in figures of which the majority of men would have been proud, and yet she was defeated by the enormous margin of 8 up and 6 to play! It may sound impossible, but it is nevertheless true, that her opponent completed the 12 holes played in 46 strokes—7 less than the "scratch score" figures for those holes. Surely this performance shows the brilliant form which some of the ladies are capable of producing!

Newcastle is certainly a delightful spot at which to spend a golfing holiday, and it is not surprising that many golfers go there year after year and refuse to be enticed to other links for a change.

Many years ago I was taken over from Walmer to
play on a new links close by. A perishingly
Prince's, cold east wind, sand hurtling through the
Sandwich air trying to blind those hardy enough to
play golf, fruitless efforts to carry deep bunkers with

tee shots. Thus I can sum up the impressions of my first round at Prince's, Sandwich. But what a different impression I gained when I played over it for five days in the spring of 1921! Then it was "golf de luxe." In spite of a dry spell the greens were as true as the most fastidious golfer could wish, and the sandy nature of the ground gave that response to a properly played pitch shot which is so pleasing after playing on ground which has been baked to the hardness of a macadam road. Two rounds a day for five days at Prince's, with a fresh breeze blowing from a different direction on each; what more can a keen golfer want?

The carries, maybe, are a trifle beyond the powers of some, but a short player need not be unduly discouraged for the long hitter who hopes to reach the green at the long 2-shot holes with her second, must produce two of her best and most accurate shots. If the latter fails to do this when opposed to a short and accurate opponent, she may find herself in a position similar to that of the hare of Æsop fable fame.

Prince's is the magnificent test of golf which brings home most forcibly the truth of that statement, "Length may be an asset, but unless it is combined with accuracy it is often a liability." There are three so-called short holes, but there is seldom more than one in the round at which a lady player can reach the green with anything less than a wooden club.

Nearly every green on this famous links falls away at each side, so accuracy in approaching is essential, but they are sufficiently extensive to allow of the ball being hit firmly up to the pin.

There are many holes at which even the very best players will require three firm "cracks" before they

can ask for a putter, so the player who is out of sympathy with her brassie will be inclined to look upon Prince's as a links which favours the fittest.

The views from the first tee and the peacefulness of the surroundings combine to make ideal conditions for the game. Behind the far-famed links of the Royal St. George's Club, to the left the picturesque old town of Sandwich, once one of the famous Cinque Ports, now left high and dry by a receding tide, to the right the waters of Pegwell Bay with a fine view across to Ramsgate.

Standing on that first tee, looking out across the links, every true golfer will wonder what awaits her. Will she be placing her tee shots with accuracy at the dog-legged holes, for the dog-legged holes are numerous and call for much placing, and be hitting her wooden club shots with the vim and accuracy that Prince's demands? Or will she be frequently finding her ball and herself in the humps and hollows, deep sand bunkers and sand-hills which make the links so picturesque to the eye but such a severe test of golfing skill?

There is an indefinable attraction in playing over a links each hole of which has a name. Who has not heard of the "Maiden" or 6th hole at St. George's? But the "Maiden" has changed in character during the last few years and has grown less formidable than she used to be, and we who did not know her in her youth have to be content with a description of her former cruelties. In the old days, at this 1-shot hole, the ball had to be hit high from the tee to carry a steep and terrible hill, but now

St.
George's,
Sandwich

a firm straight "punch" of 180 yards over a lower ridge will find the green.

St. George's like its next-door neighbour Prince's, has the right surroundings, the best turf and natural hazards. The fairways are not of the dead, flat type, and consequently a player must be prepared to play from a "hanging" or an "uphill" lie, when standing above the ball or below it.

From the ordinary tees this links is a perfect test of golf for a lady player. It is considered by many to be too blind, but personally I never consider St. George's unfair, and once one has been round it one ought to know the right and the wrong route to each hole. I may be mistaken, but I always suspect that those who criticize the blindness of a course are generally erratic players who wander from the proper line and are unable to judge with accuracy the length and direction of the next shot.

Deal is another wonderful links, but I cannot express an opinion of it as the alterations had not been completed when I last played there. But one thing can be said with certainty, that there could not be four finer holes for a finish than those at Deal. Dormy 4 is by no means a safe position on this links, while the player who is 4 down on the 15th tee need never despair. Every shot from the tee to the putt at these holes has to be played properly, and the lady golfer who beats an average of 5's for these holes has every reason to feel satisfied with her play.

Deal, St. George's, Prince's, are so close together in this order that it is possible to play a 54-holes match in one day, without any unnecessary walking. Close to the railings at Prince's Club House lies the 14th tee of St. George's, and just beyond the 4th green of

the same links it is only a matter of a few hundred yards to the outlying holes of Deal.

As a lover of Newcastle, Co. Down, it is probably not surprising that I have a similar affection for Burnham, a kindred type of links. The latter has a number of blind shots, but, to my mind, not a single unfair one. Alterations are to be made which will render the links an even finer test of golf. These alterations will do away with the 1st and 2nd holes, which have become unpopular on account of their shortness and blind character. A lady required a well-hit drive, dead on the proper line, to reach the 1st green, which always seems to me to be an attractive length. The drive had to be carefully placed at the 2nd and—at times—not too far, in order to simplify the approach over a particularly formidable sand-hill. But such a start is, of course, a handicap on a popular links, and the new 1st hole will undoubtedly relieve the congestion which short holes cause.

Burnham has a number of holes which are good 4's but mediocre 5's. The short holes—or perhaps I should say the holes at which one hopes for 3's—vary in character and length and are all interesting, but the 17th “Majuba” is in a class by itself. Anything from a mashie iron to a full drive may be required, according to the wind. A huge cone-shaped sand-hill has to be carried from the tee and slopes down gradually on the far side. It is this gradual slope, with undulating ground between it and the green, which deceives the unwary and causes so many disappointments.

The Burnham and Berrow Club has every reason

to be proud of its links and proud of its enterprising and ambitious Committee, who are continuously scheming to bring their links to a state of perfection. Nothing is allowed to stand in the way of improvement. If needs be sand-hills are removed with as little concern as worm-casts.

Burnham is another links which has delightful surroundings. On the left, as we play the outward holes, we get the most lovely views of the Somersetshire coast around Minehead and also the south coast of Wales, with the islands of Steep Holme and Flat Holme filling up the gap between.

On the right a chain of hills with the Cheddar Gorge in the distance forms a marked contrast in the scenery.

To see Southerndown is to love it, to play well around it a joy, but the player who is not on friendly terms with her driver and brassie Southern-
down will be well advised to keep away from it.

Players who know Southerndown have been heard to remark that they never knew what bad golfers they were until they tried to play round this Welsh links in a fresh sea-breeze.

It is an extraordinary mixture of downland undulations, seaside turf, artificial bunkers, and that additional difficulty which we only expect to find on a heath course—bracken.

The greens are closely guarded, but the size of each is in keeping with the length of the hole.

Wooden club play must be long and accurate. I have yet to see another course where the latter quality is equally essential. There is not a single shot at

Southerndown which can be played in a casual manner without meeting punishment.

Each of the four short holes is a test of skill and accuracy in judging distance, especially that known as "Carter's Folly," at which a firm iron shot with "stop" is the only one that can be expected to remain on the green which lies beyond a deep gully. Brigadier-General Carter, the popular Secretary of the Club, who designed this hole, was my partner when I played over the links. In the 4-ball foursome in which we took part each player played the proper tee shot to this tricky hole, and the 4-balls lay close to the hole, much to the delight of the designer of the hole.

There are numerous good 2-shot holes and some which require three good shots from a lady player before she can call for a putter, but the great joy of this famous Welsh links is that a good shot is always rewarded and the bad one seldom escapes punishment. All is peace and quietness around, and the scenery such that one hates to leave it for the less ideal surroundings of an inland course.

Miss Marion Hollins, National Champion in 1921,
National had constantly told us Britishers that we
Links, must play over the National Links if we ever
U.S.A. went to the States.

It was only necessary to play two or three holes in order to understand Miss Hollins' enthusiasm. The course was laid out by Mr. C. B. MacDonald, whose knowledge of the most famous and best holes on British courses enabled him to make imitations, so far as the nature of the ground would allow, of such holes as the "Road Hole" at St. Andrews, the "Redan"

at North Berwick, the "Sahara" at Sandwich, and the "Alps" at Prestwick.

The day on which we played was similar to a perfect British autumn day, when the blueness of the sky is broken only by billowy white clouds, when the stillness of the surroundings is broken by the sharp click of the ball and the club meeting, when a stretch of water is like a sheet of azure blue glass, and when the foliage has taken on its autumn colouring.

For many reasons I shall never forget that day's golf over the National Links, Shinnecock Hills, Long Island, but it is chiefly impressed upon my memory as that on which Miss Marion Hollins completed the homeward half in a score of 37, likely to stand as a ladies' record for many years to come. Thirty-six represents perfect golf for a first-class amateur for these holes, and those who appreciate the severity of the basis from which "par" is reckoned in the United States will readily realize the excellence of Miss Hollin's performance.

But it is little wonder that Miss Hollins finds the National Links inspiring. The turf is excellent, the hazards are similar to those of a first-class seaside links in this country, and the putting greens are of a natural undulating type with a splendid surface.

There is no monotony in the holes, and each has a distinctive feature. The "Cape" or 14th hole, 290 yards in length, calls for a most accurate and long tee shot over a stretch of water which cuts into the course at this point. The green juts out into this estuary and can only be approached, with any degree of certainty, in "dog-legged" fashion, from a well-placed drive. This hole is a veritable pet aversion for a slicer.

I almost feel ashamed to admit that, during this first visit to the National, I was unable to give an opinion when asked if the "Redan" hole resembled the original. The number of "Redans" I saw when in the States has aroused within me a considerable amount of curiosity to play the original.

The copy of the "Road Hole" is a masterpiece, and I have not yet made up my mind which I consider the more terrifying—the original, at which Fortune so often smiled upon me during my first Championship, or the copy where I did not hole out in the par figure!

Those who have been schooled on a seaside links invariably feel strange on an inland course, but there is usually a valuable lesson to be learnt from every course visited, and a player should seize every opportunity offered to her of playing over a strange course.

Before passing on to inland courses I must refer to that links surrounded by historic traditions—Hoylake.

It was not until 1920 that I first stepped on to this famous links where Mr. John Ball, Mr. H. H. Hilton and the late Mr. John Graham started their wonderful careers.

I was told I would not like the links until I had played over it a number of times, but the friend who imparted this information to me was wrong in his prediction. The surroundings may be unattractive, and one cannot perhaps refrain from longing for something other than bricks and mortar, but the links itself is unique. Perhaps I was unfortunate to play over it in dead calm weather, as such conditions are, apparently, almost unknown at Hoylake.

To my mind the most extraordinary thing about

Hoylake is that it is laid out in a manner which makes it equally fair for the best and the worst. But, in order to avoid trouble, every player must know her limitations. At the first hole, where a corner of a large square "out of bounds" necessitates the playing of the hole in a dog-legged manner, a player has to hit a good drive before she can attempt to carry the "out of bounds" with her second, and she has to be modest in this attempt, as the ball must be hit well over the boundary bank. This hole, like many others on Hoylake, is absolutely a first-class man's hole, which means that although a lady can get a steady five, under ordinary conditions she cannot play it as it should be played by reaching the green in two. Although I love Hoylake and thoroughly enjoyed my first visit to it, and although I completed each round in nearer 80 than 85, I left it with the feeling that when I did certain holes in the proper figure, I must have been lucky, as it is essentially a long-hitting man's course.

Hoylake is considered an easy links by many, but those who are brave enough to express an opinion of this kind will probably be found to be those who are capable of holing it in less than 90. To this class of player Hoylake may not appear difficult, but to those who are unable, through lack of length, to play certain holes as they should be played, Hoylake is anything but easy.

Another famous links I have played over is Westward Ho! where Mr. Horace Hutchinson and J. H. Taylor learned their golf, but of it I shall say little for two reasons; firstly, my chief recollection is of the evil weather conditions which prevailed; and secondly, my knowledge of the game and of golf courses was very limited at the time I visited it.

Brancaster, Formby, Hunstanton, Birkdale, and many other links come to my mind as I write, and bring back pleasant memories, but I must leave the sea, the sea-breezes, the sand and wiry grass, and go inland and learn how to play under less favourable conditions.

Swinley Forest, Sunningdale, Walton Heath, and Addington are among my favourite London courses. The first mentioned is a comparatively new course laid out over a stretch of undulating ground previously covered by trees and thick undergrowth. After a rather dull first hole the course provides a marked variety of interesting shots. Length and accuracy are essential if the holes are to be played in the manner intended. The player who places her shots in the correct position may find Swinley a comparatively easy course, but once she leaves the proper line, she will begin to treat it with due respect. Pine trees, heather and rhododendrons combine to make perfect inland golfing surroundings.

Sunningdale is similar to its neighbour Swinley Forest, but to my mind it is a less testing course. The short holes are not particularly exciting, but some of the longer holes are a fine length for good lady players. The 6th is an exceptionally pleasing one in this respect, and the player who puts her second shot on the green has every reason to be proud of her performance, but she must not allow this satisfaction to upset her before she has holed out in two more on the difficult, undulating green.

Sunningdale provides two of those fascinating tee shots from the top of a hill down into a valley. Who can resist the temptation to "press" from such a position, especially when playing down wind? As a

matter of fact, the length acquired from raised teeing grounds like these is usually very disappointing, as, in addition to the inevitable failure which results from pressing, no run can be expected. Fives are comparatively easy of attainment at the long holes on this fine course, but the player who hopes for 4's must be hitting the ball far and straight. An abundance of thick heather has to be avoided on left and right, while at many holes thick belts of this natural difficulty await the mishit ball between teeing ground and green.

The two courses at Walton Heath must be the two finest tests of golf which any one Club can provide.

They are laid out so close together that at certain points only a few yards separate one from the other, and were designed by the same architect, Mr. Herbert Fowler. Thick heather and bracken mete out severe punishment to the "pulled" or "sliced" ball, while deep bunkers with steep faces await faulty shots along the fairway.

Cross bunkering is the chief feature at three of the best holes on the Old Course—the 7th, 8th and 18th—at each of which cross bunkers have to be carried with the second shot if the hole is to be played perfectly. Considering my performance at the 17th hole when playing against Mr. H. H. Hilton in that memorable "Test Match," I suppose I should regard this hole as one of my favourites. It certainly is a magnificent specimen of what a 17th hole should be, but many fruitless efforts to reach that green once again in two have led me into dreadful trouble in the thick heather which creeps out into the fairway on the left, almost on the spot where the second shot has to pitch in order to run round on to the sloping green.

The Old Course has only two holes at which a lady

player can reach the green with an iron club. What terrifying holes they are, particularly when a card and pencil are waiting to record one's efforts! We may hope for a 3 at each, but will probably be thankful to find the ball at the bottom of the hole in double that number, as deep bunkers surround the greens of both.

On the Old Course in particular the pitch and run with an iron is constantly required by a lady player. Even the longest hitters cannot reach many of the greens in two shots.

Both courses are difficult ones on which to do a good score, but failure in this direction is usually the result of a player endeavouring to do too much when in trouble.

The New Course is the more interesting of the two and calls for a greater variety of shots. Unlike its neighbour, which goes practically straight out and straight home, the New Course is laid out in the more attractive here, there and everywhere manner. It is very long, but the holes are beautifully arranged and vary in length from a mashie pitch to one which requires three full shots, while there are four or five where a lady player requires little more than a drive and short approach. The three 1-shot holes are exceptionally good ones, and bear no resemblance to each other in length or character.

There is something indescribably attractive about the Addington course and its surroundings, and each time I play over this comparatively new course my affection for it increases. To my mind it is the ideal course for a good lady player, as she will be rewarded for perfect play, but her bad shots will be suitably punished.

But Addington is very far from being merely a

ladies' course, and many of the finest amateurs will endorse the opinion of one well-known critic who said when referring to Addington, "A course does not necessarily have to be long to be a good test of golf."

It was Mr. J. F. Abercromby who discovered the ground over which the course was eventually laid out, and it is interesting to know that he realized its possibilities when the only grass to be seen was that on one or two narrow footpaths through thick woods. That this famous golf course architect has a genius for laying out a course is proved by the fact that, with the exception of two slight alterations, the plan of the present course is the same as that made by Mr. Abercromby when the ground was still covered by trees and thick undergrowth.

Addington has more than the usual number of one-shot holes as there are six within the reach of a long-hitting lady player, but each has a distinctive feature and calls for a different type of shot, varying in length from a firm mashie pitch to a full drive. The course is undulating and difficulties include wide and deep pits, trees, gorse, heather, and artificial bunkers.

The 8th and 9th holes are particularly good 4's for a lady player, provided these figures are obtained in the proper manner, that is, two shots on to the green. Both are of the "dog-legged" description, the former so much so that after a good drive the second shot should be played at right angles to it to the left. This second shot has to be perfectly played along a stretch of ground of "hog's back" formation. A slight "pull" or "slice" invariably finds rough country. At the 9th hole a good drive must carry a deep and wide ravine and finish on the plateau beyond, in order

to make the carry over a wider and deeper ravine possible with the second shot. I have played this hole under various conditions. Sometimes a drive and a mashie are all that are required to put the ball safely on the green, while at other times against a wind I dared not go for the carry with my second shot.

But of all the holes on this delightful course I still regard the 13th as my first favourite. The teeing ground is in a picturesque corner of the course overlooking a beautiful wood and 210 yards away, across a valley, lies a pear-shaped green, through the narrow part of which the tee shot should be played. A feeling of satisfaction tingles through one's body as one watches the progress of a well-hit ball which eventually pitches on the green and runs slowly down the sloping green towards the hole. From a lady golfer's point of view this is an example of a fine 3 and a mediocre 4; in other words, it is the type of hole which we would like to find more frequently.

Surrey is indeed a lucky county to have so many fine courses within its limits.

In addition to Walton Heath and Addington it has that fine string which lie to left and right of the London and South-Western main line, and some of which one looks out upon with longing eyes from the confined space of a London and South-Western Railway carriage. Woking, St. George's Hill, West Hill, and Worplesdon are other heather courses worthy of mention, but I must pass on to that third class of course whose total number is legion—the inland course laid out over ground of which the chief ingredient is clay, which is politely referred to as a park course.

There are many of these which provide a searching test at all times of year. Mid-Surrey must be

given first place, as no one can play around it without appreciating the difficulties of some, if not all, of the holes. My particular favourites are the 3rd, 5th and 8th. The drive to the first mentioned must be well hit and placed well to the right of a spinney which awaits a pull and makes an approach to the green from this side almost impossible. A firm mashie or iron shot is all that a good lady player requires to put the ball on the green in the proper number.

At the short 5th anything from a mashie to an iron may be required to keep the ball on the undulating island green. A powerful iron or spoon shot must be played with accuracy at the 8th hole as the distance is deceptive and a tired ball will be killed on the bank up to the green.

Many of the long holes at Mid-Surrey are too long for the average lady player, consequently she may frequently find herself recovering from the famous "humps" and "hollows" and consider the course a trying one; but there is no denying that it is interesting and testing for those who have the requisite length.

For the short player who is anxious to test her skill at the short game a visit to Chislehurst in Kent is recommended. This course calls for the greatest accuracy around the green, and is a wonderful example of what can be done with a very limited space. It is almost impossible to believe that there is room for 18 holes, and that at four or five of them two full shots are required to reach the green. I have a great respect for this little course, and always feel at the end of a round that my game has benefited by the experience.

CHAPTER XV

GOLFING INCIDENTS

WHAT self-deceivers golfers are! When they do a round far beyond anything they have ever done before they claim this as their true form. "I was in something like my best form to-day," airily said a 13-handicap who by a succession of inconceivable flukes had holed the course in a dozen strokes less than he had ever taken before. "Something like," be it noted, intending his audience to realize that his golf was capable of still higher flights. Poor self-deceiver! He reverted to his normal 90's the next day and has never since been known to leave that decade save to soar above it into the 100's.

Alas! it is our average round that is our true form, and the performance that gives us our handicap. And if by virtue of a series of good "breaks" we get round in 6 strokes less than our previous best, let us not make too much of this feat. Far better to join the humble company of a certain golfer who, after playing rather worse than usual, said he had come to the conclusion that when he played well he was off his game.

There are those who condemn golf as a selfish game. They forget its philanthropic aspect. It gives healthy, harmless employment to myriads of boys, men and girls. And how these caddies add to the gaiety and human interest of the links! If one had time for studying them what an interesting study many of them would prove. The old order has

changed and caddies may not be the sages they once were, but keen and intelligent caddies who really identify themselves with their "master's" fortunes are still to be met with.

Personally I have generally been lucky in having good caddies and mention should be made of Wightman, whose valuable help and advice at Newcastle, Co. Down, were an important factor in my winning the Championship there in 1920. Throughout the whole of my visit Wightman was only once guilty of an error of judgment. He overclubbed me at a certain hole. Though this error did not cost me a hole, my faithful henchman was much upset and most apologetic. At Lytham and St. Annes in 1913 my little caddie was equally keen and loyal, but I was a sad disappointment to him, and I can still see the big tears that filled his eyes when I was beaten in the first round. My opponent in a friendly match before the Championship had a small mascot attached to her bag. Observing this and noticing that my bag had no such symbol of good luck my caddie purchased one for me. Although not bringing the desired luck, it is still in my collection, a treasured memento of a caddie's thoughtfulness.

The first time a girl ever "caddied" for me was in the French Championship at Le Touquet in 1912. "Raimonde" was well known to the visitors at that time, and I was fortunate to secure her services. Her English was limited to a few words, but she caused much amusement on one occasion when a shot we both thought well played buried itself in a bunker, by giving utterance to what the "Scarlet Pimpernel" describes as "a good, round, solid British damn." What would her confusion have been had she known

that she was using a word forbidden to all except priests and parsons in the pulpit!

But not all caddies are so innocent and involuntary in their lapses from virtue. Two ladies, accompanied by a very keen caddie, were playing on a very heavy course where the mud was of a specially affectionate and clinging nature, so all-embracing in its affection indeed that after every shot the ball was more mud than ball. At one hole the keen caddie was sent forward to mark the balls where a ravine crossed the course. On the arrival of the players one ball was found to be spotlessly clean and poised on a worm cast, the other liberally plastered with mud and embedded in an atrocious lie. No word was said, but by an intentional slip or two the owner of the clean ball managed to halve the hole, to the evident disgust of her caddie, who looked the contempt he felt for one who refused to accept the good things the gods had offered.

Mention of a ravine reminds one of a certain Yorkshire course where a gorge deep and dark with thick bushes at the bottom had to be carried from the tee. This gorge had quite an evil reputation, for balls were seldom recovered from it; they were simply swallowed up, mysteriously disappeared. Superstitious caddies could with difficulty be persuaded to descend into its gloomy depths. There was never any heart in their search. Then one day the mystery was solved; a man was seen crawling from his hiding-place, the heart of a thick bush at the bottom of the gorge to secure two errant balls.

The practical joker is not unknown on the links; sometimes he is amusing, more often a nuisance. Two friends of mine were playing in a mixed medal com-

petition on the Elie and Earls-ferry links in Fife (Earls-ferry, by the way, is James Braid's native place). They were playing the 11th hole, a short hole, the green guarded and hidden by a rampart of rocks. A good tee shot gave hope of a 2, and it was a very cheerful pair that walked towards the green. There, sure enough, was the ball stone dead, on the very lip of the hole. But a nearer approach cast doubt upon the *bona fides* of that ball. It grew less rotund, until it finally and definitely became the half of a seagull's egg. The grinning faces of two trippers ensconced behind a rock explained its presence there.

Unusual adventures and occurrences always seem to befall certain players. They never return from a round of the links without some unusual, interesting, amusing or pathetic incident to relate. On one occasion a player of this kind found her ball, during a stroke competition, in a deep stony bunker and touching another ball which had been given up as lost. She could not, of course, remove the "stray" and had to play the stroke in the ordinary way. One ball finished on the green, the other remained in the bunker, but alas! it was the "stray" that found the green.

A friend of mine, a scratch player, once had to play three shots before he could get past the tee, and this despite his having hit a good clean tee shot down the middle of the course. About 50 yards from the tee, right in the middle of the fairway, was a single post about 5 feet high. His ball, travelling low, hit the post and rebounded some 30 yards behind the tee and lay against a wooden boundary fence. The ball had to be played so as to cannon off this fence, and then the player was able to start fair again.

There are some shots that players seem to make quite easily when they do not want to, which they could not make to order for a thousand pounds. Given a tee, with its back to a railway half a dozen yards behind it on the other side of a high hedge and parallel to it, no one would credit the possibility or a drive trespassing on the railway. The thing surely would be a physical impossibility. And yet, and yet a player, and not only a player but a scratch player, achieved this unachievable feat. Teeing her ball rather high, she went clean under it, the only part of the club that touched the ball being the top and back of the head. The ball went off the club at right angles to the tee, cleared the hedge and landed on the railway, the most wonderful and difficult shot ever made at golf.

People who are on the look out for the weird and wonderful need go no further than the golf links for their material.

A player appealed through the Press for an answer to this query. He was playing on a muddy course, and from a bad lie the ball became embedded in mud and remained on the face of his club. What rule applied in such circumstances? It will probably be agreed that the new rule relating to an unplayable lie would have been applicable.

Little did the inventor of the pin, finished off at the top with a small hoop through which the flag was fastened (a form of flag seldom seen nowadays), think that he was providing another hazard for the course. Approaching to a hole provided with this kind of pin, a player found the ball firmly wedged in the hoop at the top, and was obliged to dislodge it by using the point of an iron club. But even more unpleasant was the position in which the same player found her ball

off a drive at the 17th hole at Sunningdale. A particularly lengthy and forbidding looking specimen of the snake family had coiled its body around the ball.

A very unusual combination of circumstances arose in a foursome in which a left-handed and right-handed player were partnered. Having to drive from a high built-up tee the former chose a spot at the extreme left end of the teeing ground on which to tee his ball. From a bad slice his ball finished "out of bounds," and his partner was called upon to drive another ball. He selected a spot near the middle of the teeing ground. His opponents, however, demurred and quoted Rule 23 (1), which states, "If a ball lie out of bounds the player shall play his next stroke as near as possible at the spot from which the ball which is out of bounds was played." The player's chagrin in being obliged to play a tee shot from a stance several feet below the ball can better be imagined than described.

The Britisher in America is often puzzled by the golfing parlance of that country. On the completion of a match in a Championship in the United States a Canadian friend and I stood chatting, when an American newspaper reporter came up and asked, "How fast did you go this morning?" I began to work out the time taken for the number of holes played, but again the question, "No, I want to know how fast you went?" Still nonplussed I turned to my friend, but he could not help me. By this time the questioner was becoming impatient at my apparent denseness and rapped out, "How fast did you do each hole?" And then, of course, it became clear that he was asking for details of the score.

An amusing incident of one of my golfing holidays on the Continent occurred while we were motoring

from St. Jean de Luz to the San Sebastian Golf Club. Not being sure of the right road, we drew up to ask one of the many uniformed officials to be found in Spain. At the word golf he drew himself up haughtily and was quite unable to help us, but on our showing him a bag of clubs he at once became friendly and communicative. We afterwards learnt from our Spanish host that the similarity of the word "golf" with the Spanish word "golfo," which means a boy who does odd jobs, was the probable explanation of our wayside friend's initial coldness of manner. We parted, however, on the best of terms, and he evidently knew something of the game, for we left him smiling and imitating a full swing in the middle of the road.

Golf in the school holidays abounds in comedy. The attitude of boys and girls towards the game, their manner of playing and their remarks and musings thereon are wholly refreshing after the monotonous seriousness of their elders.

A school boy returned to the club-house one day in a great state of excitement, having "beaten Mother by dormy 9 and 9 up on the bye." Two small boys, aged about 11 and 7, were threading their way around the crowded links. The elder had a mighty swipe, but was displeased with the result, as he ran forward, retrieved his ball, returned to the tee and told his opponent that it was not his honour, so he must play again.

A youth in his 'teens was playing behind an elderly colonel. But if the former was young in years he was old in assurance. The colonel was much more successful at cutting divots than hitting the ball and fairly bespattered the course with sods of turf which he never replaced. On overtaking him at one of the

tees the youth in his 'teens reminded him of the club notice which requested golfers to replace their divots. The colonel, one of the choleric Anglo-Indian kind, nearly bursting with rage at the rebuke from this youthful quarter, replied, "Perhaps you'd like to come behind and replace them yourself." "No, thank you, sir," was the retort, "that's more than one man's job."

A player told me of an incident that cured him of not replacing divots cut in play. He was playing without a caddie and at one hole in the morning round badly pulled a drive into rough country. For his second shot he used a niblick and removed an enormous "piece of England."

Being so much off the line to the hole, he did not trouble to replace the turf, being quite sure that no one else would ever visit that part of the course. In the afternoon he again pulled his drive at this hole and found his ball in the divot hole he had cut in the morning—a perfect example of poetic justice.

A hole done in one is always a sensational incident. Personally I have achieved this only once, at the 7th hole at Addington, the ball being in sight all the way from the tee till it trickled into the hole, a thrilling experience.

Sandy Herd is probably the one-holer-in-chief. He has holed his tee shot no fewer than 16 times.

The most extraordinary feat of this kind I have ever witnessed was at the 18th hole at Bushey, where a player's tee shot pitched straight into the hole and stayed there.

Which reminds me that I must stay *here*, for though golf is an inexhaustible mine of good things, there is a limit to the holding capacity of the covers of a book.

CHAPTER XVI

THE RULES—THEIR MEANING AND APPLICATION

JUDGING by the number of discussions which take place it would seem that golfers, as a whole, know less about the rules than they know about the playing of the game. In match and medal play the rules are constantly being broken, not intentionally, but in absolute ignorance.

It is usually on and near the green, when playing in a medal round, that players show themselves to be unacquainted with the rules.

Many players seem to imagine that a putting green is the part around the hole which is cut short and specially treated. This is not necessarily so (as the definition of a putting green (Definition 10) is "all ground except hazards within 20 yards of the hole.")

In a medal round a player is penalized 2 strokes when her ball, played from within 20 yards of the hole, strikes, or is stopped by, the flag stick or the person standing at the hole. This penalty is incurred even when the ball is played from a hazard, a fact worthy the attention of all, as many imagine that the penalty is only incurred when the ball is played from within the limits of the putting green [Stroke Competition Rule 13 (1)]. When in doubt as to the distance between the ball and the hole the player should have the flag stick removed, or at least send her caddie forward to remove it as soon as the ball is struck. Many caddies are inclined to leave the pin in the hole until the last second, and all too often remove it so

clumsily that they tear the rim of the hole, or worse still, allow it to touch the ball.

Any loose impediment may be removed when lying within a radius of 20 yards of the hole except, of course, from a bunker. But these loose impediments can only be removed from the putting green in a certain manner, and it is astonishing how few players know this. The rule (28) clearly states that "any loose impediment may be lifted from the putting green, irrespective of the position of the player's ball." The rule then goes on to state that four specified impediments may be scraped aside with the club, but the club must not be laid with more than its own weight upon the ground. Therefore a player is absolutely safe if she lifts with her fingers every kind of loose impediment from the putting green, but if she prefers to do so, she may use her club in the manner prescribed to remove the specified impediments.

Another penalty in a stroke competition is incurred by hitting the partner's ball [Stroke Competition Rule 13 (2)], when both are on the putting green. There is absolutely no reason why a player should run a risk of this kind, as she can have the obstructing ball lifted or played at the option of the owner. In the unlikely event of the owner refusing to comply with the request she lays herself open to disqualification.

Every player should have her ball marked in a manner that enables her to know it at a glance. The penalty for playing two successive shots with a ball other than her own in a stroke competition is disqualification [Stroke Competition Rule 8 (2)]. If a competitor plays more than one stroke with a ball other than her own in a hazard there is no penalty,

provided she does not play a shot with the wrong ball from outside the limits of the hazard. This exception to the general rule is made necessary on account of the frequent occasions when it is found difficult to identify a ball in a hazard.

The rule which is responsible for more arguments than any other is that relating to a ball lying in or touching a hazard. The majority of players have always understood the phrase "nothing shall be done which can in any way improve its lie; the club shall not touch the ground, nor shall anything be touched or moved, before the player strikes at the ball" in Rule 25 to mean that, without incurring a penalty, a player could not ground her club nor touch anything—with the exception of taking a firm stance and striking at the ball—until her ball had passed outside the limits of the hazard.

A decision by the Rules of Golf Committee allows a player to smooth over the footmarks made in a bunker when playing a stroke, even when that shot failed to put the ball outside the limits of the bunker. Every golfer should, of course, leave a bunker in a condition similar to that in which she herself would like to find it, but thousands of players were of the opinion that they were unable to do this when the ball was still within the limits of the hazard.

An amusing incident occurred in connection with this rule and the decision. The occasion was an important match in a big tournament in which A and B were the participants with C as their referee. A was bunkered at a certain hole and failed to recover at the first attempt, and before playing the next shot smoothed over the footmarks. C claimed the hole for B, but was afterwards informed that it was a

wrong decision and D, who raised the objection, referred to the opinion of the Rules of Golf Committee on the point. C's reply, "This tournament is being played under the Rules of Golf, and not under the decisions of the Rules of Golf Committee" ended the argument.

Personally I should advise every player to act in the absolutely safe manner and never touch a thing anywhere near a hazard until the ball is beyond its limits, except, of course, during the actual forward swing of a shot.

While on the subject of hazards it may be as well to point out that when the ball is lying in water in a hazard, a player is not allowed to touch the water with her club during the address nor the backward swing without incurring the penalty for grounding in a bunker—loss of the hole in a match and two strokes in a medal round.

When playing "through the green" that is, all ground on which play is permitted except hazards and the putting green of the hole that is being played, a player is not allowed to remove a loose impediment, unless it is lying within a club's length of the ball and is not in or touching a hazard [Rule 12 (1)].

In a Stroke Competition if a player's ball, when played from outside the limits of the putting green, strike, or be stopped by, any outside agency, it is a rub of the green and the ball is played from where it lies [Stroke Competition Rule 10 (1)].

In stroke competition should a ball at rest be accidentally moved by an outside agency, the ball must be replaced as near as possible to the spot where it lay, [Stroke Competition Rule 10 (1)], but in match play

the ball must be dropped except on the putting green where it shall be replaced [Rule 17 (3)].

Many competitors when taking part in a stroke competition do not give sufficient thought to a difficult lie and fail to make use of the two rules which allow the ball to be lifted. A player may lift a ball from any difficulty and tee it behind the spot from which it was lifted under a penalty of two strokes [Stroke Competition Rule 11].

An alternative method of dealing with a ball in an unplayable lie is to lift, return to the spot from which the ball was played, and play the next stroke from that spot under penalty of one stroke. If the shot which finished in the unplayable lie was played from the tee, the player may tee her ball, but through the green it must be dropped [Rule 22].

A lost ball and a ball out of bounds, unless the latter is otherwise provided for by a local rule, are treated in the same manner as the alternative method of dealing with a ball in an unplayable lie [Rule 22].

Many players argue that there are far too many rules and that the majority are unnecessary, but a careful study of them makes one realize that there is not a single one that could be omitted. Golf is a game at which extraordinary things may happen and rules must be made to meet all cases.

A player should always carry a book of the rules and refer to it when in doubt. This is the simplest method of committing a rule to memory. In the event of every golfer having to pass an examination in the rules before taking part in an open tournament there would probably be a large majority of failures, if one may judge by the number of times one hears the remark, "I never knew that before," when the

meaning of a rule is explained. Particularly for a medal round a player should be conversant with the rules, as in this form of the game a faulty decision invariably means disqualification, while in match play it involves the less severe penalty of the loss of the hole.

It is extraordinary how many players there are who imagine that a penalty is incurred when the ball hits the flag stick during a match. Unless the flag stick has been removed by the player, her partner, or either of their caddies, there is absolutely no penalty for striking it in a match even when the ball has been played from within the limits of the putting green. Either side is entitled to have the flag stick removed when approaching the hole [Rule 32 (1)].

Match
Play
Rules

Actual incidents impress upon a player the meaning of a rule more firmly than much reading.

In a County Match a member of the home team lost the first hole before she had played a single stroke. "How is this possible?" is the question which invariably arises. The visiting team in a County Match is always given the honour from the first tee. On this occasion, B, a visitor, arrived at the starting point in a state of flurry and hit her drive off the extreme toe of her driver. The ball flew off at a tangent and hit C, her opponent, thus causing the member of the home team to lose the hole under Rule 18.

One of the hardest cases I ever witnessed under this rule occurred in a big match-play tournament in which A and B were opponents. A was 2 down and 3 to play, and, being a dour fighter, was obviously preparing to make B work hard. At the 16th hole A

was within easy holing distance in 2, while B from a sliced tee shot found trouble in thick grass below the banked-up green. A's caddie went to the pin to await B's shot. B hit the ball hard, as she was obliged to do from the lie, and it would undoubtedly have finished far beyond the green had it not hit A's bag. It was a tragic finish to a match and one could not help feeling sorry for all concerned. It was dreadful for the loser, it was uncomfortable for the winner, and the caddie was deserving of sympathy as he tried to remove the pin, himself, and the bag he was carrying.

There are many who consider that a caddie should not be allowed to play such an important part in the game, but we must remember that the rules are made to protect the players and to avoid outside influence from playing a part in the game.

Rule 33 is one whose meaning is not clear to all. It reads—"When a player has holed out and his opponent has been left with a stroke for the half, nothing that the player who has holed out can do shall deprive him of the half which he has already gained." An example may help to show the necessity of this rule. A and B reach the putting green in an equal number of strokes. A putts and holes out in the odd. B then putts, misses the hole, but the ball strikes the foot of A or A's caddie. According to Rule 18, A should lose the hole, but this would not be within the laws of equity, hence the passing of Rule 33 which mitigates the penalty and causes the result to be a halved hole.

In the semi-final of a match-play tournament, A's ball from a sliced drive came to rest alongside a gate in a fence. The gate happened to be closed, but the

question arose as to whether A could have the gate opened and so be enabled to swing her club. The referee decided that this could be done, but it would seem that the decision was a wrong one, as a boundary fence cannot be considered a loose impediment, nor can it be regarded as one of the obstructions mentioned in Rule 11, therefore A's action would appear to be a case of improving the lie of the ball.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that if there is a safe method of dealing with a difficult situation and a doubtful one, a player invariably chooses the latter. For instance, a player may wonder whether she is entitled to ground her club in addressing her ball lying on sand, or near a hazard, or in rushes, or in a piece of ground which may, or may not, be a hazard. If there is the slightest doubt the player should not ground her club, nor should she do any of the other things, such as removing loose impediments, which are forbidden.

When taking part in the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Cup Competition at Sandy Lodge in 1914 I had a curious experience. The 18th hole on this course is a short one and calls for nothing more than a firm mashie or iron shot, but a wide and deep pit with an unusually steep face has to be carried. I topped my tee shot and had to descend to the bottom of the pit to play my second shot. The ball arrived on the green in 2, but when I came up to it I found a strip of the cover about an inch in length protruding from one side, the result of the ball having met a sharp stone in the pit. The question arose as to whether I was entitled to consider the ball unfit for further play and change it. As Rule 24 is the only one which

applies and as it clearly states that the opponent's consent has to be received, I decided that it would be unwise to risk disqualification. My partner had no objection to my changing the ball, but, strictly speaking, in a stroke competition every other player must be considered an opponent. I was particularly fortunate to hole out in three more and quite glad I had not rendered myself liable to disqualification, as I eventually tied for first place, won on the replay, and with three consecutive successes in the event, made the Cup my own property.

There is one rule which is particularly cruel in its application and that is the part of Rule 27 dealing with a ball in casual water in a hazard.

Two players may play equally bad (or good) shots into the same hazard, one ball may be found in casual water, the other may finish on dry ground, and yet the owner of the one in the water cannot even drop her ball in the hazard without paying the penalty of one stroke. It is true she is allowed to drop it behind the hazard (keeping the spot at which the ball crossed the margin of the hazard between herself and the hole) under a penalty of one stroke, but it is difficult to understand why she should not drop in the hazard without penalty.

A rule that is not generally understood is the one relating to a moving ball.

The player is deemed to have caused the ball to move if it do so after the removal of a loose impediment lying within a club length of it "through the green" or within 6 inches of it on the putting green; also if the ball move after the club has been grounded in the address, and yet again if it move in a hazard after the player has taken up her stance.

In each case the penalty is one stroke. The penalty for playing a ball when it is in motion is the loss of the hole, but there is absolutely no penalty if the ball move during the backward or forward swing of a player who has not done any of these things. Neither is any penalty incurred for playing a moving ball when it rolls off the tee, nor when it is being played from moving water. A special rule (Rule 14) applies when it is accidentally struck twice.

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